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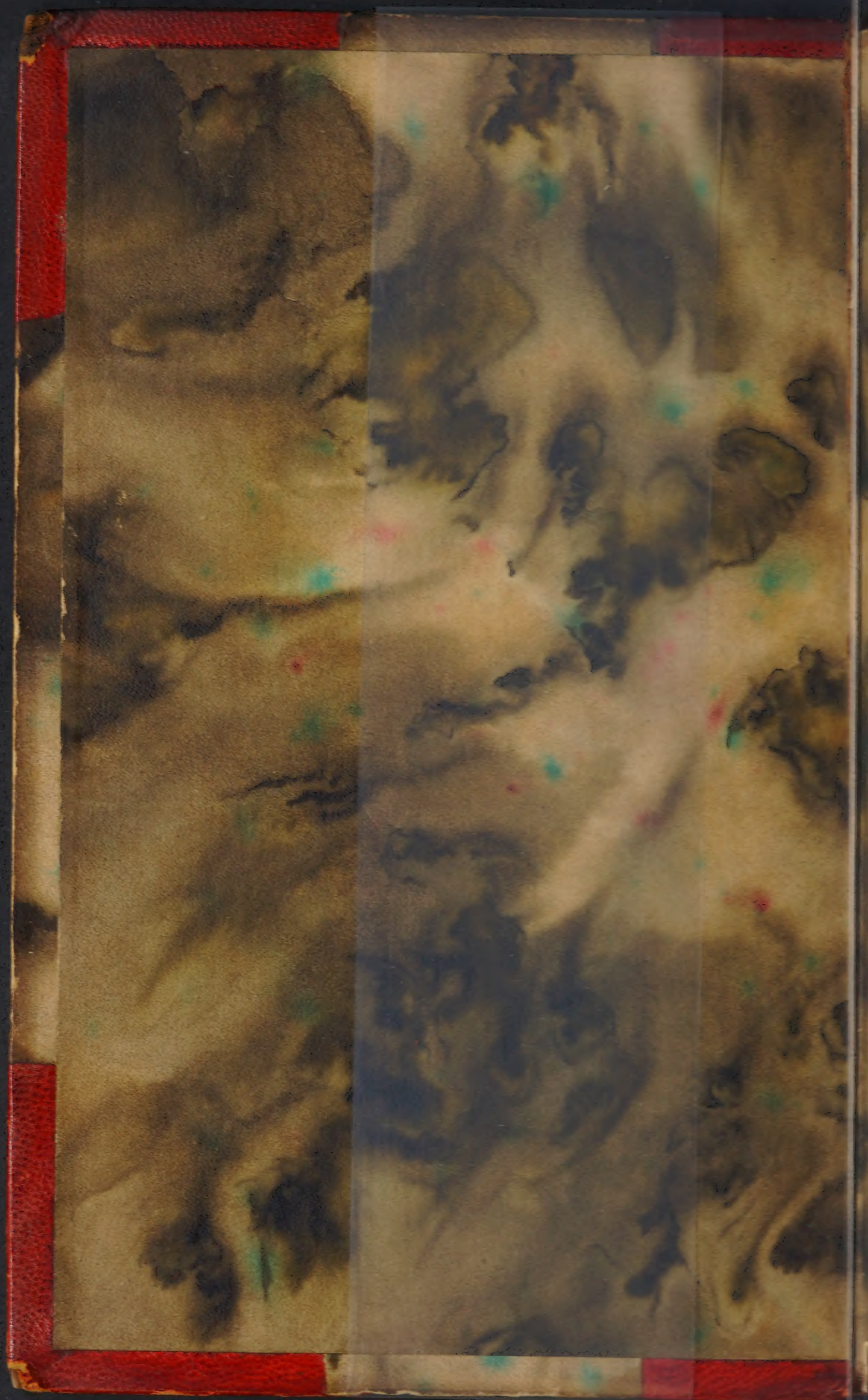
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OF
POETS

1846









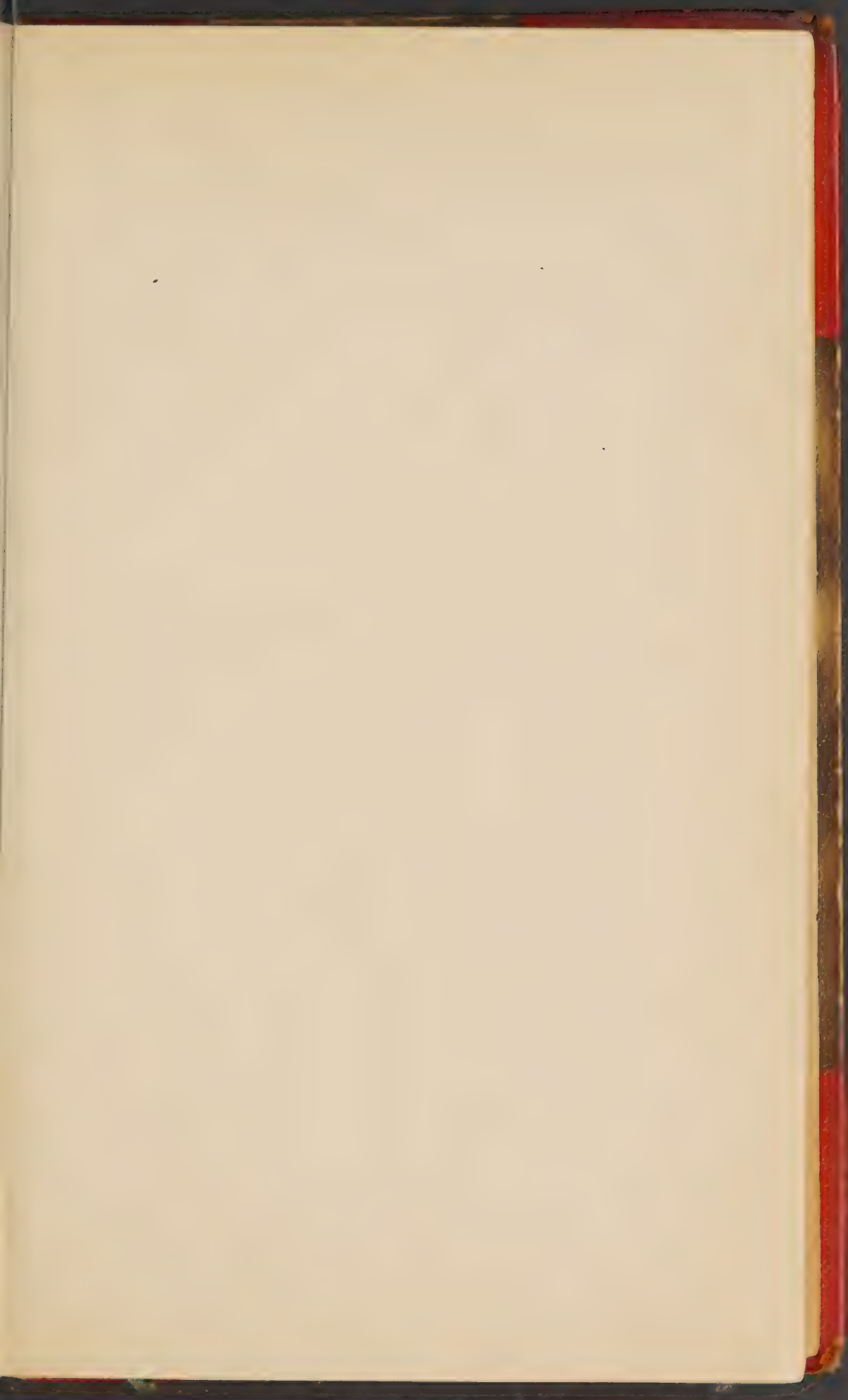


Coleridge, Shelley, Hazlitt. &c.

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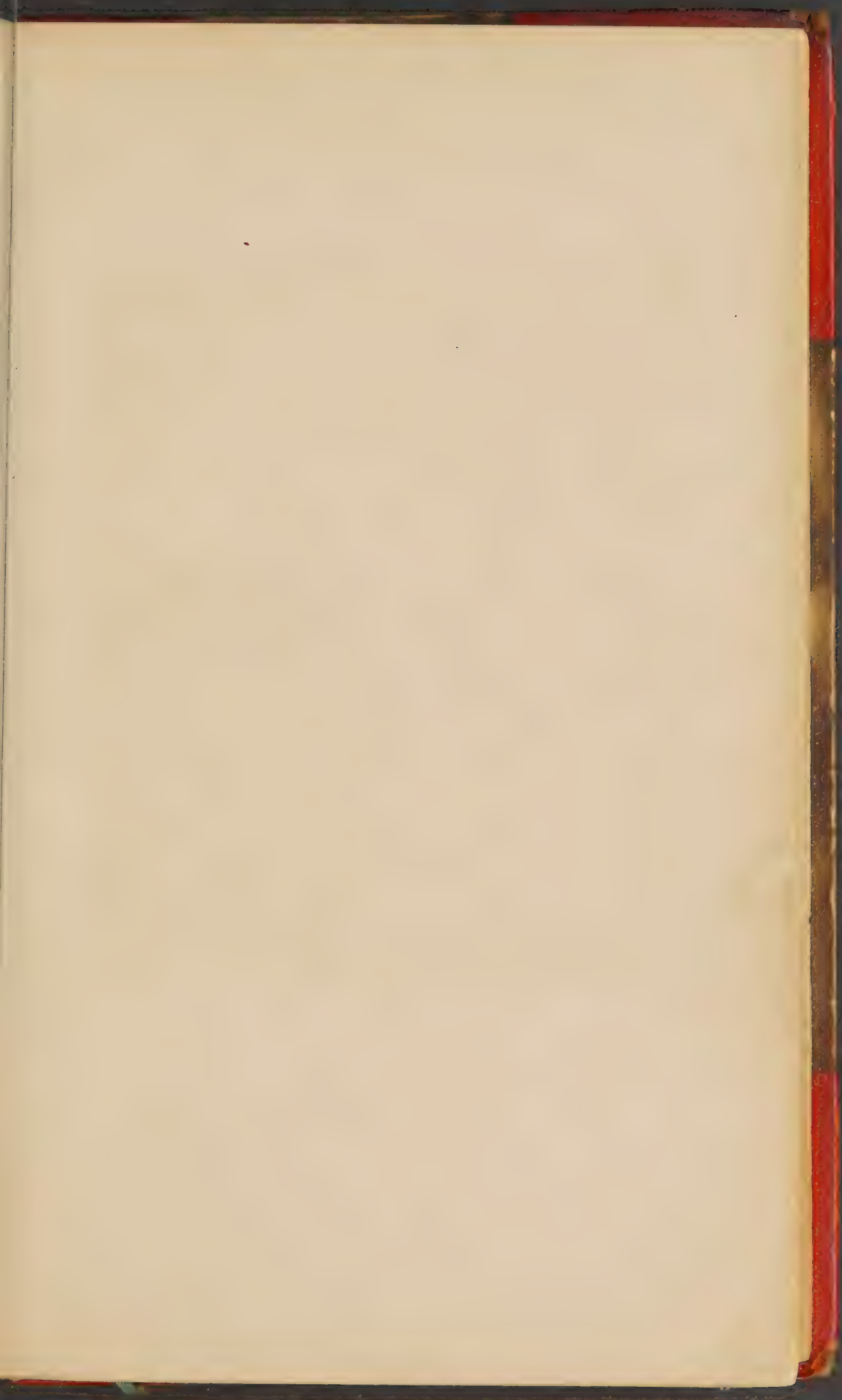
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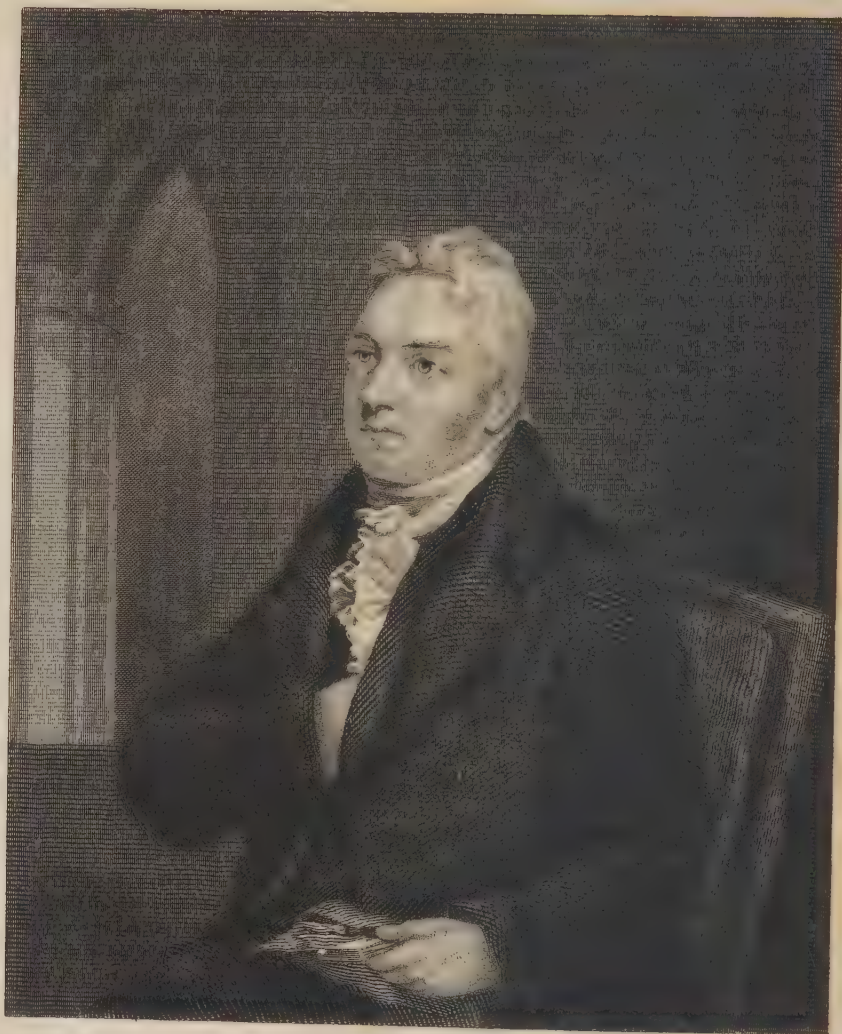


PEN AND INK SKETCHES

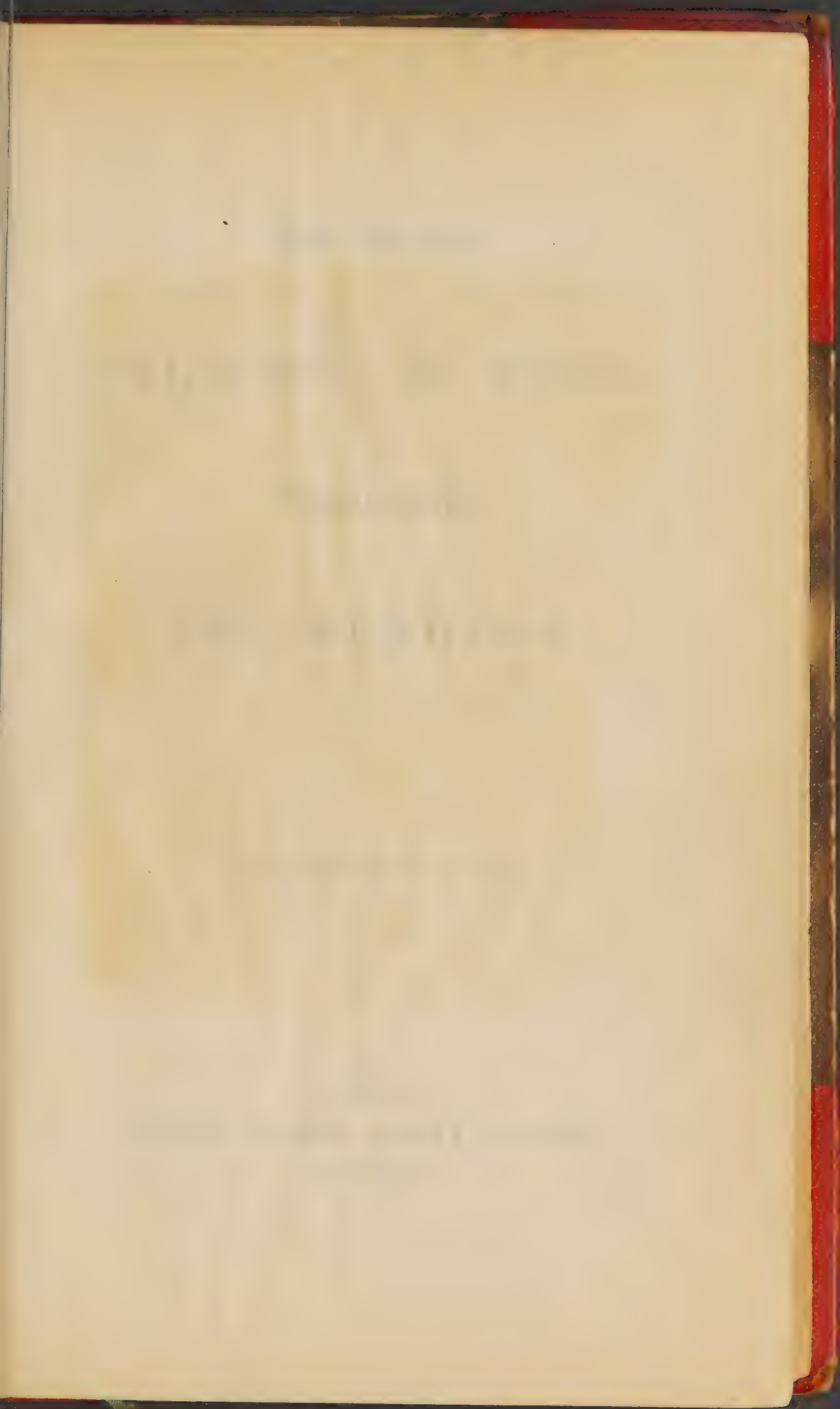
OF

POETS, PREACHERS, & POLITICIANS.





J. T. Coburn





PEN AND INK

SKETCHES OF POETS,

PREACHERS,

AND POLITICIANS.

"Quique sui memores alios facere merendo."

VIRGIL.

LONDON:
DAVID BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

M DCCC XLVI.

TO

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D.C.L.

AUTHOR OF "TITIAN,"

T H E S E S K E T C H E S

ARE

Respectfully Inscribed.

LONDON,—1846.

TO THE READER.

I HAVE no liking for long prefaces, nor indeed for short ones either; and fortunately no necessity exists for my writing one at all, inasmuch as the following sketches will speak for themselves.

Regarding it as a mere piece of impertinence for a person to obtrude a work upon the public, and then apologize for so doing, I shall offer no excuse on the part of my book, but allow it to take its chance with others, merely observing, that all the facts narrated *are* facts, although in some instances the scenes have been shifted, and the subordinate characters varied, for the sake of effect, just as a dramatist, by the judicious use of minor personages, brings into striking relief the heroes of his play;

or as a painter, by the skilful aids of accessories, heightens the interest of his picture.

It should be mentioned that, for two or three very characteristic sketches, the author is indebted to one who owns no "prentice hand" in the world of letters.

London, April, 1846.

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CHAPTER I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ROBERT HALL.

BUT a very few years since, the city of Bristol could boast of more pulpit talent than any other place in the three kingdoms. That period might, not unappropriately, have been termed the Augustan age of the once great commercial emporium ; for at the time to which I allude, some of the most powerful and eminent of modern preachers statedly laboured in the city or its immediate vicinity, and several distinguished clergymen resided within its precincts. Of these great men, however, few or none remain ; for with the exception of William Jay, of Bath, whose sphere of labour was so near Bristol, that he might almost be considered to have formed one in that brilliant constellation of preachers, none, I believe, remain on the earth. Robert Hall, John Foster, John Ryland, William Thorpe, Thomas Roberts, and Lant Carpenter, have all gone from their fields

of labour to that "rest which remaineth for the people of God," and their places are filled by men perhaps equally devoted, but certainly not similarly endowed with the gifts and graces of genius. Of these celebrated men I propose penning a few reminiscences, for popular speakers, as well as popular writers, will form in this volume subjects of notice. With the individuals whom I have particularly referred to I was for many years familiar, and, as I write, each well-remembered face appears, through the mist of years, just as it was when I beheld it in the "long, long ago." Foremost in the rank of modern pulpit orators was ROBERT HALL, who was scarcely less eccentric as a man than remarkable as a preacher; his works will ever remain an enduring monument of his genius, his piety, and his taste, but it is not of them I intend to speak. To give a sketch of the MAN is my present purpose. With him, therefore, I shall have first to do in this chapter.

Long before I ever saw this truly great man, I had heard his name frequently mentioned in my own family, and early learned to associate with it all that was great and extraordinary. My mother would tell me how she had often seen him, when a student in the Baptist Theological College, at Bristol, pacing the streets with only one stocking on, or occasionally with two on one foot. And from all quarters I gleaned such information respecting him, as made me long to behold the man of whom such stories were related.

It is now many years ago since I first saw him. He was at that time pastor of a church at Leicester, and he visited Bristol, where I then resided, on the occasion of some anniversary; one of the sermons connected with which he had engaged to preach at the Broadmead Chapel, although it was with much difficulty that he had been prevailed upon to do so, for he had an unconquerable dislike to making his appearance on such public occasions.

In the company of a friend who was connected with the church where Mr. Hall was to officiate, I went, on the evening in question, to the place of worship, and accompanied him, before the service commenced, into the vestry. The building, although it wanted yet an hour to the time fixed for commencing the service, was densely thronged in every part; and perhaps a more *intellectual* assemblage had never been gathered together. So popular was the great orator at this time, that it was no uncommon thing for the Professors, at Oxford and Cambridge, to leave their respective Universities on Saturday evenings—post to Leicester, some hundred and fifty miles or so, hear two sermons from Hall, and return to their homes after the evening services—thus sacrificing two nights' rest, for the sake of indulging in what was considered to be one of the highest intellectual treats.

On entering the vestry, I found a large number of ministers, and other gentlemen, assembled, and waiting the arrival of Mr. Hall—the scarcely less cele-

brated John Foster, to whom I shall presently have occasion to refer, amongst them.

After we had waited for about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hall made his appearance. He was rather below the average height, stout, and inclining to corpulency. His chest was very broad and capacious—the face large, and its features massive. His eyes were large, dark, and full, and his forehead high and broad. The head, which was bald, except at the back, and over the temples, had an indescribable grandeur about it. The worst part of his face was the mouth, which was very large, and the under lip somewhat protruded; the chin was large and projecting. This gave an appearance of heaviness to his general aspect. No one with an observant eye could for a moment gaze on Mr. Hall's majestic countenance without being at once struck with the expression of almost torture which was evident in it. He seemed to be constantly endeavouring to conceal bodily suffering—and it was so, for he was in reality a martyr to one of the most painful diseases that can affect humanity—calculi in the kidneys.

After he had divested himself of his great coat, he had a pipe and some tobacco brought him, and having puffed away for a little time, he pulled off his dress coat, lay down on his back on the hearth rug, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. This was his usual habit, before entering the pulpit. The agony he endured compelled him to spend a great portion of his time in a recumbent position, and it was only

by the use of tobacco and opium, in large quantities, that he could ever obtain even comparative ease. His custom was to smoke prodigiously until the very moment arrived when it was required of him to commence his sermon. He would then rise, and leave his pipe at the door of the pulpit, in readiness for him to resume his Nicotian habit, the moment after he had concluded his discourse.

I left him on his hearth rug, and reached a seat in the church, whence I was fortunate enough to have a full view of the pulpit. The edifice was literally full, almost to suffocation. The great, the gifted, and the noble were there, all waiting with eager intensity for the commencement of the sermon. The aisles had been carpeted, (an unusual thing, it is necessary to state, in those days,) in order that no scuffling of feet should disturb the preacher, who was nervously sensitive to the slightest noise, and whose voice was so low, and at times tremulous, that unless perfect stillness was kept, it was a matter of difficulty to hear him.

In a pew beneath the gallery sat, amongst others, two gentlemen, to whom my attention was directed, and I employed the interval before the service commenced in examining their outward and visible appearances; for they were both 'men of mark,' and I now saw them for the first time. As I sat in a pew which ran at right angles with theirs, and was within a few yards of them, I had a most favourable opportunity of surveying their features.

The *physique* of one of the two was striking enough, and would anywhere have excited attention. His face was plain, almost to ugliness—the forehead, furrowed and narrow, towered above his thick eyebrows, which every second were elevated and depressed with astonishing celerity; two fiery, dark eyes, peered out from beneath these appendages, and flashed with intellect. But how shall I describe the most prominent feature of that face—the nose? It seemed to be not small enough for a nasal organ, nor large enough for a proboscis, yet it partook of the characteristics of each; it was long, and turned up at its extremity; and turned up so decidedly that it seemed to have had a violent quarrel with the mouth beneath, and was determined to keep its distance from it. That nose was never still. It seemed as if it had some violent exercise to learn, and so was convulsively drilling for it. First, it twitched slightly—then its whole frame-work would shake, in such a manner, that its destruction seemed inevitable; then its point would droop, and almost instantaneously rise with a jerk. Occasionally it would go through a pantomimic jig, with the angles of the mouth for partners, and the two fiery, deep set eyes, would gaze down its bridge in a strange manner. No, that nose was never still—perpetual motion was what it seemed in pursuit of, and to this day it may be seen twitching with every varying emotion of its possessor. Some years after the period to which I am now referring, I strolled into Westminster Hall, and there, in the Court of

Chancery, I saw the identical nose, and it was as brisk and lively as ever, whisking away Chancery suits with astonishing rapidity. I saw it again in Exeter Hall, when its noble possessor was delivering his great speech on slavery; it still possessed its marvellous property of restlessness—and when I last had the pleasure of beholding it, it was wagging scornfully at the Bench of Bishops, in the House of Lords.

The figure to which this nose, or rather this face, belonged, was tall and spare—and encased in clothes which might have been bought an hour before, in Seven Dials. The coat *had* been black—and when its wearer afterwards left the Church, I observed that his pantaloons reached half-way down a pair of unpolished Wellington boots. Altogether, the individual I am endeavouring to describe was a most noticeable man.

And in more senses than one was he so—for, with all his eccentricities, no one will deny to Henry Brougham vast acquirements. Yes, it was Mr. Brougham (as yet untitled) who owned to the face and figure I have portrayed.

Near him was a gentleman of a far different description. He was rather past the middle age, and had a most kind and benevolent expression of feature. His hair was growing grey, and thought had furrowed her unmistakeable lines between the inner angles of the eyebrows, which overshadowed a pair of light grey eyes, in whose depths even a casual observer could not look, without feeling that the owner of them

was no common man. It was Sir James Mackintosh, the biographer, historian, and philosopher.

These two celebrated men presented, in their personal appearances, a most striking contrast. Brougham was eternally fidgetting about on his seat—twisting his face into all manner of shapes—standing up and sitting down again a dozen times in a minute, and looking as though he was a hungry cannibal, or as if he wanted to dissect another Keats—for some will have it that it *was* Brougham, who penned the critique in the *Quarterly*, which, it is said, killed the sensitive young poet—and which was alluded to in the following extract from a parody on the ‘Death of Cock Robin.’

‘Who killed John Keats?
I, said the *Quarterly*,
With BROUGHAM so tartarly,
’T was one of my feats.’

I say it was a striking contrast to this, to observe Mackintosh sitting, as calmly as a Chinese Mandarin on a mantel piece, and like it, too, only nodding his head gently when Brougham addressed any observation to him. The author of the “*History of England*,” too, was scrupulously neat in his personal appearance, and this was the more noticeable in consequence of the carelessness of his neighbour.

All this may be unimportant enough, but, even at this distance of time, I seem to see the two great men, as distinctly as if the scene I am describing was one of yesterday—and thinking that there may be many who would like to see such an actor in the great poli-

tical dramas of our time as Brougham, off the stage, I have taken the trouble of thus introducing him. With his face, as it now is, Punch has made us pretty familiar; and I may as well say, in passing, that these caricatures give a pretty accurate idea of his Lordship; indeed, he himself admits that the 'Punch' likenesses are the best. Of course, they are a little exaggerated—but not so much so as many, with whom I have chatted on the subject, are apt to suppose.

It is needless to say that Hall's pulpit talents must have been very great, to have attracted such men as those I have just mentioned. Even Ministers of the church from which he dissented, were often to be found amongst his hearers; and more than once have I seen members of the Bench of Bishops, who, having thrown aside their mitres, crosiers, and lawn sleeves, submitted to be 'hail fellow, well met' with the members of a humbler community, for the sake of hearing the Cicero of the day.

Cottle says, "Mr. Hall broke down all distinction of sects and parties. On one of his visits to Bristol, when preaching at the Chapel, in *Broadmead*, a competent individual noticed in the thronged assembly, an Irish Bishop, a Dean, and thirteen clergymen.

"The late Dr. Parr was an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Hall. He said to a friend of the writer, after a warm eulogium on the eloquence of Mr. H., 'In short, Sir, the man is inspired.' Hannah More has more than once said to the writer, "There was no

man in the church, nor out of it, comparable in talents to Robert Hall."

The services preliminary to the sermon had been nearly gone through, and a hymn was being sung, when Mr. Hall ascended slowly, and, I thought, wearily, the pulpit stairs. Few, on looking at his somewhat unwieldy and rather ungraceful figure, would have been prepossessed in his favour; and, as he sat down in the pulpit, and looked languidly round on the congregation, I experienced, I know not why, a feeling of disappointment, but that speedily wore off. Having taken the bible from the desk, and selected the place of the text, he returned it to the cushion, and then leaned back in his seat, his large head drooping, so that his chin reposed on his broad chest. As if in deep reverie, he remained in this position until the last tones of the hymn ceased; when he rose, and read his text: "The Father of Lights." At first his voice was scarcely audible, and there appeared some slight hesitation; but this soon wore off, and, as he warmed with his subject, he poured forth such a continuous stream of eloquence, that it seemed as if it flowed from an inexhaustible source. His tones were, although low, beautifully modulated; but, owing to some affection in his throat, his speech was, at short intervals, interrupted by a short spasmodic cough. During the delivery of his brilliant paragraphs, the most breathless silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage; but his

momentary cessation was the signal for general relaxation from an attention so intense that it became almost painful. It was curious to observe how every neck was stretched out, so that not a word which fell from those eloquent lips should be lost; and the suspended breathings of those around me evinced how intently all were hanging on his charmed words. Mr. Hall's fluency was wonderful, and his command of language unsurpassed. I will not mar the beauty of his discourse by attempting to describe it; but, as his hearers followed him, whilst, by his vivid imagination, he conveyed his hearers through the starry skies, and reasoned, from those lights of the Universe, what the Father of Lights must be, all became lost in wonder and admiration. But the crowning glory of his sermon was his allusion to the heavenly world, whose beatific glories he expatiated on, with almost the eloquence of an angel. He appeared like one inspired; and, as he guided us by living streams, and led us over the celestial fields, he seemed carried away by his subject, and his face beamed as if it reflected Heaven's own light. And this was the man who, but an hour before, had lain down on the ground, in the excess of his agony; and who, from his earliest years, had *constantly* endured the most excruciating torture which man can be called upon to bear! For often has he been heard to say, that he had never known one waking hour free from extreme pain.

Mr. Hall used very little action in the pulpit. His

favourite—or, rather, his usual attitude—was, to stand with his chest pressed against the cushion, his left arm lying on the Bible, and his right hand slightly raised, with the palm towards the audience. His tones were almost uniformly low, and he rarely raised them. Ideas seemed so to accumulate, whilst he was preaching, that they flowed forth without effort on his part. Never did he hesitate; and so pure were his oral compositions, that the most elaborate efforts of the pen would rather have injured than improved their structure.

Mr. Joseph Cottle says, with reference to his oral and written compositions, “this sermon (on Infidelity) I was so happy as to hear delivered, and have no hesitation in expressing an opinion, that the oral was not only very different from the printed discourse, but greatly its superior. In the one case he expressed the sentiments of a mind fully charged with matter the most invigorating and solemnly important, but, discarding notes (which he once told me always ‘hampered’ him), it was not in his power to display the same language, or to record the same evanescent trains of thought; so that, in preparing a sermon for the press, no other than a general resemblance could be preserved. In trusting alone to his recollection, when the stimulus was withdrawn of a crowded and most attentive auditory, the ardent feeling, the thought that ‘burned,’ was liable, in some measure, to become deteriorated by the substitution of cool philosophical arrangement and accuracy, for

the spontaneous effusions of his overflowing heart, so that what was gained by one course was more than lost by the other."

Mr. Hall, like most other men of genius, was somewhat eccentric—and possessed powers of sarcasm, which, in frequent instances, he exerted with tremendous force. Few men could say severer things—I will mention an instance or two.

He had one day attended a church, where a young minister preached on some public occasion. It so happened, that the preacher met Mr. Hall afterwards, at dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse, and very pertinaciously plied the great man with questions respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance for some time, with great patience. He did not wish to hurt the young man's feelings—but he could not, conscientiously laud his sermon. At length, worried beyond endurance, he said:—

'Well, Sir, there was one fine passage—and I liked it much, Sir—much.'

The young divine rubbed his hands, in high glee, and pressed Mr. Hall to name it.

'Why, Sir,' replied Hall, 'the passage I allude to, was *your passage from the pulpit to the vestry*.'

His "continent of mud" anecdote is too familiar a one to be repeated here; perhaps the following is less generally known:—

'What do you think of Mr. —, Mr. Hall?' asked

a friend of him one day, when seated in confidential chat with the great preacher in his study.

‘Why, Sir,’ replied Mr. Hall, ‘Mr. —— is a remarkable man—a very remarkable man in his line; mark me, I say *in his line*, Sir.’

‘And pray, Sir, what may you consider to be his “line?”’

‘Why,’ said Hall, ‘Mr. —— is a remarkably good *she*-preacher, Sir—a *she*-preacher, Sir; *soft* preaching is his line, Sir.’

Mr. Hall finally left Leicester, and became pastor of the Broadmead Church in Bristol, so that I often had opportunities of hearing him. The chapel was always crowded to excess, and the great man was of course much in request during the week by those who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. In the social circle, Hall was a delightful companion, when once the formal barriers to intercourse, which he much detested, were broken down. Occasionally he gave the reins to a sportive fancy, and nothing could be more delightful than some of his sallies. In repartee, I never knew any one so brilliant. Of course, his pipe was always provided—and drawing-rooms, which had previously been guiltless of tobacco odour, were gladly subjected to the nuisance in Mr. Hall’s case.

At these parties Mr. Hall gave frequent proofs of that absence of mind which characterized him during all periods of his life. One evening he was the ‘Lion’ of a large tea party; during the progress of the

meal, tea spoons began to grow scarce. No one knew where they went to, and a mystery seemed to be brewing with the Congou. Mr. Hall was an inveterate tea drinker, and attention was directed towards him by his asking, with every fresh cup, for a tea spoon. 'Where *can* they have gone to?' murmured the lady; but no solution to the mystery was found. Hall kept on for a long time, talking, sipping, and asking for more. At length he came to a finish, and the tea things were removed—but where were the spoons? In about an hour afterwards Mr. Hall left; and on the sofa where he sat were discovered the missing articles, to the number of seventeen, which corresponded to the number of cups he had swallowed. Of course, a general laugh followed the clearing up of the mystery. On Hall's returning to the room he was informed of his unconscious petty larceny, but he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair.

During Mr. Hall's residence in Bristol, the album mania raged to a terrible extent, and it was scarcely probable that one so popular as he was should have escaped its consequences—nor did he. One instance of an attack upon him fell under my own notice—and as it is very characteristic of the man I shall relate it.

A young lady acquaintance of mine, who resided in the country, was extremely anxious that Mr. Hall should contribute something to her album, and she begged me to forward it to the great man, with her request backed by mine. I did not much like the matter, but was so circumstanced that I could not well

refuse. So I packed up the precious book, whose pages were graced with the effusions of small poetasters and petty prozers, and despatched it to Mr. Hall's house. There it remained for some time, and when, at last, it was returned, Mr. Hall *had* written in it. At the bottom of a page he had scrawled, in his almost illegible hand—

‘It is my humble opinion that albums are very foolish things.

ROBERT HALL.’

My fair friend was sadly annoyed—but for my own part, I should have much preferred so characteristic an autograph of the eloquent man, to the most complimentary lines which could have been penned.

When Mr. Hall was co-pastor of the Broadmead Church with the Rev. Mr. Evans, a member of his Church, whom we will call W., called on him and stated that he considered himself possessed of preaching talents, and begged Mr. Hall to forward his views of getting into the ministry. W. was an ignorant, conceited man, and Mr. Hall could not but smile at his repeated applications, although he was somewhat annoyed by them. On one occasion Mr. W. said he did not like to wrap his talent in a napkin.

‘Oh, brother W.,’ said Hall, ‘don’t go to the expense of buying a napkin; a very small pocket-handkerchief will answer the purpose.’

Not repulsed by this broad hint, W. still pestered Mr. Hall about his pulpit call, until, finally, the latter appointed a time for him to give a specimen of

his preaching capabilities before the church. On the following Monday evening it was Mr. Hall's turn to have officiated, but he gave up the place to his applicant, who, at the appointed time, took the minister's seat.

Mr. Hall sat below, and as soon as the hymn had been sung, W. rose and proceeded to give out his text, which was, 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss,' &c. For a short time there was silence, and then the aspirant to pulpit honours commenced, with, 'Yea, doubtless,'—another pause—and then again 'Yea, doubtless,' was repeated. Now a very long pause, and a third time 'Yea, doubtless,' slowly fell from the lips of W. Now, thought the hearers, we *shall* have something else; but the preacher once more again stammered out, 'Yea—doubtless,' and Hall, unable to bear it any longer, rose, and looking the unhappy wight full in the face, said, 'Yea, doubtless, brother W., thou hadst better come down.' Amidst the titterings of the congregation, he left the pulpit; and to the day of his death (for I believe his doubts are ended) 'Yea, doubtless' was the name by which he was most generally known.

I have referred to what Brougham said respecting Mr. Hall's mouth; it was very large. He was as well aware of this as any one else, and one morning at a breakfast party, in Bristol, on the occasion of family prayers, a young minister, referring to a sermon about to be delivered by the distinguished preacher, prayed that the Lord would 'open his mouth wider

than ever.' When they rose from their knees, Mr. Hall said, 'Well, Sir, why did you pray that my mouth might be opened wider? It couldn't well be done, Sir, unless it was slit from ear to ear, Sir.'

The history of his marriage was a singular one. It has been related in a dozen different ways, but I believe the following account of it to be correct:— One day, whilst alighting at a friend's door for the purpose of dining with him, he was joked on his bachelorhood. He said nothing, but whilst at table was observed to take particular notice of the servant girl, who came in to replenish the fire. After dinner, as he was sitting alone in the study, the young woman again entered it with the coal-scuttle, when Mr. Hall, whom she had supposed scarcely less than a king, said to her, "Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" The girl replied, that she hoped she did, taking the question merely as an accustomed one from a minister. To her utter surprise and consternation, however, Mr. Hall immediately followed it up by falling on his knees and exclaiming, "then, Betty, you must love *me*," and asked her to marry him. In her astonishment she ran away, and said she believed Mr. Hall had gone mad again (he had been once deranged). Her master, like herself, was surprised, and on his speaking with Mr. Hall on the subject, the latter declared his intention of marrying the girl, who he said had taken his fancy by the manner in which she put the coals on. They were married and lived happily together. His widow survives him.

Mr. Hall continued to officiate in Bristol, but his last residence in that city was destined to be but short. It was known for some time before the fatal crisis of the malady under which he had through life laboured had arrived, that his mortal strength was failing; but the near approach of death was so little anticipated, that when, one evening (I well remember it), it was rumoured through the city that Robert Hall was dead, every one was surprised as well as distressed. He had preached but a short time before, and gave no indications of the coming calamity, so that the account of his death was not in his, as in the cases of many ministers who long cease from their public labours, before they are taken "within the veil," like a sudden burst of thunder after a long, ominous silence; it rather resembled the peal which immediately follows the brilliant lightning, whose coruscations have scarcely died ere its "thunder is its knell."

Long before his death, Mr. Hall had been compelled to resort to the use of large doses of opium, in order to allay the pain which continually kept him on a sort of rack, but his mind retained its accustomed vigour and brilliancy to the last. One long agonizing day was drawing towards its close, when that awful thing which we, for want of a better term, vaguely, but most expressively, call the change for death, was observed. It became evident, that with him, not days, but minutes, were numbered. His medical attendant was summoned in

haste, and found him with his right hand resting on the mantel-piece, and his left foot spasmodically grasping the edge of a bath; gradually the eye glazed, his magnificent head sunk on the shoulder of his physician, and he died without a groan.

On a *post mortem* examination of the body, eight or nine calculi were taken from the kidneys, in which they were embedded. They were of various sizes; some of them as large as a pea, and having from their sides projecting sharpened spires, the eighth of an inch long. These were literally thorns in the flesh, and well explain why, during his whole life, he could only procure partial alleviation of pain, by lying on his back and smoking. So addicted was he to this latter habit, that I have seen him light his pipe, after preaching, at the pulpit lamps, when the congregation had dispersed.

From an article on Robert Hall's writings, which appeared in the last number of the "North British Review," I am tempted to make the following extract. The writer, in describing his manner in the pulpit, says:—"The text of his discourse was usually announced in the feeblest tone, chiefly from an incapacity of voice, and in a rapid manner, so as frequently to be inaudible to the majority of his congregation. He then introduced the general topic in a calm perspicuous statement, remarkable chiefly for its simplicity, and not often calculated to give a stranger any promise of what was to come. It seemed to be marked by no effort; frequently con-

sisting of an exposition of the context, with a few plain observations. At times, however, he would commence with some important sentiment, striking the attention at once, and making the rest of his discourse a continual development of some fine train of thought which lay imbedded in his own mind, and became every moment more visible as he disclosed it by a course of close, consecutive, and convincing reasoning. His most metaphysical addresses would gradually merge into earnest appeals. After the exordium, he would commonly hint at, rather than explicitly announce, the very simple divisions of the subject on which he intended to treat. Then his thoughts would begin to multiply, and the rapidity of his utterance, always considerable, would increase as he proceeded and kindled—evidently urged on by the momentum of his conceptions. He had no oratorical action, scarcely any kind of motion, excepting an occasional lifting or waving of the right *hand*; and in his most impassioned moments, an alternate retreat and advance in the pulpit by a short step. Sometimes the pain in his back, to which he was so great a martyr, would induce him to throw his arm behind, as if to give himself ease or support in the long continued, and, to him, afflictive position of standing to address the people. Nothing of the effect which he produced depended on extraneous circumstances. There was no pomp, no rhetorical flourish, and few, though whenever they did occur, very appropriate images; excepting towards the close of his

sermon, when his imagination became excursive, and he winged his way through the loftiest sphere of contemplation. His sublimest discourses were in the beginning didactic and argumentative, then descriptive and pathetic, and, finally, in the highest and best sense, imaginative. Truth was their universal element, and to enforce its claims was his constant aim. Whether he attempted to engage the reason, the affections, or the fancy, all was subsidiary to this great end. He was always *in earnest*—profoundly in earnest. He lost himself in the glories of his theme; and amidst the fervours of his eloquence, the force of his argumentation, and the beauty of his diction, it was manifest that his supreme aim was to “win souls to Christ.” Notwithstanding many hesitations at the outset, there was a continual flow—a flow of elegant expression, exquisite turns of thought, pure sentiment, and exalted feeling. Among other qualities of his public speaking, it was one of the most extraordinary that, even while the rapidity of the utterance was such as almost to outrun the apprehension of his hearers, every word, though by no means minutely premeditated, was as proper in itself, and as beautifully collocated, as if it had been the result of long and laborious consideration. He could touch at will the inner springs of emotion, dive into the recesses of the mind, expose sophism, vanquish error, and stem the fierce revolt of prejudice; and with equal success could he speak to the experienced and aged Christian, awakening at a touch his liveliest and holiest sensi-

bilities, imparting consolation to the troubled mind, unfolding the mysteries, while he breathed the spirit of the gospel, dissipating the influence of evil agency, encountering the efforts of inherent corruption, opening Heaven to view, making its glories palpable, and by leading you through the gates of the celestial city, rendering the enchanted hearers conscious of strange joys, which seemed not to belong to earth, but to some more elevated state of existence. Then the bodily organs would appear to be almost incapable of furnishing a channel wide enough for the stream of thought, which expanded as it flowed, till it spread as into an ocean glowing with the morning light of eternity."

Before his mortal remains were committed to the dust, an opportunity was afforded to the many friends of the great man, of "looking their last" upon his remains. I availed myself of the permission, and, on arriving at his house, was shown into the darkened room in which the dead preacher was lying. Never was I so impressed with the grandeur of Hall's head, as when I saw it in the coffin—the very majesty of Death was exhibited on that ample forehead. On raising my eyes from the face of the dead, they encountered the engraved semblance of the living and almost inspired orator, for Branwhite's portrait of him, in his accustomed attitude, hung on the wall, just over the senseless body, furnishing, as well as a startling contrast, a striking commentary on the text—he "being dead, yet speaketh." *There* was the pictured preacher, and beneath it the clay, untenanted

tabernacle of him of whom has been repeated what was originally said of another great man, that "he had the eloquence of a Cicero, the learning of a Parr, and the piety of a Whitfield."

During a portion of his life, Mr. Hall was deranged—excessive study having induced disease of the brain. To the disgrace of the times be it said, that he was subjected, in the Asylum where he was placed, to coercion. This he well remembered, and would often allude to it. He once, in a large party, expatiated eloquently on the necessity of an amelioration of the condition of those who were bereft of reason; 'for,' said he, touchingly, whilst he exhibited some scars on his head, the result of a blow from a keeper—"these are the wounds which I received in the house of my friends." Happily he recovered, but his friends were ever afterwards apprehensive of a recurrence of the malady.

One of Hall's great contemporaries, John Foster, recently followed him to the grave; and of him and some of his contemporaries I shall, in the next chapter, note down a few reminiscences.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN FOSTER AND HIS BRISTOL CONTEMPORARIES.

THE *greatest* of John Foster's Bristol contemporaries was him of whom we have, in the last chapter, penned some reminiscences. In this article we shall give a few pen-and-ink sketches of the distinguished author of the "Essays" himself, and of those ministers who flourished in Bristol during his day.

As no memoir of Mr. Foster has yet appeared, a few particulars respecting his life may be appropriately introduced in this place, before we jot down our personal recollections of the man.

He was born in September, 1770, and baptized at the age of seventeen, but of the religious experiences of his youth little is known, for he was then, we are told, "as he was ever afterwards, averse to what he regarded as making a show of religion;" and he seldom or never alluded to the circumstances which attended his conversion.

When a youth, his manners were marked by much singularity, and his habits were peculiar. He was

intensely fond of reading, and sometimes indulged in it to the utter disregard of his health. His father was by trade a weaver; but the future great writer, as may well be imagined, possessed no taste for a merely mechanical operation; he therefore bungled at the loom, and soon quitted it altogether.

Dr. Fawcett, of whose church Foster was a member, kept a large school, and received the young man under his roof, as he observed the bent of his mind, and felt anxious that his great powers should be well-directed. After remaining with Dr. Fawcett four years, he went to the Baptist College, in Stoke's Croft, Bristol, where, however, he did not remain more than twelve months.

After quitting Bristol, he went to Newcastle-on-Tyne. He subsequently preached for a short time in several other places; but it was in the neighbourhood of Bristol that the greater portion of his life was spent.

He married in 1808, having previously resided for some time at Frome; and in this place he wrote his celebrated Essays. These were comprised in a series of letters to his future wife. In a brief notice of Mr. Foster, which appeared in one of the religious magazines, this lady is thus alluded to:—"How eminently qualified this lady was to become the companion of the Essayist it is needless to say. To a superior understanding, she united fervent piety. To her discerning judgment, in drawing forth Mr. Foster's mind, we owe the first great production of his pen."

Mr. Foster quitted Frome in an enfeebled state of health, which incapacitated him from preaching, and resided for about seven years at Bourton-on-the-Water, where his pen was not idle. To the "Eclectic Review," which was started in 1805, he was a frequent contributor, almost, if not quite, from its first number; and his powerful aid, combined with that of Hall and Montgomery, did much towards establishing that periodical. The "Eclectic" displayed so much talent, that, at that time, it suffered little by comparison with the awful "Critic of the North." As for such small fry as the "Monthly Review" and the "British Critic," their influence was almost totally annihilated. Mr. Foster's latest contribution to the "Eclectic" was a review of Mr. Dix's Life of Chatterton. The whole of his articles have been recently published in two volumes; they are in number about one hundred and eighty, and we need only say, that there are articles on Blair, Beattie, Paley, Chatterton, Cumberland, Grattan, Curran, Fuller, Ryland, Fawcett, Whitfield, Chalmers, Selden, Cardinal Wolsey, Jeremy Taylor, David Hume, Lord Kames, Sidney Smith, Horne Tooke, and Charles James Fox, with incidental notices of other statesmen, theologians, and influential writers, to show that the subjects which come under review must be very diversified and deeply interesting.

From Bourton Mr. Foster removed to Downend, where, his voice and health having improved, he preached continuously for about seven years. After

the year 1822 his ministrations were only occasional, and his hearers were principally plain country people, "to whom he laboured to adapt his style, and not unsuccessfully ; in proof of which, we may mention the fact of his preaching frequently in the villages, and giving addresses to the teachers and children of the Sabbath school at his own place." Many who read his works, little imagined that he was a hard-working Baptist minister, but fancied him to be a mere literary recluse. Even literary men, who did homage to his genius, knew but little respecting their fellow-labourer. One of the London morning papers which announced his death, headed its notice with "Death of JOHN FOSTER, Esq." And in the city, near to which he lived, hundreds who read his works had no idea but that he was a private gentleman, living at the "Fishponds," as the place of his residence was termed.

During the year 1822, and the three following years, Mr. Foster delivered a series of Lectures in Broadmead Chapel, Bristol. The audience consisted of persons belonging to various religious communities in Bristol, who highly appreciated Mr. Foster's writings, and the discourses were of an unusually elaborate character. The leading ideas of each were committed to paper, with occasional hints for amplification, filling generally twelve or fourteen pages. We have heard, from the lips of a lady who had the privilege of attending these lectures, that they were "magnificent." Another friend, describing Mr. Fos-

ter's extemporaneous prayers, made the remark, that they "were Mr. Foster's Essays that we *stand up to*."

When Robert Hall consented to succeed Dr. Ryland in the pastoral charge of Broadmead Chapel, Mr. Foster steadily refused to deliver a single lecture more: and he never entered the pulpit after it had been once occupied by the great preacher. As it was on the occasion of his being present during the delivery of a sermon by Hall that we first saw him, we will here note down our recollections of him.

There are two entrance-ways to Broadmead Chapel, the principal one in the street from which the building takes its name, and the other facing St. James's Churchyard. If any person had taken his stand near the latter on any Sunday morning, during the palmy days of Hall's pastorate, he might have seen approaching, shortly before the appointed hour for commencing the service, a man, tall and somewhat stoutly built, with a very decided stoop in the shoulders, his chin half buried in a thick white cravat, and his figure shaded by an old and enormous sized green gingham umbrella. This of course supposes the weather to be rainy; but whether wet or dry, sunny or cloudy, whenever Robert Hall was to preach, assuredly that slovenly-looking man would make his appearance at the back door of 'Broadmead' meeting-house. If you looked on that part of his face not concealed by his hat, which nearly rested on his eye-brows, nor enveloped in his neckerchief, you might see a coun-

tenance of a profoundly meditative cast. On he would go, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, as he ascended the gallery stairs, and stole quietly to a secluded pew at the left hand of the preacher, which he loved, because there he was, to a great degree, sheltered from observation.

Those were the high and palmy days of Broadmead; for, as we have hinted in our notice of Hall, the gifted, the great, and the good, from all parts of the kingdom, repaired thither to listen to the charmed eloquence of the gifted orator. There, in that somewhat heavy looking building, would be assembled, every Sunday, lords, ladies, members of parliament, barristers, authors, and artists; but no one presented a more striking appearance than John Foster, as he sat in the shadow of one of the heavy pillars. He was, as we have said, a tall man, but we had better leave a more minute description of him until we shall have a better opportunity of studying his outward man.

During the few years which immediately preceded his death, he preached very seldom in Bristol; but on the occasion of a new chapel being opened, in Thrissell-street, he was with very great difficulty prevailed upon to deliver the morning discourse. We went to hear him, and on arriving at the chapel, found it densely crowded in every part, the audience seeming to consist chiefly of clergymen and dissenting ministers, who had been attracted by the extraordinary talents of the Essayist. After a hymn had

been sung, he ascended the pulpit; and as we were situated directly in front of him, we had a favourable opportunity for observation.

Not one of the published portraits give anything like an idea of Foster; the one by Branwhite resembles him when he was younger; but as we saw him, we should not have recognised in it any traces of the original. Mr. Foster's face was large, and the features massive; the forehead was very high, and pyramidal in shape, being broadest at its lower portion. His head was covered by a very evident curly wig, which one might at a glance discover was not of the most fashionable manufacture. A huge pair of silver spectacles, with circular glasses almost as big as penny-pieces, nearly concealed two dark small eyes, which glistened brightly beneath a couple of shaggy eyebrows; the face was ploughed with deep lines, and the forehead furrowed all over with "wrinkles of thought;" around his neck was a dingy white cravat, and his coat was ill-fitting, and of a rusty black. Altogether he was the most slovenly looking man we ever saw in a pulpit.

As we are not going to write a critique on Mr. Foster's sermon, we shall not dwell upon it, but confine ourselves principally to the describing his manner in the pulpit. After he had given out his text in a mumbling, gurgling, husky voice, he commenced somewhat in this way—"Now, I dare say some of you will think I am going to preach a very odd sermon from such an odd text;" and then he

went on, gradually enlisting the attention of his hearers, whilst he described in magnificent language the idol temples of the East. Soon, his congregation were wrapt in wonder and delight, as they listened to his gorgeous descriptions, and we do not think that one individual present stirred hand or foot until his glowing discourse came to an end. Then long-suspended breathing found indulgence in deep-drawn sighs, and every one gazed at every one else, and looked or nodded admiration. Some remained for a time with lips apart and eyes still fixed upon the pulpit, as if spell-bound; and all felt, on the termination of the discourse, a relief from the pressure on the intellect, which the ponderous stores, heaped on it from the magazine of the orator, had occasioned.

The Rev. T. S. Crisp, the present principal of the Baptist College at Bristol, in his funeral sermon for Mr. Foster, thus speaks of him as a preacher—"His preaching was not fitted to excite very general interest. The tones of his voice were not sufficiently attractive; his manner was serious, but not lively or energetic; and his composition, though he often conscientiously laboured to adapt his mode of expression to hearers in common, was not of a popular cast. His sermons were characterised by the same originality of conception, the same strength of consecutive reasoning, the same remarkable felicity in the choice of words and phrases exactly suited to his purpose, as his published writings; but with less elaboration of style. Indeed, many of his addresses were plain, and even

colloquial. He studied to make them so; and often succeeded, particularly with village hearers, among whom he was quite at ease. I have frequently heard these discourses among country people spoken of by a very intelligent person, who availed himself of almost every opportunity of hearing them, with delight approaching to rapture. From representations made by him, and by others also, these village sermons appear to have been in a high degree simple, yet rich in very striking imagery, while they exhibited a mighty command, not only of thought but of language; and they were often delivered with an earnestness and pathos indicating deep and strong emotion."

Very little is known of Mr. Foster's private life; he seldom visited any one, and few entered his house. We had the pleasure and privilege of spending an evening with him some years ago, and will briefly advert to the occasion.

A friend from Sheffield had invited us to accompany him to Mr. Foster's residence, and we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of seeing the great man "at home." It was in the summer time, and on a calm, bright evening we drove up to his door at Stapleton. The house looked gloomy outside, and when we entered one of the front parlours, the deep shade caused by the trees, and, we believe, a boundary wall, caused the apartment to wear a sombre appearance. On the tables and chairs lay, in "admirable confusion," proof impressions of engravings and costly volumes, of a character which

plainly enough indicated the fine taste of their possessor; indeed, while he sought to have everything around him plain and simple, and though in some things, especially his dress, he was regardless of his appearance, even to excess, his relish for the costly and splendid, in books and pictures, was almost a passion, for he was capable, in an extraordinary degree, of appreciating and admiring what was elegant in the fine arts. Towards the latter end of his life, he made several journeys to the metropolis, for the purpose of seeing the exhibitions at the academies, and of visiting the various curiosities at the museums; and these matters he to the last relished, with all the keen enthusiasm of his earlier days.

After we had been a few minutes in the apartment, Mr. Foster entered it. He was, as usual, very carelessly attired, wearing an old blue coat with bright brass buttons, which hung *baggingly* about his large frame, and a pair of corduroy breeches and top-boots. The old brown curly wig, and the pair of large circular spectacles, added not a little to the singularity of his appearance. His manners were rather forbidding, but they formed no key to his character, which, it is said, was characterized by simple honesty in his purposes, and straightforwardness in his movements.

He invited us to remain and take tea, and two ladies soon afterward joined us. His conversation was what might be characterized as *odd*; certainly it was not brilliant. His eye was the most piercing,

with the single exception of Mr. Beckford's, which I ever saw ; it fairly looked *into* one, and there was no escaping from its scrutiny. Whilst he gazed, one felt that he was reading character, and that one's secret thoughts were laid bare for his inspection. He never smiled, and an indescribable gloom seemed to belong to his character. This, in that shaded room, was felt, almost to an oppressive degree. We remember that he made one or two strange and severe remarks, but as they referred to individuals now living, and were uttered in the privacy of his parlour, we feel that we should be to blame in more explicitly referring to them.

With reference to this proneness to severe remark, the same authority from which we have already quoted thus speaks :—

“It might seem that, in some things, he failed in the exercise of charity—especially in the sternness of his judgment, and vehemence of his censure, of public men and public measures. I do not say that it was not so : though, occasionally, what he meant as playfulness, might be mistaken for grave rebuke. But it is right to observe, that while some indulge in the mere cant of liberality, in him there was a solemn conviction of what was due from man to man ; and a sincere indignation, which he was not sufficiently careful to repress, against what he regarded as the invasion of sacred rights.

“There was an appearance of misanthropy in the tone in which he would sometimes speak of men in

general, and of the state of the world. But it was an appearance only. He saw the debasement of human nature, and deeply deplored it; and, if his views of mankind were gloomy—formed, as they were, under the guidance of divine truth, and with the discernment of a keen observer—yet, they were those of a compassionate spirit.

“Such was he to his fellow-men. Before God, he deeply abased himself.”

After tea he rose from table, and putting on an old grey frock coat, invited us to walk with him in his garden; there a spirit of almost cheerfulness seemed to animate him; every now and then he would draw from his pocket a common round snuff-box, gently tap its lid, and pause for a while, glancing keenly over his huge spectacles, and then giving utterance to some casual observation. The shades of evening falling, we returned to the parlour, where he showed us some of his most precious stores of art, principally fine and rare engravings, and about nine o'clock we quitted his house, to see him no more for ever.

Foster was a man of strong prejudices. In the year 1838, Robert Southey paid his last visit to his native city; and Mr. Foster was invited to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, but he declined doing so, and accompanied his refusal with some very severe remarks on what he called the Laureate's apostasy from his former principles. His antipathies did not, however, extend to Southey's *writings*. Take, for example, his review of the “Chronicles of the Cid,” in

which he does ample justice to the genius and industry of its author.

For some months before Mr. Foster's death, his health failed him. The shock occasioned by the deaths of his wife and only son he had never entirely recovered ; at length, pulmonary consumption attacked him, and although he suffered comparatively little, the disease gradually undermined his frame. During the last twelve months of his life his health was considerably impaired ; and for some weeks previously to his death, he was much debilitated. The last time of his visiting Bristol, was on the occasion of the usual examination at Bristol College, and then it was observed that his gait was more stooping, his step feebler, and that his shadow was evidently falling upon his grave.

The death-scene of Mr. Foster was eminently characteristic of the man,—the almost hermit. On the morning of Saturday, the 14th of October, 1843, he complained to those about him, that he felt an unusual confusedness in his head, and experienced a difficulty in breathing. It had been his habit to have some one to read to him, a custom he much enjoyed, and for many years he had been in the habit of spending several hours every day with his family, listening whilst one of them read aloud ; on this occasion he declined his usual practice, and requested to be left quite alone during the afternoon and evening. On retiring to rest, he steadily refused to allow any one to sit up with him, particularly desiring that all would go to bed as usual. They did so, but an attendant

stole quietly in once or twice during the night to look at him ; she did so towards the dawn of the Sabbath, when he lay in a peaceful slumber. An hour afterwards she went in and found him a corpse ; his hands stretched out, and his countenance so tranquil as to make it unquestionable that his spirit was dismissed "without a struggle, and probably without any suffering whatever."

It had been thought, says a friend, that his request to be alone originated in an anticipation of death, as likely to take place that night ; it was evident, however, that it was not so. At the same time his friends were persuaded that his mode of departure was such as he himself would have desired. He had been heard to speak of such a death as enviable. There were no weeping friends beside his bed, to distress his sensitive spirit ; no one witnessed the strife with death (if there really was any) ; no one noticed the lingering and the shivering on the brink of mortality ; he entered the dark valley ALONE ! Whilst morning was chasing the gloom of night from his solitary chamber ; whilst the members of his family reposed, he gently "slept the sleep which knows no waking ;" and when they awoke, his spirit had already woke in the morning light of eternity's endless day. What he, in the following extract from his own writings described, he thus realized :—

"An aged Christian is soothed by the assurance that his Almighty friend will not despise the enfeebled exertions, nor desert the oppressed and fainting weak-

ness, of the last stage of his servant's life. When advancing into the shade of death itself, he is animated by the faith that the great Sacrifice has taken the malignity of death away, and that the divine presence will attend the dark steps of this last and *lonely* enterprise."

"Thus, at the shut of ev'n, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and, in some lonely brake,
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well fledged wings, and bears away."

Although, as we before hinted, it forms no part of our plan to criticise the works of the subjects of our sketches, we cannot refrain from extracting the following well written and just notice of Mr. Foster's merits as an author. It occurs in a review of his Lectures and Critiques, in the Baptist Magazine for July, 1844:—

"Mr. Foster was emphatically a thinking man. To think was at once the pleasure and the business of his life. He was not a man of activity; he was not fond of public speaking; he was not addicted to writing: indeed the gravest allegation to be considered by those who attempt to form an impartial estimate of his character is, that he did not make due use of the talent intrusted to him, by illuminating his contemporaries with frequent productions of his pen. His delight was to think. Whoever opened one of his publications might feel a pleasing certainty that it had been printed, not because the time was come for Mr. Foster to make a book, but because he had

some thoughts to communicate. And the subject on which he was most prone to expatiate was one on which the thoughts of a quiet, retired, contemplative observer, are peculiarly worthy to be treasured up. His favourite subject was *man*. Individuals of the human species, he loved to analyze and classify: society, he loved to consider as it was, as it had been, and as it ought to be. Physical science, he only valued in its relation to man. Inspired scripture, he studied, and doubtless received thankfully the information it imparted respecting the invisible Creator, and the grace displayed in his arrangements and purposes; but it yielded to him habitually an especial pleasure, as furnishing an insight into the nature, habits, and capabilities of man. The uninspired books in which he found most gratification were histories, biographies, travels, voyages; and his writings are picture galleries, abounding with portraits, evidently the productions of a master. A deceased friend even, he seemed to regard as a subject for *post mortem* examination; and in more than one instance he published to the world, in a rather startling manner, the results of the autopsy. His own language in reference to another is justly applicable to himself: 'The author is a sharp observer of mankind, and has a large portion of knowledge of the world. What is more, he has exercised much discriminative observation on the human heart, and often unfolds a correct view of its movements, especially the depraved ones.'"

WILLIAM THORPE was another celebrated preacher in Bristol during the times of Hall and Foster. Some one, Coleridge, we believe, who was intimate with all three, said that "Hall's mind was a fountain exhaustless in its resources, and Thorpe's a reservoir vast in its capacity." Mr. Thorpe possessed a prodigious memory, but he was by no means an original-minded man. Fancy, reader, a person of amazing bulk—a very Daniel Lambert, in canonicals, and you will have a general idea of Mr. Thorpe. Physically considered, he was indeed a "*great man*;" and if the term were applied, too, to his mental organization, it would be by no means inapplicable. His face was large, and so fleshy, that the superabundant fat seemed to have availed itself of the laws of gravitation, and fallen down in huge folds beneath his chin. His head was partially bald, covered on the temples with short curly black hair; his eyes were dark and bright, and the mouth possessed a very sweet expression. Most bishop-like was his person, which, when attired in the gown, looked like a large terrestrial globe, with an equator of black silk girdling its majestic proportions. His arms, short, hung like the flippers of a monstrous turtle by his side, and, whenever he moved, the very pulpit creaked again. Mr. Thorpe's voice, as might be expected, from the depth and breadth of his chest, was sonorous and melodious; and occasionally, when he poured forth a very torrent of eloquence, it produced a most solemn impression. His forte was gorgeous descrip-

tion, and the exposition of the prophetic books. No one surpassed him in this respect. We have heard him hold an audience enchained for two mortal hours, by his wonderful power of word-painting, if such a word may be coined, to express just what we may mean. On one occasion, we well remember the prodigious impression which he produced by a sudden question; he had been describing the angel of death as hovering over the vast audience, with a scroll in his hands, on which was inscribed the names of those who would be his next victims. After a powerful passage, he suddenly paused, and then with solemn emphasis exclaimed, "And who amongst you has his name written on that scroll?" This will not, perhaps, *tell* in narration, but the effect at the time was electrical.

Mr. Thorpe died some years since; he wrote but little, and his works are almost unknown. Like those, therefore, whose reputation depends on their oral efforts, his fame will not outlive the memories of those who heard him.

THOMAS ROBERTS deserves mention, in connexion with Thorpe, Foster, and Hall, for he was the friend of and fellow-worker with all three, and a man of original and powerful mind. In person he was commanding, and no one could look on his majestic head, and listen to the deep harmony of his voice, without feeling that he was no common man.

Out of Bristol he was too little known to render any lengthened remarks respecting him necessary,

and we merely thus allude to him, because his name is frequently associated with those of Foster and Hall. Neither will our limits permit us to refer to a rather voluminous author, and for many years a very popular clergyman of Bristol, the Rev. T. T. Biddulph, as an able memoir of him has already appeared.

Another noted Bristol contemporary of Hall's was Dr. LANT CARPENTER, a man of extraordinary abilities. It must be now nearly sixteen years since we first heard him ; but not then as a preacher ; it was on the occasion of his delivering a series of lectures in the theatre of the Bristol Philosophical Institution. We remember, as if it were but a thing of yesterday, the crowded lecture room, the delighted audience, and the person of the lecturer. All the intellect that Bristol could muster was there, but the greater portion of it consisted of members of Dr. Carpenter's own religious community, for few among those worshipping at other churches in Bristol would have ventured to listen to an Unitarian, although only poetry was his theme ; but it may be said, by way of excuse for such, that poetry then was, as it is now, considered to be an unprofitable thing, which does not possess any remarkable rate or value.

The reader must imagine the lecturer ; he was what might be called a "little man," by which I mean, one rather under the middle size, as it is termed. His frame was so remarkably slender and attenuated, that, at the first glance, his head seemed

to be strangely disproportioned to it in size ; and seldom has any eye looked upon a more splendid cranium, or one which, phrenologically speaking, indicated a more accurately-balanced mental organization. The forehead was singularly high and expansive, bald, or nearly so, on its upper portion, and the temples were thinly covered with lightish hair. His eyes were grey in colour, and possessed an inexpressible calmness and sweetness in their expression. The nose was very, nay, remarkably long, but not by any means aquiline, and the mouth was benevolently formed. So very remarkable was the breadth of the forehead on the summit, that the whole face somewhat resembled, when seen in full, a pyramid in shape, the apex being formed by the point of the long chin, just the reverse, in fact, of the facial appearance of his Majesty, Louis Philippe, whose pear-shaped head and face, the stem part upwards, has afforded such abundant and ludicrous material to caricaturists. A simple white cravat encircled his collarless neck, and, of course, the doctor's attire consisted of plain, clerical, sober black.

The voice of Dr. Carpenter was remarkably striking and beautiful ; and, says his son, in a memoir of his father, "from its peculiar qualities he was able, in a remarkable degree, to combine solemnity with the cheerfulness of confiding faith in his addresses to the Deity. In his reading of the Scriptures, and the hymns, he often conveyed thoughts which were not before connected with the words." We can bear willing

testimony to the truth of these remarks, for never have we heard hymns "given out" as they were by Dr. Carpenter. Well do we remember hearing him recite that beautiful hymn of Chatterton's, commencing with—

"O God! whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye the atom-globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise."

And distinctly, too, do we recollect the repetition of an admirable prose poem, which we shall presently allude to. It was said that, as a boy, he was distinguished as a beautiful reader: and the deafness of his adopted mother obliged him to cultivate the important habit of speaking clearly. "None who ever listened to him, are likely," says a friend, "to forget his reading of poetry: and one of his hearers remarked, that the manner in which he read the hymns, inspired in him emotions, and called up thoughts, which a whole service from another often failed to excite." In the lecture to which we have especially referred, Dr. Carpenter read some of Wordsworth's noble sonnets, which poems have ever since seemed to us to be the most beautiful ever penned by the bard of Rydal Mount; but the crowning glory of that lecture was a piece of prose-poetry from an unknown hand, which the Doctor read, and which is so remarkably beautiful, that we offer no excuse for making the reader acquainted with it. To us it will ever be

associated with remembrances of him, who we first heard read it. Here it is:—

FAITH AND HOPE.

A PARABLE.

One morning as the sun arose, two spirits went forth upon the earth.

And they were sisters; but Faith was of mature age, while Hope was yet a child.

They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze upon the countenance of Faith, for her eye was serene, and her beauty changed not: but Hope was the delight of every heart.

And the child sported in the freshness of the morning; and as she hovered over the gardens and dewy lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like the rainbow.

“Come, my sister,” she cried, “and chase with me this butterfly from flower to flower?”

But her sister was gazing at the lark as it arose from its low nest and warbled among the clouds.

And when it was noon, the child said again, “Come, my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet.”

But Faith replied, “Nay, my sister, let the flowers be thine, for thou art young, and delightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate in the shade till the heat of the day be past. Thou wilt find me by the

fountain in the forest. When thou art weary, come and repose on my bosom." And she smiled and departed.

After a time Hope sought her sister. The tear was in her eye, and her countenance was mournful.

Then Faith said, "My sister, wherefore dost thou weep, and why is thy countenance sad?"

And the child answered, "Because a cloud is in the sky, and the sunshine is overcast. See, the rain begins to fall."

"It is but a shower," Faith replied, "and when it is over the fields will be greener than before."

Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the noontide heat. And Faith comforted the child, and showed her how the waters flowed with a fuller and clearer stream as the shower fell.

And presently the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.

Then Hope was glad, and went forth to her sports once more.

After a time the sky was again darkened, and the young spirit looked up, and behold! there was no cloud in the whole circle of the heavens.

Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night.

And she fled to her sister, and cast herself down at her feet, and trembled exceedingly.

Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees, and pointed to the sun, and said,

"A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of his glory is extinguished. He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in his beams. See, even yet his face is not wholly hidden from us."

But the child dared not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart. And when all was bright again she feared to wander from her sister, and her sports were less gay than before.

When the eventide was come, Faith went forth from the forest shade, and sought the lawn, where she might watch the setting of the sun.

Then said she to her young sister, "Come and behold how far the glories of the sunset transcend the beauties of the morning. See how softly they melt away and give place to the shadows of night."

But Hope was now weary, her eye was heavy, and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings, and dropped on her sister's bosom, and fell asleep.

But Faith watched through the night, she was never weary, nor did her eyelids need repose.

She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle round the head of the sleeper, that she might sleep in peace.

Then Faith looked upwards, and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their radiant courses, and listened to their harmonies, which mortal ear hath not heard.

And as she listened, their music entranced her soul.

At length a light appeared in the east, and the sun burst forth from the portals of the heavens. Then the spirit hastened to arouse the young sleeper.

"Awake! O my sister! awake!" she cried; "a new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake! for the sun hath arisen which shall set no more."

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Dr. Carpenter often lectured on scientific subjects at the Bristol Institution, for he was a man of almost universal attainments; and, as might be supposed, his courses were extremely popular. These exercises, however, did not interfere with his pulpit or pastoral labours, in both of which he was unceasing.

The last time we ever heard Dr. Carpenter preach, was on the occasion of his delivering a sermon on the duration of future punishment, which he held not to be eternal. This discourse attracted much attention, and from those opposed to him in doctrine, great censure. One of the Bristol ministers (the Rev. Mr. Jack) announced a sermon on the following Sabbath evening, when we attended the Castle Green Chapel. We had been in our pew but a few minutes, when we observed a stir in the chapel, and presently what should we see but the noble and shining head of Dr. Carpenter, who had come to hear what arguments might be adduced against his doctrine. His

presence certainly proved that candour for which he was ever distinguished ; for, never swayed by narrow prejudices, he was a Liberal in opinions, to the very fullest extent of that much-abused term.

As in the case of poor Southey, the constant drain upon Dr. Carpenter's too active mind did not go on without producing its natural result ; but although it was known generally that he was in ill health, the precise nature of his malady was not certainly known. At length, after he had not been seen in public for some weeks, a rumour came that he was dead, and that his malady had been of a mental character. All who had known him were filled with anxiety—tales were told which left no doubt as to the state of his mind ; but all that was ascertained to be true, was the dreadful fact that he had been drowned. He had some time before quitted England for the sake of change, as there were many circumstances which caused those who anxiously watched him to be solicitous as to the future ; and many sources of excitement, or painful interest, continued to diminish his remaining strength.

On this part of his history it is not, however, our province to dwell ; suffice it to say, that from his journey he was destined never to return. After passing through the Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, he embarked in April, 1840, for Leghorn. During the voyage, he was seen one night walking the deck, and was subsequently observed standing on the

cabin stairs apparently for the sake of fresh air. This was the last time he was seen alive, but it appeared that he had retired to his berth, and had unlocked his bag, and removed some of its contents, as if preparing to go to rest. It is supposed probable by some, that whilst thus engaged, sea-sickness overpowered him, and that he went on deck, "when it pleased God suddenly to remove him in a manner which there was no human eye to witness, and of which, therefore, no human tongue can confidently speak."

All these great and good men, of whom we have thus noted down our recollections, are no more amongst the living. Some of them being dead, yet speak through their works. Hall's six volumes will ever remain monuments of his piety, his learning, and his taste; Carpenter's "Harmony" will be handed down to many future generations who embrace a similar creed to that he professed; and of Foster it has been well said:—

"He has lighted up a new world of thought. Every sentence is a text, every word a stimulus to intellect. Already his pages have formed more than one great writer. He has expanded and raised the intellectual hemisphere around us, and lighted it up with new brilliance. What he has written is not *tentative*; a reckless dashing on of sentences and words, in the chance of some form of meaning which shall have the effect of force, without the satisfying impression of certainty and completeness of view. All that Foster

has written was *thought out*, and will remain. His writings are not merely a shrine of beautiful sentiment, at which distant genius will kindle its flame, but an oracle of truth which shall convince for ever, and 'modify human thought in all ages coming."

CHAPTER III.

A DAY WITH HANNAH MORE.

I CANDIDLY confess that I feel some hesitation in taking lady-sitters as subjects for my literary pencillings, but as so many of the fair sex have abandoned "double and cross stitch," and rushed into print, I am bound by the "common laws" of politeness to pay them due attention. Yet do I tremble lest through ignorance of proper descriptive terms—terms absolutely necessary in articles of this nature—I should convey erroneous impressions, and render myself liable to be laughed at for my pains. I am by no means learned in the mysteries of a lady's toilette; that is, so far as the particular names of the various articles of dress are concerned; and though I might manage to convey some idea of the cut of a coat, or the shape of a hat, I am by no means certain that I should exhibit much tact in trying to describe the gay or quaint apparelling of a lady. It is all well enough to *make* dresses for heroines in novels and romances, especially if they flourished some fifty or a

hundred years ago; hooped quilted petticoats, point-lace stomachers, high-heeled shoes, and fardingales, *tell* well in print; but when one would describe matters and things as they are, the case is different. However, I shall, as in the case of the gentlemen whom I have noticed, describe the lady in a plain, unpretending manner, and as nearly to the life as is desirable in these days of Daguerreotypes. If I *should* commit any offences against the inexorable laws of Fashion, by unintentionally calling things by any other names than those which the said laws, in their wisdom, have prescribed, I must plead ignorance in excuse, and throw myself upon the mercy of the court.

The first literary lady whom I remember ever to have seen was one whose works yet remain to improve and edify her own sex in particular, and the world in general. She was invested, with a particular degree of interest, owing to the fact that she was among the latest remnants of the blue stockings of the last century. She had, in her youthful days, mingled in the gay circles of *ton*; had listened to the oracular sayings of Dr. Johnson; echoed the lively sallies which burst forth in Mrs. Delaney's little circle; bandied elegant trifles with that brilliant literary butterfly, Horace Walpole; had been petted by David Garrick; and, in her middle age, and in later years, had been the centre around whom Bishops, Princesses, and Philanthropists, and many of meaner name and note, revolved. I refer to Miss, or, as she is more generally styled, MRS. HANNAH MORE.

I was but a little fellow when I first saw this celebrated woman; but I retain as vivid an impression of her person and manners as if the interview had occurred only yesterday. Many years have rolled over my head since then, and during the interval, I have watched, on the disc of life's camera, hundreds of busy and noticeable figures go by, and then disappear in darkness; but my impressions of the learned old lady are as vivid as ever; and as I sit, noting down this reminiscence, I can, by a very slight exercise of fancy, see her precise form, and hear her low-toned, musical voice, as distinctly as I did when the sober reality engrossed my attention.

Hannah More was born in the immediate vicinity of Bristol, in the same village, indeed, in which John Foster had for many years lived, and died: and, for a considerable portion of her life, resided within a short distance of her birthplace, in a cottage which she built, and named Cowslip Green. After a seventeen years' residence in this rather lack-a-daisically named locality, during which time she was visited by Mr. Wilberforce and other persons of note, she removed, in 1802, to Barley Wood, near the village of Wrington, in Somersetshire, about fourteen miles from the city of Bristol; and at this place it was that I first saw her.

I forget now how it came to pass that I happened to be taken to the house of this celebrated woman. My mother visited her, and I expect that it was as a holiday treat, or something of that kind, that I was permitted

on one occasion to accompany her. HANNAH MORE'S name had been a familiar one in our household, and I had early learned to connect it with everything that was learned and good. Her "Sacred Dramas" were acted by the younger members of our family, and we thought her a female Shakespere; indeed, for aught we knew, she might have been even a greater playwright; for the writings of the Bard of Avon being on profane subjects, we were not permitted to meddle with them, and only knew them by name. Mrs. More's *Scripture* recitations, therefore, had made her our mental acquaintance, and so it may be imagined how delighted I was, one morning, to set off in company with my mother to Barley Wood.

I had very vague ideas then about people who wrote books; they were mysterious personages to me; and in proportion to my delight in any particular work, was my estimate of the outward and visible appearances of its author. I could hardly, when I *did* think about the matter, realize the writer to be an actual flesh-and-blood reality. I used to think of him or her more as of a spirit communing with my spirit, than anything else; but I have lived to know better, and to experience the sad reality that many whose written productions are of an almost imperishable nature, have themselves been, emphatically, of the earth, earthy.

There were no iron roads in those days, so intersecting the country in all directions, that, viewed from a height, it might appear as if a monstrous grid-

iron had been laid on the earth; and over the road to Barley Wood, not even a stage-coach ran; so that my mother and myself journeyed towards the place of our destination in what was called a tilted wagon. I had scarcely ever been in the country before; and oh! how keenly I enjoyed that homely ride in the early morning; for we were on our way soon after sunrise, as we intended to make a long day of it. In anticipation of the visit, I had, with a childish vanity, *crammed* myself with scraps of Mrs. More's poetry—and I well remember that I had learned by heart, in the hope that I should be asked to recite it to the authoress, "THE FOOLISH TRAVELLER, OR, A GOOD INN IS A BAD HOME." As we ascended the high Somersetshire Hills, I would alight from the cart, and, running on before it, gaze far into the hazy distance, expecting to view some such imposing-looking house as I anticipated seeing at the end of our journey; and I would ask a thousand questions about Mrs. More of my mother, until her patience was almost exhausted, and then I would recite, to make sure I had not forgotten it, the fable—and so things went on until, at length, my mother held me whilst I stood tiptoe on the front seat of the vehicle, and pointed out the long-wished-for spot, when we were yet two miles from it.

We were on the turnpike road, and Barley Wood lay about the distance I have mentioned from us, to the left. It was a picturesque cottage residence, on a hill side, embosomed amongst trees. Behind it rose

a gently sloping hill, richly wooded; in front was a lawn of emerald verdure, enclosed by a shrubbery, from which the ground gently declined, until it blended with the valley of Wrington. On our left were the Mendip Hills, and the Quantock Range (famous because of the wanderings of Coleridge, Loyd, Southey, and Wordsworth among them—it was on the Quantock Hills that the “Ancient Mariner” was composed,) rose in the blue distance. The houses of the little village of Wrington lay beneath us, and its pretty tower formed a conspicuous object in the landscape. As we descended the hill, my mother told me of Locke, and when we reached the village, and quitted the tilted cart, she led me towards the church, still speaking of the great man. The sharp air of the morning had made me hungry, so we went into a cottage near the church-yard—indeed, it was in the pathway leading to it—and I got a draught of milk, and piece of brown bread and butter, and after I had despatched these creature comforts, I was informed that I had taken my morning meal in the very room in which John Locke was born.

Two little girls, playmates of mine, had been spending a few days at Barley Wood, to which place, being but a short distance from Wrington, we determined to walk. When we had nearly reached Mrs. More’s gate, the little lasses just referred to came dashing down the lane to meet us, their curls streaming in the wind, and their cheeks glowing with exercise. They were in raptures with Mrs. More, and in five

minutes told me all that had occurred during the week. As we neared the gate, they would have dragged me triumphantly into the "Presence"—but my half-awe for learned people came over me, and grasping my mother's hand I entered the shrubbery door and walked up the lawn.

We had scarcely reached the front door, when an elderly lady who had been tying up some flowers to wooden frames, left her occupation, approached, and welcomed us. She was very primly and plainly dressed; but she wore a pleasant smile, which made me quite "take to her," as the phrase goes. This was Miss Martha More, (for the authoress of "Cœlebs" had four sisters,) who invited us to follow her to the garden, where, she said, we should find 'Mrs. Hannah.'

Attached to the cottage was a flower garden and grounds, arranged with exquisite taste, and surrounded with a privet hedge—which hedge, by the way, exhibited one of the absurd fashions of the time—a fashion not even yet altogether exploded in some of the retired rural districts of England—I mean, that of clipping the foliage into fantastic shapes of birds, vases, &c. With this exception, Mrs. More's flower garden was faultless in arrangement. Near one of these deformed vegetative barriers, we encountered the object of our search.

Hannah More did not perceive us as we approached, for her back was towards my mother and myself, as we walked up the garden pathway, and she was busily employed, too, in trimming one of the before-men-

tioned vegetable specimens of ornithology. She was dressed in a black silk gown, with a remarkably high waist, according to the fashion of the day—so high, indeed, that it seemed to be just beneath her armpits; this gave an appearance of unusual length to her figure, and afforded a striking contrast to the hour-glass contractions of the present time. Mrs. More's shoulders were covered with a thick shawl, deeply edged with black lace, for she was an invalid, and her feet were protected by substantial shoes, worsted stockings, and pattens. On her head she wore what was called a high mob cap, with ample bordering of lace, nicely plaited, and tied in a monstrous bow under the chin. On her hands she had black cotton gloves, with long sleeves, the tips of the fingers having been cut off. As soon as she heard our voices, she turned round and held out her left hand (in her right was a pair of garden scissors) to welcome us.

This celebrated woman was then past seventy years of age, and very feeble in health, but her face had a surprisingly vivacious expression. I have seen many portraits of her, but never one which conveyed an accurate idea of the original. Pickersgill's, prefixed to the collected edition of her works, is the best, but that is too *flashy* in detail for its somewhat staid and sober subject. Her features were small, and furrowed with the lines of age, but her complexion was remarkably clear—almost pure red and white, owing, no doubt, to her long residence in the country. Her forehead was nearly concealed at the sides by an abundance of false

hair, which was disposed in the shape of two huge bundles and bunches of long spiral curls—but in the centre, where these appendages met, or rather from whence they diverged, there was visible an ample cerebriic development. The nose had evidently, at one time, been short and thick, but it was now thin and slightly hooked. The mouth was but slightly retracted, and the lips wonderfully plump for so old a woman—her chin was doubled and dimpled. But the most striking part of her countenance was the expression of her eyes, which were coal black, deep set, and very brilliant; none of their fire seemed quenched; and in earlier days they must have been very expressive; indeed, they were so when I saw her, despite the drawback of a faded set of features to match them. Altogether, she was in appearance very plain, very prim, and very precise. After the usual civilities and courtesies had been exchanged, we adjourned to the house, and were ushered into a neat little parlor, the windows of which commanded a fine view of the delightful vale of Wrington. Here a breakfast, consisting of tea, coffee, rashers of bacon and eggs, and rich clotted Somersetshire cream, was laid, and Hannah More, her sister Martha, my mother, sisters, and myself, together with a Miss F., sat down to it. Mrs. More, in introducing my mother to Miss F., said she was her ‘right hand.’ Elsewhere she describes her as ‘her domestic chaplain, secretary, house apothecary, knitter, and lamplighter; missionary to her numerous and learned seminaries, and without

controversy, the Queen of Clubs'—alluding to the charitable institutions, where she took the place which her aged friend could no longer occupy.

For breakfast, Hannah More merely took a little milk and water, in which she placed some plain bread, and of this simple fare she partook very sparingly. 'I live almost entirely on physic,' said she, to my mother, 'and am the best patient Dr. — has. This, however, is no trial to me; for many years ago I had a violent illness, whilst visiting Mr. Thornton, in London, and on recovering from it, lost entirely both my smell and taste. Indeed,' she continued, 'I never knew a year to pass over my head, a considerable portion of which was not spent in bed, to which I have been confined by illness.'

The room in which we sat was decorated with a number of portraits, most of them dignitaries of the Church. I noticed that one of the frames contained no picture, and with very childish curiosity, asked the reason of it.

'Oh!' said the old lady, 'that frame contained the portrait of a player, my dear, an old friend of mine; but as I thought him hardly fit to hang in such good company as bishops, I have removed poor Davy Garrick to my study.'

Now I had often heard the saying, '*As deep as Garrick*,' and I inquired whether her friend, Davy Garrick, was the personage alluded to. Mrs. More turned to my mother, and smilingly said, 'Of all the persons I ever knew, poor Davy was the last whose

name I should have thought would have been associated with the idea of design. Excepting in his art, he was simple, almost to silliness.'

Talking of Garrick reminds me of an anecdote which I heard Mrs. More relate on a subsequent occasion. Lest it should escape my memory, I will just mention it here, as I am not aware that it has ever been made public.

It is well known that Mrs. Garrick was most devotedly attached to her 'dear Davy,' as she called him. When the great tragedian died, his wife would not allow a single article in his room to be removed from its place; and as soon as the coffin was borne from the house, the room in which he died was locked up, and for thirty years no one was permitted to enter it. At the end of that period, Mrs. More informed me, she happened to be visiting her old friend Mrs. Garrick, whom she described as a little, bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a long gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her 'dear Davy.' Some circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary that she should quit her residence, and Mrs. More was present with her when the long-closed room was opened. She said that when the door was thrown back on its hinges, and the window-shutters unbarred, the room was actually darkened by millions of moths, which arose from the mouldered bed and the hangings of the room—every square inch of the bed-furniture was eaten through and through, and, on the air being ad-

mitted, dropped to pieces. The solid articles of furniture alone remained uninjured—but the mouldy smell of everything around was so unendurable, that the place had to be fumigated before it was habitable, even, for a short time.

Breakfast having been dispatched, the domestics were summoned to family devotions, a custom rigidly observed by Mrs. More every morning and evening. There were eight servants—a large number, it may seem, for two or three maiden ladies to keep; but it must be remembered that almost from morning until night there was a continual influx of company at Barley Wood. Mrs. More conducted the service, which consisted of a portion of the Liturgy; and after this had been read, we all knelt down, and the venerable lady offered up a short extemporaneous prayer, in the course of which she mentioned every individual present by their given names, aptly introducing, where it was practicable, texts of Scripture applicable to their condition or circumstances. Her enunciation was slow, solemn, and very distinct—and it was a fine impressive sight to see that pious woman, whose fame had literally gone out into the ends of the earth, bowing before the mercy-seat and humbly soliciting for the meanest one in her household, those blessings which make rich and add no sorrow.

Attached to the residence was a large room, in which it was her custom, every morning, to receive the recipients of her bounty, and where she occupied many hours in the manufacture of articles for the use

of the poor, and for charitable purposes ; to this place we accompanied her, and there remained some time, witnessing her labours of love. And a pleasant thing it was to witness the quiet way in which she did good—there was no ostentatious parade ; the poor came to her, as to a friend, for assistance or advice, and never went away unrelieved. The number of garments she gave away that morning was really surprising. To most of the articles was pinned a scrap of paper, on which a text of Scripture was written in her own hand-writing—sometimes a tract was added, and in no case, where it was really needed, did any one leave the room without an order on the house-keeper for a supply of food.

During the time my mother was closeted with Hannah More, I rambled, with my young playmates, about the house and garden ; and I well remember our being attracted to the front gate by the arrival of a carriage, from which two gentlemen and a lady alighted, and inquired for the lady of the mansion. One of the strangers was a personage far advanced in years, and of a very venerable appearance. He was evidently in ill-health, and coughed dreadfully. As he walked up the broad gravel path, he dropped his stick, and I ran to pick it up for him. When I had done so, he took me by the hand, patted me on my head, and asked me my name. The lady who was with him called my little friends to her, and they soon got friendly, as they rested on a rustic seat. She was, also, in years, and dressed quite in the old style. I

have a distinct remembrance of her light flaxen hair, which she wore in large curls—and of her faint, but pleasant smile, as she took liquorice from her pockets, and gave us children some, which quite won our hearts. The third stranger was a middle-aged gentleman, of harsh and rugged features. His hair was dark, and his eyes of a light grey colour. When he spoke, it was with a broad Scotch accent, and a harsh, disagreeable sounding voice, quite different to the winning tones of the old gentleman and lady I have just described. I did not know who either of them were, and soon left them, to proceed with my play.

It was really astonishing what a number of visits Mrs. More had that day; and I afterwards was informed that every day, in this respect, was alike. How she managed, with all this visiting, to get through her extensive correspondence and her charitable engagements I cannot imagine. She herself says, in 1825, ‘I think I never was more hurried, more engaged, or more loaded with cares, than at present. I do not mean afflictions, but a total want of that article for which I built my house, and planted my grove—I mean retirement;—it is a thing I know only by name. I think Miss Frowd says I saw eighty persons last week; and it is commonly the same every week. I know not how to help it. If my guests are old, I see them out of respect; if young, I hope I may do them a little good; if they come from a distance, I feel as if I ought to see them on that account; if near home, my neighbours would be jealous of my seeing strangers

and excluding them. My levee is, however, from twelve to three o'clock—so that I get my mornings and evenings to myself—except, now and then, an old friend steals in quietly for a night or two.' At this time, too, Hannah More had been confined seven years and two months to her apartments, which consisted of two rooms—to which it was no want of strength, however, which confined her, but the fear of an exposure to cold, which often threatened to be fatal to her.

The dinner hour at Barley Wood was four o'clock; and as a special favour, we children were allowed to dine in the same room with the great people—a little table being set for us in one corner. I must mention, however, that, prior to dinner, whilst taking a turn with my mother and playmates in the garden, the former asked me if I knew who the old gentleman was who had patted me on the head in the garden? I replied in the negative, of course.

'Don't you remember the "Evenings at Home?"

'Yes, that we do,' exclaimed all three of us. 'Well, my dears, that old gentleman, and the lady who was with him, wrote them.'

'What! was that old gentleman Dr. Aiken, and the kind lady who gave us the barley-sugar, Mrs. Barbauld, mamma?'

'The same,' was the reply; and oh! how proud I felt to have been noticed by such learned folk.

'And pray, who was the other gentleman who was with them?'

‘That,’ said my mother, ‘is a Scotch minister, and his name is Chalmers.’ It was even so—but the since celebrated divine did not interest us half as much as the children’s book-makers. I believe, when we returned home, that we did little else, for a week, but read ‘Evenings at Home’ and Barbauld’s Hymns, and tell every one that we had seen the writers.

I was, of course, too young to appreciate the conversation at and after dinner; but I greedily drank it in, and I well remember that anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, Miss Burney, Garrick, and many others were related. I wish now that I had been old enough to have remembered them. But, as it is, a very slight recollection of them remains.

All through the day, Hannah More was exceedingly kind to us, and after dinner, we were allowed to sit at the dessert—when, for the edification of the company, we each of us recited a portion of one of Mrs. More’s sacred dramas, with which performance, I believe, both ourselves and the audience were very well satisfied—at least, I know I was.

Such was my first interview with the author of ‘Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.’ In the year 1828, she removed from Barley Wood to Clifton, where at her residence on Windsor Terrace I frequently saw her. Many is the anecdote she has told me of her early days, and graphically would she describe the brilliant society in which she moved, whilst a young woman, in London. Of Dr. Johnson she was in the habit of speaking in very enthusiastic terms; and frequently

said that there never was, and never would be, his equal for solid acquirements. Sir Joshua Reynolds, she said, was a pompous and somewhat disagreeable companion, in consequence of his excessive *hauteur*—but I might fill columns with her colloquial personal criticisms, which were exceedingly delightful to listen to, but might prove tedious on paper.

In talking with Hannah More, one seemed to be living in the brilliant times of Chapone, Montague, Walpole, Prior's 'noble, lovely little Peggy,' (the Duchess of Portland,) and others of the blue-stocking coteries of the last century. She was very anecdotal, and told a story or an anecdote with much point; and her having been a member and a star of the celebrated circles of which Madame D'Arblay's Diary gives us such delightful and sprightly glimpses, added greatly, of course, to the interest of her narrations. She was nearly, if not quite, the only survivor of those réunions; and when the authoress of "Evelina" and Hannah More passed away, the last links which connected those times with our own were broken.

CHAPTER IV.

PORTRAITS IN PADDY LAND AND A "TRANSATLANTIC FATHER MATHEW."

SOME years since, whilst visiting Liverpool, I was pressed into the service of a lady who was about to visit Waterford, as her esquire and body guard; an office I the more willingly undertook, as I had, on a former occasion, spent some happy days in the Green Island. Accordingly, one fine evening, I found myself, with my fair companion, on the deck of the Royal William, mail steamer, which loosed from her moorings in the Mersey, shot past Bell Rock, the Leasowes, and the high headlands of North Wales, and plunged gallantly and fearlessly into the Irish Channel.

We had a mixed company on board, and amongst them some Irish members of the House of Commons, who were returning home, the session of Parliament having just come to a close. Of these, the most noticeable were Daniel O'Connell, two of his sons, Maurice and John, and Richard Lalor Sheil. Besides the *great* Agitator, there was on board our vessel one

who stirred the hissing ingredients of the political caldron with a rather smaller, but scarcely less active spoon. I refer to Feargus O'Connor.

The personal appearance of the Arch-agitator of Ireland has been so often sketched by other pens than mine, and his features have been so frequently transferred, by the aid of the graver, to paper, that any account by me of his outward man would almost seem a work of supererogation; nevertheless, I will just try my hand on him, as he stood, leaning against the quarter-deck rail, that evening.

Fancy, reader, a man whose age must far exceed that which has been called man's prime; a figure whose squareness and burliness takes off from its real height, and which indicates uncommon strength and stamina in its possessor; a chest broad and well formed; a short, bull neck, and a big, broad face; two smallish, dark, twinkling black eyes; a nose of the snub formation, a well-shaped mouth, and largeish ears—surmounting this really Hibernian countenance with a brownish black wig, carelessly put on, and for clothing to the owner of this face and figure, observe an olive-green frock coat, with brass buttons, having a shamrock in relief upon them, a black silk waistcoat, black, strapless pantaloons, very much wrinkled about the legs, and boots almost visible to their tops, and you have as good a notion as I can give you of Daniel O'Connell.

I forgot to mention that he wore an enormously brimmed old hat, and an ample blue cloak lay on a

seat near him. Around him was a knot of idlers, with whom he conversed very familiarly, and from the hearty peals of laughter which now and then burst from one and another of the party, I should judge that the subjects under discussion were anything but grave in their nature.

Sheil was a very different looking personage altogether. He is, like Zaccheus, 'little of stature,' being far below the average height, his figure is slight and his head enormously disproportioned to his frame. Whilst O'Connell's broad face was radiant with good humour, Sheil's physiognomy looked sour and full of sarcasm. His eye was grey, piercing, and restless, and as the somewhat insignificant form of the author of "The Apostate" traversed the deck with short and hasty strides, his appearance was anything but that which many might have supposed the brilliant speaker in St. Stephen's Chapel to present. Unlike O'Connell, too, in another respect, he repelled rather than attracted the advances of his fellow-passengers. Whilst looking at him, I could not help fancying him to be short, sharp, savage, and snappish.

Hail fellow well met, as the phrase goes, with a party of Irish reapers, who were returning to their various homes, after having hardly earned a little pittance by working in the great English agricultural districts, around him—his tall form towering above the tallest of them—his foxy red hair glowing in the slant beams of the declining sun—his large grey eyes flashing as he spoke, and his fine set of teeth displayed

by the parting of a pair of thick, coarse lips—stood Feargus O'Connor—the would-be rival of the great Daniel, and one of the acknowledged Chiefs of the Chartists. He looked big enough to have put little Sheil in his coat pocket. Feargus, taken altogether, was one of the most awkwardly built men I ever saw, and there was an air of vulgarity upon him, which at times became absolutely offensive. I noticed that neither O'Connell nor Sheil took the slightest notice of him—the Liberator has *his* notions of Aristocracy!

I retired to my berth early, in order to be up sometimes, to see the Irish coast as we approached it, and soon after the dawn I mounted to the damp, sloppy deck. None of the passengers had, as yet, made their appearance; so I amused myself by conversing with some of the poor Irish passengers, who lay huddled in heaps on the bare boards around. I had not been long engaged in this manner, when a figure, muffled up in an ample cloak, made his appearance, and came towards the place where I was standing. It was O'Connell. He very familiarly exchanged the morning salutation with me, and we walked up and down the deck together, talking on common-place subjects for some time. As we neared Kingstown, he pointed out various objects of interest—telling little legends of the Hill of Howth, and of the Bay, in the pleasantest manner possible. Occasionally he would walk up to a group of labourers and inquire as to their circumstances, and utter good wishes, which were cordially responded to by a 'God bless yer honour,'

or an exclamation of 'It's the rale gentleman he is, any how.' Indeed, I have seldom met with a pleasanter half-an-hour's acquaintance; and without reference to the policy of thê Agitator, I really could not help feeling some liking for the man.

We landed at Kingstown about five in the morning, and after a desperate rush through crowds of beggars, who thronged the pier, I managed to deposit myself and companion safely in a car of the railway, which conveys passengers from the landing-place to Dublin. In about an hour afterwards, after having been nearly shaken to death—for the rails were laid on blocks of stone, and not very evenly laid either—we reached the metropolis of Ireland, and having engaged an "outsider," by which I mean a car, which resembles two sofas placed back to back, the passengers sitting with their legs hanging over the sides of the vehicle, we proceeded, at the imminent peril of having our knees smashed by lamp posts at the corner of streets, and of being flung flat on our faces, into the road, at every jerk, (for there were no springs to our carriage,) to Radley's Hotel, in Dame-street.

Before leaving Liverpool, from some, to me now unaccountable, whim or other, I had purchased a monkey, and as my lady companion and myself sat on the "outsider," at the hotel door, which was not yet opened, I was fully engaged in holding her fast, lest she should *fall* off, and the monkey fast too, lest he should *get* off. Whilst thus engaged, a broad-faced Irishwoman drew up in front of me, gave a deliberate

stare, and then taking the "dudheen" from her mouth, puffed out a cloud of smoke, and pointing with her forefinger to my friend, myself, and the monkey, exclaimed, with a knowing wink, 'Och! by the powers, there's *three* of ye.' That monkey was the occasion of an immensity of fun during our tour, and this I give merely as a sample.

It is not my present object to describe the incidents—and droll enough some of them were—of my day in Dublin. I will only mention, that in strolling round St. Patrick's Cathedral, I saw the monument to the memory of Dean Swift. It is a mural tablet, with a simple inscription. Hundreds of visitors to it have defaced it, by the silly custom of writing with pencil (some had gone so far as to use a penknife,) their names on it. I had no ambition that way, and so thinking of Stella and Vanessa, I turned away in silence from the resting-place of him who "expired a driveller and a show," and indulged my antiquarian curiosity by gazing on the tattered banners of the Knights of St. Patrick, in the Chapel which bears their name.

It was about the time that Father Mathew was carrying on in Ireland his great crusade against intemperance, and I was not without the hope, that in the course of my wanderings, I might have an opportunity of seeing him. On an occasion prior to the one to which I am now referring, I had passed through a portion of Ireland, and I could not now fail to observe the evident and immense improvement which had

taken place in the condition of the labouring classes. Then beggary, wretchedness, and crime were frightfully apparent on every side. You could not enter a house without inhaling the perfumes of whiskey, and drunkenness and debasement stalked hand in hand, and met one at every turn. Now, however, there was a mighty and evident change. It appeared as if an angel had passed over the land, with healing on his wings—and a heavenly visitant had indeed honoured the country of St. Patrick by a flying visit; for I think we may fairly assume Temperance to be one of the white-robed throng, a deputation from whom once hovered over the plains of Bethlehem, and proclaimed peace on earth and good will towards men. But let me proceed to describe Father Mathew, one of whose great meetings I had the pleasure of attending, and to which the reader's company is respectfully requested.

It is a dark, dull, damp, drizzling day—and let me tell you, reader, that such an alliterative string of epithets, when applied as an illustration to a period of twenty-four hours in Ireland, is anything but a joke. On such a moist occasion, with the lady companion I have before referred to, I mounted the outside of one of her Majesty's mails—[the inside was filled by a party of gentlemen, who were playing cards on the crowns of their hats, and drinking whiskey from pint bottles]—and was soon proceeding at no very rapid pace, for travelling in Ireland is none of the fastest, from Dublin towards the south. On the box, in front,

is a stout gentleman, who is continually going to sleep, and being awaked by the coachman, as his body describes a very dangerous angle over the side of the coach; the whites of his eyes are very red, and their lids are edged round with something like narrow red tape. Whenever the coach stops, the keepers of little shebeen houses rush out, as if by instinct, with a bottle in one hand, and a small glass, called a "nip," in the other—and the tipsy gentleman takes a "nip" of whiskey continually. Nor are the other passengers behindhand in their attentions to the "crathur," and even the coachman and guard incline somewhat to the amiable weakness. Onward we go, along straight and dreary-looking roads—rain pouring down remorselessly from above, and mud dashed up by the wheels in an inverted shower from below—now skirting a wild expanse of melancholy-looking bog, which stretches miles and miles away, until it is lost in the misty distance, and anon plunging into some rocky gorge—the home of White-boys and illicit distillers—an ivied structure, like a monstrous chimney, occasionally with a conical summit, is seen rising in an unbroken column from the ground, and as the coach goes by one of these mysterious-looking Round Towers, we wonder what they were built for, and who inhabited them, and why they are all so much alike. Then we are recalled from the past to the present, by cabins built of mud on the road-side—cabins so small that they resemble large bee-hives, and it seems perfectly wonderful how they can possibly contain so

many living creatures—people and pigs—as crawl out of them to peer up at us as we go by.

All this time, the rain is coming down, as it only can fall in Ireland; but at length there is a faint prospect of its clearing off, and lo! suddenly a patch of sunlight brightens a portion of yonder dark hill side. Brighter and more distinct grow distant objects, and a few miles ahead of us rise the stately marble battlements and turrets of Ormond Castle, whilst a sparkling river winds along at its base. Gradually the mists clear away—a rainbow flings its radiant arch over “temple, tower, and town,” and the latter each moment becomes more distinct. An extra whipping of the jaded steeds, an extra flourish of the guard’s bugle, a sudden exchange of the heavy, slushy road for the rough, rattling causeway, and we are in far-famed KILKENNY!

As we drove to the inn door, it was evident that something unusual was going on. There were flags flaunting in every street, and crowds of excited-looking people running to and fro. Hundreds and thousands of decent-looking men were parading the thoroughfares, with medals suspended by green ribbons from their necks, and there were multitudes, too, of the most abject-looking creatures I have ever seen, before or since, thronging into the town from every quarter. Many of these poor wretches were intoxicated, having spent their last farthing in whiskey, as a farewell to it before they took the pledge. Some one who asked what the English beggars did with their cast-off

clothes, was informed that they were bought by the Irish mendicants; and one might almost believe such to be the case, whilst gazing on the miserably clad creatures I saw that day.

We soon learned that the occasion of all the bustle and excitement was an expected visit from Father Mathew; and so we determined to leave the stage at Kilkenny, for the purpose of seeing him of whom we had heard so much. Previously to his arrival, we took a stroll through the streets. Pictures of the Apostle of Temperance were being sold by hundreds in the shops and public ways, and it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which was manifested in order to procure them. I saw one woman kneeling with her eyes intently fixed on the portrait, devoutly praying and crossing herself, in the most persevering manner. Itinerant chanters were bawling out Temperance Songs, and many a pretty girl was engaged in buying pieces of ribbon, for the temperance medal of her brother or lover. Amongst the vast crowd, although there was some intoxication, there was no disorder; and a happier, though not a raggeder looking set of people, I never witnessed.

In a plain, not far from the town, a stage had been erected for Father Mathew—and when the reverend gentleman arrived, in the course of the afternoon, I proceeded to the place of assemblage, where there could not have been less than fifty thousand people, at the least. On the platform, which was slightly elevated, were a number of gentlemen, and conspicuous

among them, one whom, from the portraits of him which I had seen, I instantly recognised as Father Mathew himself. He was a man of about the medium height, of a strongly-built frame, which seemed calculated to endure great physical exertion. Although somewhat stout, he was by no means corpulent; his muscles were all composed of working stuff—there was no superfluous fat to fill up the interstices between them. His complexion was of a ruddy hue, and indicated vigorous health. Over a well-shaped but by no means high forehead, he wore, in very unassuming style, dark hair, streaked here and there, and especially on the temples, with the flowers of mortality—his nose was of a Roman formation, and his mouth and chin were well shaped, and not unlike those of Napoleon.

But the main charm of his expressive countenance lay in his soft and benevolent blue eyes. He was dressed in a long black coat of clerical cut, the skirts of which reached below his knees—iron grey, or pepper-and-salt coloured breeches, and long Hessian boots, with tassels; around his neck, which was collarless, was a white cravat.

On his coming to the front of the platform, a tremendous cheer burst from the vast multitude. He stretched forth his right hand, and in an instant they were silent, and every individual knelt while he offered up a short prayer, and invoked the blessing of Heaven on the work in which they were engaged. A brief address then followed, of a persuasive character,

which was delivered in a distinct, well modulated voice, and which was frequently interrupted by exclamations, such as 'Arrah! God bless us—Amen;' or, 'Be my sowl, that's God's truth, any how!' and by mental ejaculations, which every moment burst from the devotees around.

In front of the platform was a little space divided off, with two places for entrance and exit, opposite each other. This enclosure contained about a hundred persons at a time, and immediately after the address, it was filled with candidates for the pledge. Father Mathew stood in a position which enabled him to touch every person who presented him or herself, and then, in a distinct voice, he uttered the following words, which were repeated after him by the people within the enclosed area: 'I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I continue a member of the Tee-total Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes, and to prevent, as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others.'

Mr. Mathew then stretched out his hand, smiled benignantly, and repeated the following prayer in the most impressive manner: 'May God bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep your promises.' As every one who had taken the pledge passed in turn before him, he made the sign of the cross on them, and presented each with a Temperance medal. To those whose appearance was indicative of unusual wretchedness, he also gave a shilling; and from the

number of visits his hand made to one of his coat pockets, the sum he disposed of that afternoon must have been considerable.

For upwards of four hours I witnessed Mr. Mathew continue, with unabated zeal, his work of love ; and when the mists began to gather around the dark mountains, thousands were still pressing onward towards the platform. As soon as it grew dark, torches were lighted, and the effect of their red glare on the dusky and wild countenances of the groups around, was very fine. Never in the course of my life had I witnessed such enthusiasm. He seemed to be regarded by the multitude as a saint rather than a man—but his own humble deportment evinced that he considered himself only a humble instrument in God's hand for effecting a great moral revolution among his fellow-countrymen—many of whom hold him in such reverence, that I verily believe they would lay down their lives to do him a service.

It was a pleasant thing to walk that evening through the streets of Kilkenny. All was peace, harmony, and rejoicing, and scarcely an individual, male or female, was to be seen who did not wear a temperance medal. Many of the whiskey shops were closed, and all of them deserted—whereas, as I was informed, but four weeks before, in that very city, a drunken faction-fight had occurred, in which several lives were sacrificed.

The next morning, Father Mathew resumed his labours ; and as I left the town, hundreds were still

pouring into it. I afterwards saw Mr. Mathew administer the pledge in London, but the scene, though impressive, was by no means so picturesque as the one I witnessed in Ireland.

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Very few of my readers may be aware that there is in America an advocate of Temperance, whose success is almost equal to that of Father Mathew; and as I have drawn one Temperance portrait, perhaps I may be permitted to give a companion sketch, especially as the subject of it is about visiting this country. Mr. Gough is a young Englishman, and the most effective natural orator I ever heard. He left his native land a poor lad, at the age of twelve years, dependent upon strangers, and underwent much suffering and privation in America, where, after some time, his mother joined him. That mother died suddenly, and I cannot resist the temptation of quoting here from a manuscript narrative of Mr. Gough's, now before me, his account of her death and burial. It is one of the most touchingly written accounts I ever read. He says:—

“And now comes one of the most terrible events of my history—an event which almost bowed me to the dust. The summer of 1834 was exceedingly hot; and as our room was immediately under the roof, which had but one small window in it, the heat was almost intolerable, and my mother suffered much from this cause. On the 8th of July, a day more than usually warm, she complained of debility, but as

she had before suffered from weakness, I was not apprehensive of danger, and saying I would go and bathe, asked her to provide me some rice and milk against seven or eight o'clock, when I should return. That day my spirits were unusually exuberant. I laughed and sang with my young companions, as if not a cloud was to be seen in all my sky, when one was then gathering which was shortly to burst in fatal thunder over my head. About eight o'clock I returned home, and was going up the steps, whistling as I went, when my sister met me at the threshold, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed, '*John, mother's dead!*' What I did, what I said, I cannot remember; but they told me, afterwards, I grasped my sister's arm, laughed frantically in her face, and then for some minutes seemed stunned by the dreadful intelligence. As soon as they permitted me, I visited our garret, now a chamber of death; and there, on the floor, lay all that remained of her whom I had loved so well, and who had been a friend when all others had forsaken me. There she lay, with her face tied up with a handkerchief;—

“By foreign hands her aged eyes were closed;
By foreign hands her decent limbs composed.”

“Oh! how vividly came then to my mind, as I took her cold hand in mine, and gazed earnestly in her quiet face, all her meek, enduring love, her uncomplaining spirit, her devotedness to her husband and children. All was now over; and yet, as through the

livelong night I sat at her side, a solitary watcher by the dead, I felt somewhat resigned to the dispensation of Providence, and was almost thankful that she was taken from the 'evil to come.'"

He thus describes his mother's funeral:—

"I learned from my sister that, during my absence, some persons had been and brought a pine box to the house, into which they had placed my mother's body, and taken it off in a cart, for interment. They had but just gone, she said. I told her that we must go and see mother buried; and we hastened after the vehicle, which we soon overtook.

"There was no 'pomp and circumstance' about that humble funeral; but never went a mortal to the grave who had been more truly loved, and was then more sincerely lamented, than the silent traveller towards Potter's Field, the place of her interment. Only two lacerated and bleeding hearts mourned for her; but as the almost unnoticed procession passed through the streets, tears of more genuine sorrow were shed than frequently fall, when

'Some proud child of earth returns to dust.'

We soon reached the burying-ground. In the same cart with my mother was another mortal whose spirit had put on immortality. A little child's coffin lay beside that of her who had been a sorrowful pilgrim for many years, and both now were about to lie side by side in the 'narrow house.' When the infant's coffin was taken from the cart, my sister burst

into tears, and the driver, a rough looking-fellow, with a kindness of manner that touched us, remarked to her, 'Poor little thing; 'tis better off where 'tis.' I undeceived him in his idea as to this supposed relationship of the child, and informed him that it was not a child, but our mother for whom we mourned. My mother's coffin was then taken out and placed in a trench, and a little earth was thinly sprinkled over it. So was she buried!

"There was no burial-service read,—none. My mother was one of God's creatures, but she had lived—died amongst the poor. She had bequeathed no legacies to charitable institutions, and how could the church afford one of its self-denying men to pray over her pauper-grave? She had only been an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and a poor Christian; so how could a bell toll with any propriety as she drew near to her final resting-place? No prim undertaker, who measured yards of woe on his face according to the number of hatbands and gloves ordered for the funeral, was there; and what need, then, of surpliced priest? Well, it was some comfort to me, that my poor mother's body could 'rest in hope,' without the hired services of either; and I could not help feeling and rejoicing that he who wept at the grave of Lazarus, was watching the sleeping dust of his servant. Oh! miserable indeed is the lot of the poor;—a weary, struggling, self-denying life, and then a solitary death and an unblessed grave!"

And now for my Temperance Sketch number two.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

Not many months since, I chanced to be in Philadelphia, and finding, one dull, drizzling damp morning that time hung heavily on my hands, I made an attempt at killing it by applying to that usual refuge for the destitute tourist—the newspapers. I soon digested the whole of their contents, having from the paucity of information contained in the various hebdomadals actually devoured the advertisements, which, by the way, were the most amusing portions of the broad sheets. This resource being exhausted, what was I to do? It was not a day for walking; and were it so, I had seen everything of note in and about the beautiful city of Brotherly Love. The Hall of Independence, the Mint, Laurel Hill Cemetery, Franklin's Grave, the Girard College, had all been visited, and how was I to amuse myself, a stranger in a strange place?

I sauntered to the window of my hotel, and there had a melancholy view of the damp roof of the Market House. Tiring of this prospect, I planted myself before the stove, and in pure desperation took up a pamphlet on temperance which lay on the table. There was not much in it to interest me, but it was better, I thought, than nothing, so I read on—turning the leaves over and over, on the principle which makes a squirrel turn in his circular cage. I read because I couldn't help it.

There were several notices in that temperance

pamphlet of various lecturers on the subject of total abstinence ; and a perfect host of paragraphs respecting one of them, a young man named Gough, who had, it seemed, been creating quite a 'sensation' wherever he appeared. Anecdotes of considerable interest were quoted as having been related by him, and from all accounts, his progress through the various cities and towns of the Union seemed to have been a very march of triumph.

I am passionately fond of eloquent public speaking, and therefore felt a great desire to hear Mr. Gough ; nor was my wish long ungratified, for the rain being 'over and gone,' I sauntered down Chestnut street, and in my way saw a bill which announced that Mr. G. would address the people of Philadelphia in a church, on the following Sunday evening, and thither at the appointed hour I repaired, expecting to be disappointed, for I have generally found much-vaunted men to fall far short of the standard erected by their admirers.

Mr. Gough's fame having 'flown before him,' the church was, long before the appointed time, crowded to overflowing. I occupied a seat in the gallery, and in common with hundreds waited anxiously for the appearance of the second Father Mathew. As seven o'clock drew near, every eye was strained in order to catch the first glimpse of him. There was a perfect *furor*. Surely, thought I, he *must* be something above the mark ! but stay.

The minister, who regularly officiates in the church,

goes into the pulpit and sits down. One or two persons behind me say it is after seven o'clock, and very much fear that Mr. Gough is not coming, and they are *only* going to have a sermon, after all. Presently there is a stir near the door, and a grave-looking spectacled personage, with hair

"half-way
On the road from grizzle to grey,"

is seen pushing, with monstrous difficulty, through the crowd. He is followed by a young man, or rather by a young man's head, for whether a body belongs to it is doubtful—if there be, it bids fair to be so flatly squeezed as to render seeing it edgeways a matter of difficulty. On the grave-looking gentleman and his companion push, and at length arrive at the foot of the stairs leading to the pulpit. 'There he goes! that's Gough! him with the spectacles on,' whispers one to another, as the grave-looking personage ascends the steps—no, that cannot be the orator, for we are told he is much younger. Another individual mounts, and a buz goes round—again a disappointment! it is only the sexton, who is about to regulate the refractory gas-burner. Perhaps the secretary (for such is the gentleman with grey hair and spectacles) is going to apologize for Mr. Gough's unexpected, unavoidable absence, &c. &c. Oh! no—no such thing; for you may see a young man following the sexton, and all at once every eye is fixed on him, for everybody whispers to everybody else—'That's him.' And this time they are right, for Mr. J. B. Gough it is.

What! that pale, thin young man—with a brown over-coat buttoned closely up to his chin, and looking so attenuated, that a tolerably persevering gust of wind would have had no difficulty in puffing him to any required point of the compass—*that* him who swayed multitudes by his oratory—made strong men weep like little children, and women to sob as if their hearts would burst! Yes—look at his large expressive eyes—mark every feature, and you see the stamp of no common man there. The young apostle of temperance *is* before us.

After a brief address from a minister, and a prayer from the pastor of the church, a hymn was sung, and then Mr. Gough came forward. I had now a better opportunity of observing him. His face was pale, and there needed no very scrutinizing eye to detect on the brow of youth, furrows which time and trouble had prematurely ploughed there. His cheeks were very pale, somewhat sunken, and their muscles were very distinctly marked. The mouth, by far the most expressive feature of the face, was of a benevolent formation, (if I may so describe it,) and at times a smile of inexpressible sweetness lurked about it—a quantity of dark hair nearly covered his forehead, yet leaving one temple bare, indicating a brain of more than ordinary capacity. In dress he was extremely simple—plain black: taken altogether, I have seldom, at a first glance, felt so lively an interest in any celebrated man (and I have seen many) as I did in Mr. Gough.

It would be easy enough to give the *matter* of Mr. Gough's address, but to convey anything except a very slender idea of his *manner*, would be a sheer impossibility, and I shall not attempt so hopeless a task. To be fully appreciated, he must be heard. He commenced by disclaiming any intention of entering on an argument, and said that he should mainly depend on facts, the results of his own experience, or those of others, which had fallen under his notice. He then described his own career as an intemperate man, and drew pictures of such terrific power, and yet so truthful, that his hearers shuddered as they listened to the dreadful details. To me, intemperance had never before appeared in all its horrible, startling hideousness. The impressions made by Mr. Gough on his audience seemed to be profound; and many of his pathetical anecdotes drew tears "from eyes unused to weep."

It being Sabbath evening, Mr. Gough did not indulge in any reminiscences of a ludicrous nature, but confined himself to a delineation of the awful features of intemperance, as exhibited every hour in our daily paths. His illustrations were marvelously felicitous, and most aptly introduced. Never did he utter anything approaching to vulgarity, and often his eloquence was of a high order. He told us that he had never known the advantages of education, (a fact which none would have suspected;) that he had left England at twelve years of age; had suffered from poverty and want in their direst forms,

and had felt, when death had robbed him of all who made life dear, that he was utterly *alone*. It was the most awfully interesting autobiography to which I had ever listened.

During that week, and the week following, Mr. Gough lectured to congregated thousands in Philadelphia; and so fascinated was I by his eloquence, that, with the exception of two meetings, I heard all his addresses. The excitement was tremendous. To obtain any chance of hearing him, seats were obliged to be procured more than an hour and a half before the time of commencement. Gallery, and pulpit-stairs, and aisles, were thronged with people of every class. I shall never forget the scene at the Chinese Museum, where, on two occasions, three thousand people paid twenty-five cents for the privilege of hearing him; and even then, hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Mr. Gough enchained that vast audience, for two hours by one of the most effective addresses I ever heard. At one moment, he convulsed them with merriment, and, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, he subdued them to tears. It was a wonderful display of his power over the feelings and passions; and yet, with all, there was so much of humility, that one knew not which most to admire—the man or his matter.

Mr. Gough is an admirable mimic, and tells a story with more point than, Charles Mathews excepted, any other story-teller I ever listened to. His sarcasms tell with effect, and his pathetic narrations

of the household distresses are graphic in the extreme. I should not like to be the object of his denunciations, for he launches his thunders with an unsparing hand. Taken altogether, it may be safely said that Mr. Gough is one of those men who are called out, at certain periods, to effect great moral reforms. Mr. Gough is, emphatically, a man for the Times!

I forgot to remark that our orator's voice is extremely musical, and of flexible tone; at times as sweet as that of the eloquent Henry Smith (a preacher of Queen Elizabeth's day, and surnamed the silver-tongued), and at others pouring forth, torrent-like, in eloquent invective. In fine, he has all the requisites for an efficient public speaker, and nobly does he bring all his energies to bear whilst engaged in discussing his favourite theme—Temperance, to which he feels he owes so much.

But as my readers will probably, ere long, see the original of this sketch, I will here lay down my pen.

CHAPTER V.

A MEMORY OF MRS. HEMANS.

IN the summer of 1830 I happened to pay a visit to Liverpool, for the purpose of seeing a friend embark for the United States. At that time, Mrs. Hemans was residing at Wavertree, near the town, and a friend having kindly offered me a letter to her, I determined on paying her a visit. My friend sailed on a Sunday morning, and as I could not call on the poetess that day, I arranged to go over to Wavertree on the morrow, and in the meantime visit the church of Dr. Raffles, who is one of the most popular dissenting preachers of the day, and known as an author,—the memoir of his predecessor, Spencer, being from his pen. He “owns” also, to a few volumes of travels, and some poems—chiefly devotional. The late well-known Sir Stamford Raffles was his brother.

He was in the pulpit when I entered the chapel in which he officiates at Liverpool. The building was vast, and densely crowded with a very fashion-

able audience. He was about the middle height, and somewhat corpulent. He had a very florid face, with full, expressive eyes, the upper lids of which were large, and so gave rather an indolent expression to the whole countenance. The mouth was indicative of good humour, and beneath it was a dimpled double chin. A voluminous and handsome gown, rather showily disposed, enveloped his person, and he had altogether a sort of Friar Tuck appearance. His age might have been forty-five, or, as they say, "thereabouts."

He read that chapter, in which is the magnificent speech of Paul before Agrippa, and certainly I never heard so impressive a reader. His voice and action were alike fine, and worthy of the theme. Some might have been disposed to call his style theatrical—indeed, I have heard it objected to on this very account; but I could not help wishing that the Doctor's example in this respect were followed by many, who too frequently darken the light of Revelation by their cold reading of the Scriptures; for I have not unfrequently heard a song of triumph and a penitential psalm delivered in the same monotonous tone, by those who ought to, and I doubt not do, know better.

Dr. Raffles' sermon was very short, very ornate, and very sound—but it impressed me as being rather a showy than a great performance. There was a vast deal of glitter, but it was the glare produced by gold leaf—a few grains of metal were made to go a

great way, and cover a considerable extent of surface.

At this time, Mrs. Hemans was separated from her husband, and resided at Wavertree, to which place she confined herself, in order that her sons might receive the benefits of tuition in the neighbouring city. A more unsuitable locality, for one of her temperament, could hardly be conceived, for there was nothing of beauty in the neighbourhood to recommend it; and to one brought up amongst the wild scenery of Wales, it must have been, at times, dreary indeed. The separation, too, from the father of her children, must have preyed deeply on her spirit; but she seldom alluded to this subject, although great curiosity was excited to know the cause. Captain Hemans lived at Rome, and still corresponded with his wife respecting the education of their children. His habits and tastes were entirely different from those of his wife, and a separation, although not a legal one, was mutually agreed upon. Of course, a hundred rumours were in circulation, and those officious personages who preferred attending to other persons' affairs, gossiped to their hearts' content. I shall not follow their example, and retail any of the many stories prevalent on this subject, holding the opinion, that if a man and his wife choose to live apart, it is their business, and theirs alone—and such subjects ought to be strictly classed amongst those with which a stranger should intermeddle not.

It was about four in the afternoon, when the

Wavertree stage set me down at about a hundred yards from the place of my destination. The house in which the Poetess resided was one of a row, or terrace, as it was called, situated on the high road, from which it was separated only by the foot-way and a little flower-garden, surrounded by a white-thorn hedge. I noticed, that of all the houses on either side of it, hers was the only one adorned with flowers—the rest had either grass lawns or a plain gravel surface—some of them even grew cabbages and French beans!

My knock at the door was answered by a servant girl—one of the pretty “Lancashire witches,” by whom I was shown into a small parlour, where I remained, whilst my letter and card were taken to the lady of the house.

It was a very small apartment, but everything about it indicated that it was the home of genius and of taste. Over the mantel-shelf hung a fine engraving of William Roscoe, author of the *Lives of the De Medici*, with a presentation line or two in his own hand-writing. The walls were decorated with prints and pictures, and on the mantel-shelf were some models, in *terra cotta*, of Italian groups. On the tables lay casts, medallions, and a portfolio of choice prints and water-colour engravings; but I was too anxious to pay much attention to such matters, and so I sat down, anxiously awaiting the entrance of the Poetess.

And never, before or since, have I felt in such a

flutter. For years and years I had read her poetry, and imagined all sorts of things about the authoress. I had been told that she was beautiful, and readily believed it—but I anticipated some disappointment in this respect—in fact, I can scarcely tell how I felt, when I heard the rustling of silks, and saw a lady enter the room.

Well—I *am* disappointed, was the rapid thought which passed through my brain. The lady was interesting-looking enough, but bore no resemblance whatever to the engraved portraits of Mrs. Hemans; she was much younger, too, than I imagined Mrs. H. to have been. And—to put the reader out of suspense, it was *not* the Poetess of the Affections—but her close and attached friend, Miss Jewsbury, who had been deputed by Mrs. Hemans to make excuses for a few moments' delay in receiving me.

Miss Jewsbury was one of the most frank and open-hearted creatures possible. She gracefully apologized for acting as Mrs. Hemans' *locum tenens*, and made me feel quite at my ease. I did not know *then* who the lady was—but being aware that Mrs. Hemans had a sister who frequently set her songs to music, I imagined that my fair companion must be her. I was not undeceived until after Mrs. Hemans had made her appearance.

It was not long before the Poetess entered the room. She held out her hand and welcomed me in the kindest manner, and then sat down opposite me; but, before doing so, introduced Miss Jewsbury.

I cannot well conceive a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was—none of the portraits or busts I have ever seen of her do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless, yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides, in rich and luxuriant auburn curls: there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet there was a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but “a little lower than the Angels”—fitting shrine for so pure a mind! Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast, in thus describing her, for I am only one of many, who have been almost as much captivated by her personal beauty, as charmed by the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poems were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental, of their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs. Hemans.

We talked of L. E. L. Mrs. Hemans said she had received several letters from her, containing pressing invitations to visit London. ‘A place I never was in, and never wish to be,’ she observed. ‘My heart beats too loudly, even in this quiet place, and there I

think it would burst. The great Babel was not made for such as me."

She was very much pleased with an anecdote which I told her, with which one of her poems had something to do. It was this:

Near the city of Bath is a secluded little church-yard, in which, amongst other monuments, is one of pure white marble, on which was engraven the name of a nobleman's daughter, and her age—seventeen. In addition to this was the following stanza from Mrs. Hemans' poem, "Bring Flowers:"—

"Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this from its bud hath the white rose burst,
For this in the wood was the violet nurst:
They have a voice for what once was ours,
And are love's last gift.—Bring ye flowers—pale flowers."

The space around that grave was filled with white flowers of all descriptions, planted for the most part by stranger hands. No one ever removed a blossom from the grave, and there they flourished, as if in obedience to the mandate of the Poetess. It was one of the most graceful tributes ever paid to genius.

'Come—I will show you my poetic mint,' she said—and she led the way to a room over the one in which we were sitting. It was a very small place, but neat almost to a fault. There were no author-litterings. Everything was in order. An open letter

lay on the table. She pointed to it, and said, laughingly :

‘An application for my autograph, and the postage unpaid. You cannot imagine how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person, who ought to have known better, sent me an album, lately, and begged a piece from me, if it was only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper, which he had selected for me to write upon.’

In incidentally referring to her compositions, she said : ‘They often remain chiming in my mind for days, before I commit them to paper. And sometimes I quite forget many, which I compose as I lie awake in bed. Composition is less a labour with me than the act of writing down what has impressed me, excepting in the case of blank verse, which always involves something like labour. My thoughts have been so used to go in the harness of rhyme, that when they are suffered to run without it, they are often diffused, or I lose sight, in the ardour of composition, of the leading idea altogether.’

Mrs. Hemans’ voice was peculiarly musical, and I would have given anything to have heard her recite some of her own poetry ; but I did not dare to hazard such a request, and feeling that I had intruded quite long enough on her time, I after a short time took my departure.

I must not omit to mention, for the especial benefit of my fair readers, that Mrs. Hemans’ dress was simple enough. She wore a white gown, (I really

am not learned enough in such matters to say whether it was of cotton or muslin,) over which was thrown a black lace shawl—on her head was a cap of very open net-work, without flowers or ornament of any kind.

Miss Jewsbury is well known by her "Lays of Leisure Hours." She was very amiable and accomplished, and felt such an enthusiasm for the writings of Mrs. Hemans, that, in 1828, she took a cottage near Rhyllon, where the Poetess then resided, for the purpose of associating with her. When I saw her at Wavertree she was on a visit to Mrs. Lawrence, of Wavertree Hall, another warm friend and admirer of Mrs. Hemans.

I cannot here forbear quoting a passage from Miss Jewsbury's "Three Histories," in which she avowedly describes Mrs. Hemans:

"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or in England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me; other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw any one so exquisitely feminine * * * Her birth, her education, but above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life—it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with a golden finger. Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible or distasteful to her. Her knowledge

was extensive and various; but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry, that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her imaginative conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition; the one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness lay alike in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately ‘a falcon hearted dove,’ and a ‘reed broken with the wind.’ Her voice was a sweet, sad melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet’s description of the orange tree, with its

‘Golden lamps, hid in a night of green.’

Or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate blossoms beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her sadness she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria; she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings.”

Miss Jewsbury, as all the literary world knows,

married, a few years since, Mr. Fletcher, a missionary, and died soon after she set foot on the shores of India. Some very interesting letters of hers, written on the voyage out, appeared in the London Athenæum. She had given promise of high and varied powers—but like poor L. E. L., she died early, and far away from the land of her birth.

It has been stated, with how much of truth I know not, that Mrs. Hemans was, at one period of her life, invited to take up her residence in the city of Boston, United States, for the purpose of conducting a periodical work. Perhaps it was well that she did not accept the offer; for the uncertain and variable climate of America would, in all probability, have put a still earlier stop to her career, and deprived the world of many of her sweetest productions. As is the case with most, if not all of those who write, day after day, for the bread that perisheth, she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease, with all its distressing accompaniments, harassed her mind, and wore away her frame, which, we are told, became, towards the last, almost etherealized. At the comparatively early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath, her spirit passed away, to enter on the Sabbath of eternal rest, earth having scarcely “profaned what was born for the skies.”

When I was in Dublin some few years since, owing to some unaccountable forgetfulness, I omitted to pay a passing tribute to the genius of the poetess, by

visiting her tomb, which is in St. Ann's Church, and over which is inscribed one of her own beautiful verses—her most appropriate epitaph :

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.”

On a recent visit to Liverpool, whilst sitting one morning idly, an omnibus, on which was painted the word “Wavertree” passed by, and recalled to my mind the pleasant visit I had once paid to that village. I will go once again, thought I, if only to see what change has wrought there. I soon put my resolutions into practice,—and ere long I once more stood before the well-remembered house. The little flower garden was no more—but rank grass and weeds sprung up luxuriantly—the windows were many of them broken—the entrance gate was off its hinges,—the vine in front of the house trailed along the ground, and a board, with “This house to let” upon it, was nailed over the door. I entered the “deserted garden” and looked into the little parlour—once so full of taste and elegance; it was gloomy and cheerless. The paper was spotted with damp, and spiders had built their webs in the corners. Involuntarily I turned away; and during my homeward walk mused upon

the probable home and enjoyments of the two gifted creatures whom I had formerly seen at Wavertree. Both were now beyond the stars, and as I mused on the uncertainty of life, I exclaimed, with the eloquent Burke, "What shadows are we, and what shadows, alas ! do we pursue."

CHAPTER VI.

SKETCHES OF CHURCHMEN, AND A CHANCELLOR.

SOME years ago I visited Oxford for the first time, for the purpose of seeing an old schoolfellow, by whom I was invited to attend the public recitation of a prize poem in the theatre of the University. As I had never seen the city of palaces, which Oxford has not unaptly been styled, I cheerfully responded to my friend's request; and on the evening of the day preceding that of the exhibition, I was set down at the door of the "Star"—a hotel doubtless well known to many of my readers who have visited it, as one of the most extravagant in its charges to be found in Great Britain.

It was a glorious evening—so, instead of boxing myself up in the coffee-room, I strolled into Christ Church Meadows, and, after a pleasant saunter, surveyed the exteriors of the numerous halls of learning. Fine old places they were, and rich in glorious memories! Centuries had rolled over many of them, hallowing the old walls and quiet quadrangles. The

lore of ages had been nursed there, and the ground beneath me had been trodden by men whose names have become as familiar as household words. Piety, philosophy, and poetry had made these their chosen homes. Heroes had gone forth from its gates into the great field of the world, conquering and to conquer; and quiet, unobtrusive men had from thence disseminated truths, whose steady light had flung radiance upon the nations. And still the wheels, urged by mental toil, were going round, just as they revolved in the old times; for as I paced, in the gloom of evening, the quadrangle of Christ Church, here and there was to be seen the reflection of the lights, from where,

“In apartments cold and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sat poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.”

Although the eye may be never tired of seeing, the legs soon weary with walking; and unwillingly tearing myself away from scenes of such surpassing interest, I retired to my quarters, and was awakened next morning by the college bells ringing for early prayers.

While I am breakfasting, and preparing otherwise for the event of the day, let me just refer to two individuals—clergymen, who have made some noise in the world of letters, or rather—for there is a vast difference between the two—in the literary world. I may not have another opportunity of referring to the

individuals in question; and as these papers are desultory enough in their character, I will introduce a brace of literary clergymen, both of whom are now beneath the clods of the valley.

When I was quite a lad, a *conversazione* was held in the large picture gallery of the B—— Philosophical Institution, and I accompanied a party thither. A good many noticeable people, whom I cannot now call to mind, were present; but there was one individual in the room who excited my curiosity, and to whom I was, after a time, introduced. Let me describe him.

The individual referred to entered the room leaning on the arm of a young lady; for he was much bowed by age. His dress was of plain black, and clerical in its cut. A lowness of stature was rendered more perceptible by his stoop, and as he tremblingly grasped an ivory-headed cane, and leaned heavily on his fair companion, a more striking picture of youth and age could not well have been depicted by any of the eminent artists whose paintings lined the gallery. The hair of this gentleman was cut short, and white as the driven snow; it stood up *wirily* from his head—if I may coin a word to express just what I mean,—and was combed back from his high, broad forehead, which was ploughed all over with transverse lines, and from his temples. His clear grey eye was scarcely dimmed by age; the nose, once slightly aquiline, was a trifle sunken, and his mouth expressed much sweetness, benevolence,

and decision of character. His features, taken as a whole, had a squareness about them which was somewhat ungraceful, but their general expression was of a pleasing and intellectual character.

This gentleman attracted much attention, and observing that introductions to him were numerous and eagerly sought, I inquired of the Curator of the Institution who he was?

‘Ah!’ said the gentleman to whom I addressed my question, Mr. M., in broken English, ‘you write poetry and not know Crabbe?’ ‘*Who?*’ said I; for the only idea associated in my mind with anything named Crabbe, was that the bearer of it must be, as he is indeed represented in many a play—a sheriff’s officer; a kind of gentleman to whom an introduction is very seldom asked for.

‘It is Mr. Crabbe, the poet,’ said a friend who happened to be near; and then I need not say that I looked with intense interest on

“Nature’s sternest painter, yet the best,”

as Byron called him. Mr. Crabbe’s then position, too, was interesting, for he was seated in Cowper’s arm-chair—the same which the Bard of Olney occupied at Mrs. Unwin’s, and in which, perhaps, he indited his touching lines, “To Mary.” A little silver plate was let into the back, verifying the relic, which still remains one of the lions of the B—— Institution. There sat Crabbe, the poet of the “Workhouse” and the “Hall,” where once the gentle

Cowper reposed, and poured forth strains of the most exquisite tenderness and pathos.

‘Pleased to see you, my young friend; very pleased to see you,’ said the venerable man to me, whilst his face beamed with smiles; and after a little while he pointed to the fine portrait of Burke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which hung near him, and said, ‘Very like, very like, indeed. I was in Sir Joshua’s study when Burke sat for it. Ah! *there* was a man! If you ever come to Trowbridge,’ he added, ‘you must call at the Vicarage, and I’ll show you a sketch of Burke, taken at Westminster Hall, when he made his great speech in the Warren Hastings case. Edmund left it to me; it is only a rude pencil drawing, but it gives more of the orator than that picture does.’

Of course I had soon to “back out” of the circle around Crabbe, and I once, and only once, saw him afterwards, when at Trowbridge. I did not call on him, for I always have felt, and I hope I always shall feel, that the time of literary men is too sacred and valuable to be frittered away by curiosity or oddity hunters. When I met with him, he was on his way to a quarry in the neighbourhood; for be it known, Mr. Crabbe’s favourite study was geology, and when not engaged in parochial duties, the old gentleman might generally have been seen, with his little geological hammer and specimen-bag in hand, poring over stones and clays, much to the wonderment of the gaping Wiltshire clowns, who thought “Parson

Crabbe," as they called him, little better than cracked, when they heard the click of his hammer among the quarries.

A year or two prior to this, as I was one evening proceeding towards a church in the city of B—— for the purpose of hearing the Rev. Legh Richmond preach an anniversary sermon, a gentleman accosted me, and inquired the way to the Temple Church. I told him I was going thither, and would be pleased to show him. He was upwards of fifty years of age, with a remarkably pleasant countenance, and wore spectacles. He was lame, owing to a contraction of his knee-joint; and so he took my arm, which, with a boyism freedom, I offered him.

'And pray,' said he, 'are you going to hear Legh Richmond?'

I replied that I was, and anticipated great delight in doing so, as I had perused his "Dairyman's Daughter," and his history of "Little Jane, the Young Cottager," with great delight.

The old gentleman smiled placidly, leaned a little heavier on my arm, and talked to me about Heaven, until my eyes ran over with tears. There was such a winning sweetness in his tones, and he spoke so affectionately, that I could not help but love him, stranger though he was.

When we arrived at the church door, crowds were pouring in. '*I must go to the vestry,*' remarked my new acquaintance; '*I dare say you will see me again;*' and we parted.

The service had been read by the regular clergyman of the place, and the psalm before the sermon was being sung, when the preacher of the evening slowly, and with some apparent difficulty, ascended the pulpit stairs. He bowed his greyish head for a moment on the cushion, and then looked round on the congregation. It was the gentleman with whom I had walked to church—the author of that touchingly beautiful narrative, “The Dairyman’s Daughter”—Legh Richmond stood before me.

* * * *

I can conceive of no more beautiful or interesting spectacle than the one which presented itself in the public theatre of the University of Oxford, on a great public occasion. The theatre is circular and surrounded by tiers of galleries. The area, beneath the magnificent dome was reserved for the Heads of Colleges, the various Professors, and other dignitaries. Here, also, were assigned places for illustrious visitors, and distinguished men of letters, from all countries. The lower gallery was exclusively occupied by richly dressed ladies—the flowers of England’s beauty—their gay attire forming a pleasing and striking contrast to the grave dresses of the Academicians. Above these was a gallery, crowded to excess by the students of the various Colleges—proud scions of nobility, who had unwillingly submitted to collegiate discipline, side by side with humbler students, whose intense desire for learning had enabled them to vanquish many a difficulty, in their way to that sacred

place. I occupied a seat near the rostrum, whence I could obtain a perfect view of all that occurred without being myself inconveniently crowded.

As one and another of the Professors or officers of the University entered the theatre, the students testified their approval or disapprobation of his or their conduct, by vociferous cheering, or turbulent uproar. The favourites were greeted by their party with cheers, which the "other side of the house" would attempt to drown in hisses; and thus, every now and then, scenes of the utmost confusion prevailed. It seemed as if the young men had been granted a special licence to express their sentiments in this manner; and one thing is certain, they took care to fully avail themselves of the liberty allowed them. No respect was paid to persons. It mattered not how high in office any individual who entered might be; if he had rendered himself unpopular during the term, he was hooted, to his heart's content;—and, on the other side, if he had found favour in the eyes of the young men, they were not behindhand in thundering out their plaudits.

Eleven o'clock!—the theatre is so crowded that it would seem impossible to pack any more human beings into a single nook of it. There is a lull amidst the ragings of the wordy storm, for the real business of the day is about to commence—the large doors are thrown wide open, and the organ thunders out its voluntary-welcome to an entering procession. On they come—grave Doctors, lynx-eyed Proctors, spec-

tacted Professors, and learned Thebans of all descriptions—Lawn-sleeved Bishops and portly Prebends pass on amidst cheerings; but now the vast assembly rises as one man, and a shout of gratulation, to which all that preceded it were but as mere whispers, peals through the edifice, and whose reverberations from the domed roof echo like distant thunder. Louder and louder are the acclamations, as the Chancellor enters the circle—and as he removes the college cap from his grey head, and with one glance of his eagle eye surveys the glittering circles above and around him, The Duke! The Duke! is shouted by a thousand tongues, and the Hero of Waterloo, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, takes his seat of honour.

Hundreds and thousands of persons, who have never seen the Duke of Wellington—at least, so I judge from the numbers I have conversed with—imagine him to be a tall, imposing-looking man. They have been so in the habit of regarding him as a mighty warrior, that they do not dissociate physical from mental greatness. Such individuals would be not a little surprised to behold a man rather below than above the ordinary stature, of a slightly made frame, and one which by no means vindicates his claim to the title of “The Iron Duke.” The public are so intimately acquainted with his peculiar physiognomy, through the medium of caricatures and portraits, that it is quite unnecessary for me to sketch it in this place.

Like Brougham's, his nose is familiar enough to all, and quite as great a curiosity in its way.

The appearance of the Duke, as he stood, arrayed in cap and gown, reading his address, was, I must say, rather grotesque. It could not be said of him that

"Latin to him was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle,"

for his Grace certainly gave no more quarter to the quantities than he did to the Old Guard on the plains of Waterloo. I saw quiet smiles on many a learned lip, as the address was being read; but taken altogether, the affair went off very well, and when the Chancellor sat down, the house, as the pit did when Kean performed Richard for the first time, "rose at him."

It was a singular spectacle enough to see the great Captain of the age presiding in the peaceful arena of learning. The Duke in a cocked hat and plumes seemed quite natural; but the conqueror of Napoleon in a college cap had something of the ludicrous in it, after all. However, I believe he carries the same energy into the College as he did into the Camp—and his decided habits, perhaps, render him not altogether unqualified for the post he holds.

Of these habits, perhaps, an anecdote not extensively known may not be out of place here. At Walmer Castle, visitors are shown, amongst other things, his Grace's sleeping chamber. In it is a small iron camp bed, simple and plain—it is the one,

indeed, which he always used during his continental campaigns.

‘Why,’ said a gentleman one day to the Duke, as he looked at the narrow couch, ‘there is hardly room to turn in it.’

‘I never *do* turn in it,’ was the prompt and characteristic reply of his Grace. ‘When a man wants to turn *in* his bed, it is time for him to turn *out* of it.’

The poem having been delivered, I had time to look about me, and take notice of some of the celebrated men present. There was Keble, author of the “Christian Year,” with his slight figure, contemplative face, and finely-formed head. He appeared in ill-health, and, indeed, was so; for soon afterwards, he was compelled, in consequence, to give up his Professorship of Poetry in the University. Henry Hart Milman, the author of “Belshazzar’s Feast,” and of the “Fall of Jerusalem,” and who formerly occupied the Professor’s chair, was present, glancing hither and thither, with his intensely black, sparkling eyes, and somewhat merry countenance, lighted up with intellectual excitement.

Dr. Buckland, the geologist, too, was a conspicuous notability, with his portly, but not corpulent figure, his shining bald head, and his courteous and blandly expressive countenance.

But I have not space or time to merely mention half of those who were pointed out to me that day. One or two, however, *very* remarkable men, I must not omit alluding to.

As I left the theatre, my attention was directed to a gentleman who, in company with several others, was standing in conversation near the gateway.

‘There,’ said my friend, ‘is the celebrated Dr. Pusey.’

‘And can that be the Pusey of whom I have heard so much?’ I said, mentally; and I was about to take a closer survey of him, when I was hurried off by my companion, who said, ‘You will see him again, for he lectures in one of the chapels. Let us go over to the Bodleian.’

A glorious place that library; and as I entered its learned precincts, I involuntarily spoke in low tones. It always seems to me that it smacks of impertinence to talk *aloud* in such places. The ponderous wooden-bound and iron-clasped tomes, which stand on the lower shelves, as if they knew their weight and consequence, and that they were the foundations of literature, frown one into silence; and the array of precious old black-letter books, and gorgeously illuminated missals, and time-stained manuscripts, imposed a restriction on the tongue. And then the librarians, who glided noiselessly about, were such sedate-looking men—some of them had lived there for years and years, growing old as the books grew older, and hardly existing when they were out of sight of their backs. I noticed an old gentleman who seemed to be a superior officer; his silver hair streamed over the collar of his quaintly-cut coat. And there he was, now prying through his spectacles into a catalogue,

(itself a mighty volume,) and then referring to a work which a nimbler librarian than himself, and a much younger man, (but old-looking, for all that,) procured for him by mounting a ladder, the cross-bar at the top and the foot of which were padded, that no noise might be made. All these librarians seemed a part and parcel of the Bodleian, just as much as the books themselves were—the only great difference being that the knowledge of the books was bound in boards, and that of the book-keepers in broadcloth.

After visiting the great hall of Christ Church College, I proceeded to the chapel where Dr. Pusey was to officiate. It was crowded to excess, in consequence of the interest attached to the preacher, who was the acknowledged leader of the new movement. The liturgy having been read, Doctor Pusey, walked down the aisle towards the pulpit, and as he passed close by the pew where I was stationed, I had an excellent opportunity of observing him.

His personal appearance was anything but that of one who was universally acknowledged to be the leader of a powerful and increasing party in the church—a party which at one time threw it into a moral convulsion, and the effects of which are still felt. He was small in stature, and attenuated in frame and feature. His profile was more striking than his front face, the nose being very large and prominent. As he paced the aisle very slowly, with his eyes fixed on the pavement, the lips compressed, and his thin, sallow cheeks displaying hollows, and his

brow lines, which thought had prematurely planted there, he presented the appearance of an ascetic—of a monk suddenly transformed into a clergyman of the Church of England; for in his person he displayed all the austere sanctity of the one, whilst his canonicals sufficiently indicated his position as the other.

His style of preaching was cold, tame, and spiritless. One of the solemn-looking, stony, monumental men who reclined in their niches, with hands, palm to palm, reverently placed on their breasts, might have arisen from his cold couch, gone into the pulpit, delivered such another sermon, and made, leaving the supernaturalness of the matter entirely out of the question, just about as great a sensation. His tones were feeble and harsh, and *if* his cold, dull, greyish eye did at times lighten up, the effect was but as that produced by the luminous mists which are seen in dank morasses, flickering, but not illuminating. Of the graces of oratory, there were literally none,—no action, no modulation of tone,—no harmonious combination of sound with sentiment. The sermon was coldly monotonous, and when, to my inexpressible relief, it terminated, I could not help muttering to myself—And can this be the head of the Puseyite School?

“Here endeth” my reminiscences of Oxford—the scene of many a stirring event. It was once the residence of Canute, and of his son Harold. There kingly councils sat in old times, and there, in the fourteenth century, the doctrines of Wycliffe created

more excitement than Dr. Pusey's have done since. There Popery has been dominant, and plagues have devastated; and there Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, "proclaimed their faith, and sealed it with their blood,"—and the Martyrs' Memorial, a noble gothic monument, stands on the spot where the fire consumed their bodies. Every inch of ground is hallowed by association, and the University founded by King Alfred, in 890, still flings its broad shadow on the pavement. Other seats of learning may win our admiration, but Oxford claims our veneration. There may be, in other countries, and in this—institutions of equal importance and interest—but search the round world over, and after all there will be found but one Oxford!

CHAPTER VII.

REMINISCENCES OF WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, AND CHARLES LAMB.

It was on the occasion of my returning to my home from Edinburgh, some years since, that I first met the present poet laureate—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Coming to his little paradise of a mountain domicile, and its amiable inmates, including Miss Wordsworth, a sister of the poet, from the Northern Athens, the literary atmosphere of which is, or was then, much above blood-heat, it seemed quite delightful by its serene contrast. The “moderate mansion” stands quite embosomed in trees on the road to Keswick, near Ambleside, a village at the head of Windermere, surrounded with green and romantic mountains. It was pleasing to observe the fond veneration for her brother of the affable and unaffected sister, an ornament of old-maiden life. She fairly hung on every word which issued from his lips.

Yet as care is an “universal apparition,” so Wordsworth started up at the delightful tea-table round

which we were seated, shortly after my introduction to the family circle, conjured up by my rash mention, in the course of conversation, of Lord Jeffrey, (not a lord then, of course, except as lord of the ascendant in criticism, and a Lord Chief *Justice*, as I presume to think.) I must premise here, that at that time there was much jealousy existing between *cliques* in Edinburgh society, so that none except insignificant lookers on, engaged in no literary enterprise, could well be neutral or friendly to all. Belonging to this idle class myself, I enjoyed this privilege, and had just left Edinburgh to enjoy an autumn at the Lakes; having been delighted with the frank heartiness and entire unbending of himself in the "Prince of Editors."

We were already deep in the topic of the "Old Thorn" of the lyrical ballads, ("so old that you could hardly believe that it had ever been young,") Mr. Wordsworth favouring me by relating the precise occasion of its composition; his being in reality caught in a storm on a Somersetshire hill; there being an actual lichened thorn, and also some likeness of a child's grave, (which *must* be a small green hillock, and therefore might very well be thought a grave, without allowing for a poet's or traveller's licence,) Mrs. Wordsworth patiently waiting, with hand extended, for the poet's tea-cup, which in the ardour of the "pleasure of memory" he also held, but still retained empty, when, at my mention of that

luckless name, suggested by some remark of his own on the unfairness of the laughers at his theory, up started the tall figure of the lyrist, his hitherto complacent countenance, which was very expressive in spite of dim eyes and a hard outline, ruffled like his own little pond, that he had "measured from side to side," by the sudden storm, and with one hand thrust into his breast, and the other clenched, began a rapid walk about the room, all the time, in good set terms, not rapid like his motions, *talking* a review of the "Review," sometimes of the work *in toto*; sometimes of its single onslaught on himself and of his "Excursion," then of Mr. Jeffrey, who "might think it like a great man, and worthy of his public character, to publicly insult another; but *he* also must abide the judgment of the public,—*slow*, indeed, occasionally, to do justice,—*slow*," and he repeated the words, as if pondering, and becalmed himself with some inward reflection, and then obeyed Mrs. Wordsworth's anxious invitation to take his tea before it was quite cold.

"*We shall all be judged*," he again said energetically, with such solemnity, too, that it might be thought to allude to doomsday, by any one just entering. To scatter the storm, I told him how I first oddly met with the "lyrical ballads," in a book without title-page, which had been picked up in the road near Epping Forest, and had been dropped probably from some vehicle; that, although *at first* supposing it to

have been a book for children, I could not help being impressed by parts of it, though then grown out of childhood :—

“ When the blue day-light’s in the skies
And frosty air is keen and still ;
And to herself she cries
Oh ! misery !—oh misery !
Oh ! woe is me—oh ! misery !”

This, which is part of the Child-murder, or Thorn ballad, struck me, and I told him so, at which he was much pleased, and directly showed the ladies how my not knowing what to make of this mutilated book, which just presented me the poems without even a title-page, afforded strong evidence in support of his theory, of the latent elements of poetic pleasure even in the lowest walks of life. I did not quite clearly see *how* it bore on the point, but he did ; and they, almost before he could end the sentence, were convinced ; and I, too, was pleased to please a whole family—so all was well.

Cordial affection seemed to unite the poet and his admiring listeners, for not much other duty was imposed, but to listen ; indeed, when he got warmed about poetry, especially Miltonic *harmony*, rather than *thought*, it was a real luxury to listen.

My greatest treat of this kind, was one drizzling moonlight walk, which Mr. Wordsworth did me the real favour to take with me, on my way home to Esthwaite water, near the town of Hawkshead, the scene of his schooldays. I think it was eleven o’clock

when he stepped back for his hat and umbrella; to my surprise bade his family not sit up, and quietly began an eloquent discourse on Milton, Danté, himself—his habits—(his literary wrongs, too, again)—his frequent suspensions of the very pleasure in composition, as if he should never write again, &c. On another occasion, I was struck with the sensitiveness to praise, which is, says the elder D'Israeli, indigenous in the minds of poets. Professor Wilson, the immortal Christopher North of "Blackwood's Magazine," resided until 1820 at Grasmere, near Mr. Wordsworth's residence, where he wrote, among other poems, his "Isle of Palms," and "the City of the Plague," and was his bosom friend. When, in that year, Wilson obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, whither he went to reside, he never forgot the kindly family with which he had enjoyed so much happiness; and rarely, perhaps never, was published a number of "Blackwood's Magazine," without Wordsworth's name absolutely embossing its double columns in some eulogistic shape or other, as every reader of *Maga* must remember. I have no doubt that the Poet Laureate owes his place among the poets of Great Britain *entirely* to his grateful friend John Wilson, of Elleray House, Esquire, notwithstanding that he was the "great Captain of the Lake Poets," as Jeffrey used to designate him, and Wilson, then, but his admiring poetical adopted son.

The utter indifference of the reading public, which

Scott first, and next Byron, and then Scott the second, (another, yet the same,) as the "Great Unknown," had entered into and held by a sort of magical possession,—Wordsworth's own secluded position,—the want of all spirit-stirring element in his poems,—these, reinforced by the tremendous battery of worse than blame—of scorn, opened upon every new work that put forth its quiet feelers, (as when of the "Excursion," the reviewer's first words were, "this will never do")—I say, all these causes could not have failed of proving mortal to the fame of so defenceless a poet and unworldly a man, but for the ægis of Blackwood stretched over him; the protection of a magazine then and long in possession of a popularity as a periodical, only second to that of the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly," and scarcely inferior. The reading public *did* read Wilson—charming, gouty old Christopher—though they did *not* ponder Wordsworth's pages; but when it was told some hundred and twenty times in a year, there being about ten indirect mentions in each number, that the greatest poet who ever lived was then living, the ceaseless appeal at last had its effect on its prepossessed imagination, Byron-ridden, Scott-ridden, Waverley-ridden as it had been; and a murmur began to creep—curiosity was excited; even idiot boys and Peter Bells no longer scared away popular attention. But I was going to observe on Mr. Wordsworth's sensitiveness to the praises in Blackwood. With a smile of playful ridicule of its ultra-laudation, he

asked, had I seen the last month's, then just out? "I am told," said he, indifferently, "for I've not seen it, that my last publication is reviewed or alluded to; and the extravagant critic goes on to say, that the extracts they give are worth, of themselves, the price of the Magazine." This was spoken as a joke, of course, but it seemed that it was not so to be taken, for, on Mrs. Wordsworth's laughing, the first cloud I had ever seen overcast the visage of the Mountain Patriarch, at least which I had noticed lowering on any one present, (at absent Jeffrey the thunder-cloud was pretty terrible,) then swept across it, and his own smile flying before it, he said, rather sternly, and looking so too, "that was a *serious* review, Mrs. Wordsworth."

The follies of the wise afford a fair moral topic. Let me not be supposed wishful to excite one contemptuous smile at a good man, and a *wise* one, (perhaps love of fame out of the question,) a true poet, though not an inspired genius of the highest order, an exemplary parent, husband, and brother. I only aim at presenting such little true *traits* as may depict the worthy Laureate to strangers, more truly trifling as they are, than public laudatory generalities.

Mr. Wordsworth has two sinecure appointments in the Stamp Office of large emolument, besides a private patrimony. I ought, perhaps, to add to this gossiping record of the present Poet-Laureate's home-life, some mention of his more dignified chit-chat. Lord Byron he does not speak of with

acrimony, notwithstanding the noble poet's public poetical attacks—the worst, because the most enduring of all. He reprehended, and surely with justice, his personal allusions to Southey's and Coleridge's wives in *Don Juan*. "Some of the Reviewers will have it that *I* was Byron's poetical guide to Parnassus;" he remarked, with his usual quiet show of indifference to the praise he was reporting, "that it was Wordsworth who first taught Byron to look at a mountain." I remembered reading the words (incredulously enough) but forget where, and I think he referred them to Professor Wilson. To *teach* a "poet's eye to roll in a fine frenzy," must be a far harder task than to teach the young idea "how to shoot;" but Mr. Wordsworth did not seem to think so, and it was not for me to say it, else I might have had "That was a *serious* review, Mr. —," in my teeth.

* * * * *

To avoid the tedium of following one "literary character" throughout my whole period of intercourse with him, I propose to beg the reader's company in my successive introductions to the few I knew, and recur to each in the manner that chance afterwards conducted myself.

I had just returned from my Lake visit, referred to in the preceding pages, and was strolling in a beautiful meadow of romantic site, five miles from the metropolis, and outside of the village of Highgate, when I passed a rather corpulent, clerkly-looking man of the middle size, sauntering along, the autumn even-

ing being a glorious one, when a courteous kind of voice said, "Look to your pocket-handkerchief, sir," which was, indeed, nearly trailing the ground behind. Turning to thank him, I saw a pale, rather heavy, phlegmatic-looking face, apparently of from fifty to sixty years' standing, with grey hairs, grey eyes, of a benign expression, yet somewhat inexpressive as a whole, marked with a peculiar languor, that might be a calm interval of pain, or profound pensiveness, or an absence of mind that often mimics deep thought, when perhaps the mind rests from thinking. His twinkling eyes seemed to enjoy the landscape. A rich sweep of meadows far below our feet closed by the renowned metropolis, its vast overhanging cloud now actually adorning the view, being umbered by the level sun—a dusky red aerial roof of majestic circular extent, in the boundless fading blue, dim cupolas, and spires innumerable glittering or darkening beneath it; in the midst one, in form and stature proudly eminent, rising dark as a rock of black marble, and as stupendous—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"The clergyman of Highgate, possibly," I said to myself. Yet there was a something of the remains of troublous thinking, a look of worn and wearied sensibility, that hardly suited the idea of fat, contented piety "looking downward on the earth" which, as yielding an English clergyman a tenth of the treasures of her "ample lap," may very reasonably attract down to her even the eye of an enlightened son of mother church. He looked very like a comfortable

priest, at least, and only that cast of thought redeemed the whole outer man from fulfilling the idea of Thomson's "round fat oily man of God." "What is *that* should be Coleridge himself?" I meditated again; and reconnoitred my gentleman from a distance, whose only business seemed the same as mine, to catch the last of a glorious day unbroken by walls. "After all, perhaps, he is one of the happy, sleek cits located in romantic Highgate, just waiting "dinner going up;" and now he seemed fixed in reverie, gazing at mighty London, (from this point of view truly picturesque.) "He's trying *now* to guess exactly the whereabouts of his little dusky room behind a huge warehouse in the Minories, or the old alley streets, that unluckily escaped the fire; now he looks at his watch. Ah! he smells, in the fine frenzy of gastric imagination, the soup!" Unworthy conjecture!—no—his *was* the poet's eye—he *was* admiring nature; albeit all Cockaigne was in his cue. It *was* Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the metaphysician and poet—both, or must not truth almost say *neither*, or not the perfection of either, through the collision of the two characters? I had in my pocket letters from the North, partly introductory, and next day recognised the saviour of my bit of silk in the celebrated inmate of Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate.

Alas! it is too probable that part of that troublous expression was as much matter of the vile £ s. d. misery as if he had indeed been the cit of my last conceit! The philosopher's mind for years suffered

martyrdom from the conflict of generous impatience of obligation, and dire necessity of receiving it. The noble disinterestedness of his host, Mr. Gilman, and his attached hostess, rendered their favours, perhaps, still more painful to receive. In all his embryo schemes of literary ambition, the prospect of emancipation from fruitless wishes to *prove* his gratitude certainly formed one chief charm.

Hurrying on to another part of my brief intercourse, I shall throw together what I remember of the effects of his general deportment on my mind. Of course, I was more anxious to hear, than be heard. Yet I confess, I did fancy that the consciousness of what his friends told the public, and the public repeated, of his wondrous eloquence, was too visible, imparting a very little of what we dislike in a be-praised beauty's perpetual simper—an itch for admiration, prompting constant self-recollection. He seemed aware that strangers expected a treat from that eloquent mouth. The bees that clustered round his lips (no doubt) in infancy, could not, however, have deposited sweets inexhaustible; and the vast flow of his eloquence hence sometimes brawled roughly among metaphysical rocks of the strangest form, or wandered away fairly out of the sight of vulgar, mortal, intellectual eyes. As to any interjected obstacle that his hearer might venture to edge in—a suggested flaw in his argument, or doubt to be resolved—it caused not a ripple. He smiled—gesticulated *seeming* assent, (with too much an air of adult indulgence to innocent child's

prattle,) and pursued his "high argument" just the same, never recurring to yours. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd has said, that he thus in a large circle "pleased everybody, by conceding the point without dispute." Query? I knew several whom this lofty sort of patience did not please or content. Moreover, his love of the mystic—his strange admiration of that dashing theorist Kant, who has a sword ready for every Gordian knot in metaphysics under the name of "Practical Reason," could find little sympathy in others. He has shipped an immense cargo of this lore in his work "*Biographia Literaria*." He was in full employ upon this work, as I afterwards learned, at the period I allude to; and this might have caused his conversation to be more than usually abstruse. I was charmed with the vague splendours of his thoughts, coruscating like a boreal aurora, but I confess the matter of fact that gave rise to them seemed indeed veiled by them—veiled by "excess of light;" and when he had at last done, the matter which this glory or halo of language was to impress upon the mind, remained somewhat in the state of the earthly movements—wars, battles, sieges—prefigured by that heavenly northern illumination. The *actual* required a seer as profound, and vision as strong in second sight, as that prophetic future. It was too like that state produced, according to Dr. Johnson, by the gorgeous poetry of Akenside—"sometimes amazed, always delighted, it recollects little, and carries away nothing."

He told me that he owed all his poetical inspira-

tion to Bowles's sonnets. He has said, I believe, the same in his *Life*, which I cannot say I ever met with; and not only his love for poetry, but his fortunate reclamation from a rage for metaphysical disputation that threatened to utterly engross his entire mind. Probably many will think that he never *was* cured—that his dreaminess still runs into his poetry, and the fantastic creations of his imagination turn all his philosophy into dreams. His metaphysics sorely clog the wings of his fancy: Pegasus falls into a heavy trot over thorny ground full of old roots, and his fancy flies away with him while theorizing up to the “highest heaven of invention,” leaving common sense to wonder at his vast flight to the clouds, and how far within none know, until he comes down again with a demonstration from Latmos, or some such grand mount, blessed with lunar favour and influence.

Of the daily, almost hourly, arrivals of packets—letters with new works, imploring his obstetric aid in their struggles to avoid the fate of the still-born children of the press,—of religious debutants on a more sacred stage, all crowding under the wing of a public character, he complained almost with groaning; yet I did somehow conceit a—not “roguish,” yet self-complacent “twinkle in his eye,” that hinted some spice of comfort under the mountain of supplications, the penalty of “finding oneself famous.” Indeed, I had proof of the fact, even on the few occasions of my seeing him at home.

He inquired about Edinburgh chit-chat with ostensible indifference, but ill-concealed eagerness, especially of the doings and sayings of the great little pole-star of the literary world—Jeffrey, whose battery of long range against him, as one of the “knot of hypochondriacal and whining poets that haunt the Lakes,” as he wickedly described them, evidently broke through his habitually lofty elevation of thoughts, which kept, or seemed to keep, a calm for ever round him. He even anxiously hinted repeatedly his non-relationship to that family, in a manner which I fancied his friend Wordsworth (whose opinions of Coleridge I had listened to not a fortnight before,) would have deemed an “unkind cut” at least, and Southey not less so. Of his friend Wordsworth, however, he spoke with admiration, though disclaiming for himself, as well as him, all pretension to being considered of any school, much less founders of one. Yet Wordsworth enunciated the pretension himself in the long preamble to the *Lyrical Ballads*, and the fact seemed certain; but it was not for me to controvert so eminent a man’s manifesto of abdication for himself and compeers. Mr. Wordsworth had, however, so recently maintained the precise contrary, even to eager vindication of its peculiar tenets, as constituting a new “school,” chiefly that the most familiar dialect is fit for poetry, and the humblest subjects for its matter, that I felt rather astonished, and thought that poets differed more widely even than doctors.

At a subsequent interview, Mr. Coleridge favoured me with some hints of an attempt on his own Life—which I found afterwards was even then almost completed, being published either that year or the next. I refer to the “*Biographia Literaria*.” I fancied then that it was one of the shadowy embryos of his fertile mind, never to be embodied, for he was never without a project, and the last was usually the chosen one, his well-beloved above the rest, on which he proposed to “build his fame.”

Lamb, the inimitable Elia, (of whom I had two glimpses in my life, and never more, though yearning for acquaintanceship,) has, with his usual novel humour, alluded to these “castles in the air” of his friend, in a letter to Mr. Manning, then in China. The whole letter is as admirable as it is singular. A strange mingled yarn runs through it, of mirth and melancholy, not alternately, which is common enough, but the identical sentiment at once solemn and ridiculous, breathing mortality and its terrors, and fantastic fancy with its fun; the certain deadly futurity being drawn as present, while all is life and gaiety; yet that *prospective* reality of death, and change, and decay, all the while forcing itself on the merry voluptuary till he sighs while he laughs, and “breaks the course of laughter with a sigh.” Charles Lamb says, “Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who died but a week or two before. Poor Col! *but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller, proposing an epic*

poem—‘The Wanderings of Cain,’ in twenty-four books. He is said to have left behind him above forty thousand treatises on metaphysics and divinity—one of them completed. They are, perhaps, already to be found round sweetmeats at this season.”

Apropos of Charles Lamb, I may here speak of the writer of this letter to Mr. Manning, as much an original as his epistle.

I think it was on a Sunday that, entering Mr. Coleridge’s residence, I passed in the hall a plain, quizzical, slightly-made little gentleman and a lady, just departing to catch the last Highgate stage to London. The lingering of the cheerful couple at the door with their host seemed to indicate reluctance to end their pleasant day. I found that this was the facetious, the feeling, the fancy-fraught, the delightful “Elia”—CHARLES LAMB, the India House slave, the genius martyred on the altar of Plutus,—not for his own emolument, but that of a company. The galley-slave, probably, has rarely much soul into which the “iron” of his chain can enter, as Sterne expresses it; no one can read Lamb’s effusions, and doubt that a gentle, generous, exalted soul existed under all his playfulness, and “informed” and “o’er-informed” that fragile tenement.

I could hear a parting *bon-mot* let off, which hung fire as usual; Lamb’s stutter never being wholly forgotten, as I believe is usual with persons liable to that infirmity. It elicited his sister’s ready laugh, however, and the more restrained response in the

fashion of the thoughtful poet. Lamb's dress was black; he wore small-clothes and high gaiters. His stature was low; his whole figure so slight, as to appear more diminutive perhaps than it really was. He said he was as tall as Kean; but of this, as I never saw Edmund off the stage, I cannot judge. His forehead was ample; his hair dark, thick, and curling; his head, indeed, looking rather too big for its support, but it was what would have been deemed a very fine one on a "fine man," according to vulgar *parlance*. His nose was aquiline, and the mouth very expressive. The melancholy and mirth of the inner man seemed peculiarly depicted on his pensive yet half-smiling countenance.

Perhaps Nature never created two superior minds less akin than those of the two friends thus cordially parting,—one so tolerant, so lowly of spirit, so charitable from a fine humanity,—the other, not the *reverse*, indeed, of these, but endued with a moral sense of a far more stubborn nature, more self-esteem, less indulgence for human fallibility. Yet Coleridge stood himself a very monument of mutability in judgment. Scarcely less, indeed, did *Dr.* Southey differ from Robert Southey, author of the revolutionary effusion, "Wat Tyler," than did then and there the clerkly-apparelled, placid advocate of Conservative principles, (though the term was then Tory,) he who had written in the "Morning Post" government print,—he utterly opposed to all radical changes, from Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the de-

nounced Jacobin of the "Anti-jacobin," the marked as one of the French-fed disciples of anarchy,—romantic for "liberty"—planning, with Southey and Lloyd, emigration to the New World, to fly the tyrannies of the Old. I say, if any man ever had cause to be lenient toward dissent from his own opinions, it was Coleridge himself, since he had proof in himself that sincerity and high talent is compatible with the utmost extremes of political sentiment at different periods, ay, of moral and religious; for in these, too, he composed a dual man.*

As these are literally "random recollections," I shall now advert to an odd incident which threw another of the now-celebrated characters in my way. I think it occurred on the same Sunday evening just referred to, but with it I will commence another chapter.

* The portrait of Coleridge prefixed to this volume gives the best idea of the talking philosopher of any I have ever seen. Washington Allston, the painter, was Coleridge's particular friend, and the latter often expressed his opinion that it was the only good likeness of him extant. It is now engraved for the first time.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERSONAL NOTICES OF SHELLEY AND HAZLITT.

MR. DE QUINCY, in his notes on "Gilfillan's Gallery of Literary Portraits," says of Percy Bysshe Shelley—"Everything was romantic in his short career, everything wore a tragic interest. From his childhood he moved through a series of afflictions; always craving for love, loving and seeking to be loved, always he was destined to reap hatred from those with whom life had connected him." Perhaps the following reminiscence of Shelley may bear out Mr. De Quincy's remarks, so far as the term "romantic" is concerned.

In the last chapter, I have alluded to a Sunday evening interview with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. After quitting his residence, I had crossed the fine fields between Highgate and Hampstead to the latter place, when just entering on the Heath, at rather a late hour, I was startled by a sort of disturbance among a few persons at the door of a large house. Drawing near, I perceived what seemed the lifeless

body of a woman, by the imperfect light of one lantern, upheld in a half-sitting posture, with lolling head, by a tall young man, evidently no vulgar brawler by his speech, but in a highly excited state, who seemed disposed to force an entrance with his senseless charge, which two or three men-servants resisted. There was a voice, or more than one, almost screaming from within,—the tall stranger's tones were as high without; all were too busy to have satisfied any inquiry; and in the midst of uproar, the sound of wheels was heard—it was the carriage of the master of the mansion returning home. To him, who seemed astonished at the scene, the friend of the dead or dying woman turned, and detained him on the steps of the carriage, before he could set foot on the ground, pointing at the same time to the female figure. The servants, however, quickly explaining the cause of the turmoil; angry words passed, and he was no nearer to his benevolent object—the introducing his burthen (which he had brought on his back from Heaven knows where,) into the house. Some wine, and restoratives, and volatile essences, and smelling-bottles, were sent out from the dwelling, and I was gratified to find the “suspended animation” of the sufferer itself happily suspended so far as to admit the entrance of a whole glass of wine, her deglutition seeming to me better “than could be expected.” It was a young woman in draggled plight, but her features were hardly visible where I stood.

Her humane but unreflecting friend had found her in a fit, or fainting from illness, and insisted, on the score of humanity, on the admission *for the night* of this poor woman into the strange gentleman's house; so I was informed afterwards. He forgot that he himself, being unknown, the inmates might justly fear that it was a *ruse* to rob the house, concocted between some "Jack Sheppard" of the day and his lady; or even if he could have proved his own respectability, he could not answer for hers. The air was no bad aid to recovery from syncope, and every relief but a lodging was afforded, as I have shown. This did not content PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, for he it was; but he vociferated a philippic against the selfishness of the aristocracy; he almost wept; he stood prophesying downfall to the unfeeling higher orders! a servile war! a second edition, in England, of the bloody tragedy of the French revolution, and I know not what more; the gentleman being at all this very indignant, and the servants insolently bantering him. Indeed, one could not well wonder at this, for his gestures and deportment were like those of a madman.

Meanwhile, his female *protégé*, finding attention directed from herself to the parties quarrelling, very quietly adjusted her drapery, seemingly making up her mind that no more relief was likely to be forthcoming; and I fancied that her tones, when she made some passing remark, were of the harsh, hoarse, unfeminine kind, which is soon acquired by those

wretched women who perambulate London streets after nightfall, in cold and damp weather, when on the very brink of starvation.

I believe she proved to be one of those characters, or an impostor, or both—she did not appear to be drunk, as the servants would have it she was. It was not until a week afterwards, I heard from a literary friend living on Hampstead Heath, that this was Shelley. I know not how he got rid of his reviving companion, for I left the spot in the midst of his oration. It was a strong practical illustration of Shelley's theoretical monomania of philanthropy—that fine, but preposterous excess of humanity, that almost drove him melancholy mad over the condition of man. He wished to make a new world where men should be angels, and died too soon to learn that he must take the world as he found it, and perhaps, by such patient reconciliation to its wretchedness and errors, he would have found it very tolerable at least.

Just as he desired to force into a quiet household, the members of which were about to retire to rest, a suspicious looking stranger who might have plundered it, he passionately longed to introduce his own darling theories into society, running all hazards of mischief incurred by the violent experiment. But his very error, his ardent desire to better the lot of man, was surely more Christian in spirit (infidel though he was,) than the furious zeal of intolerance in those “who profess and call themselves Christians,” which grows complacent over the sufferings of those who differ

from their infallible selves, even about a dogma—(perhaps a dogma seeming once false and foolish even to themselves)—than that horrid diabolical spirit which dared to pollute a newspaper published in Christian London with that inhuman yell of pleasure, over the melancholy end of the most gentle, generous, highly gifted, *brotherly*-natured being on earth, however mistaken in his noble dream of human perfectibility. These remarks especially refer to a paragraph that appeared on the occasion of his being drowned. “Shelley the atheist is drowned at Pisa; he knows now whether there is a hell or no.” Multiplied examples of such religious zeal would go further to overturn Christianity in a nation, than all the mournful misgivings, clouds, and shadows of the soul, that haunted Shelley, Byron, and numbers beside, could they be daily put forth in all the newspapers of that nation.

A sort of melancholy beyond that of the poetic temperament seemed to pursue Shelley all his life. His appearance and manners were very eccentric, though polished and subdued, except in excited moments. He went to Charles Richards, the printer in St. Martin's Lane, when quite young, about the printing a little volume of Keats' first poems. (I have a copy given me by Richards.) The printer told me, that he had never had so strange a visitor. He was gaunt, and had peculiar starts and gestures, and a way of fixing his eyes, and his whole attitude for a good while, like the abstracted apathy of a musing madman.

Having thus brought together, in this and the preceding chapter, in one retrospect, three men whose names alone survive—names so familiar to all who read, I am tempted to reflect a little on their several fates—their paths diverging so widely in life, and their genius so kindred, notwithstanding. Shelley, with his ardent yearning for a reform as general as human nature. Southey and Coleridge, about to seek the same visionary blessedness in remote regions, were evidently enthusiasts of one family, thrown on differing eras. To them we may add Byron, wandering rather than travelling the world into which he was born, under a misanthropy founded in deep love of his species, impatient of its errors. Viewed in this light, it is melancholy to recall the feuds and intellectual *partings* of these fine natures, united, we might say by God himself, in the bond of native brotherhood. Who can doubt that one strong sentiment, and that an amiable and noble one, animated the *youthful* bosoms of all these men? They desired, they panted, to realize each his own idea—to animate each his own beautiful image. Their idol was a perfect and happy man! Failing in this early adventure of the heart, one betook himself to scoffing, denying *all* good, and crying “all is vanity;” another transferred to futurity his dream of perfectibility in human nature, and laying his hand on Revelation as the only hold left to him, the sole refuge of that hope of perpetuated being, perhaps natural to man, grew

jealous of even imaginary slight offered to that ark of his eternal salvation.

Again, a third, wholly desponding of such salvation, from unfortunate disbelief of *all* revealed religions, thus at once breaks away, of course, from his brother genius for ever, nor can all the sweetness of his nature, his love of mankind, his *practical* Christianity, atone, in the eyes of that ultra-orthodox brother, for his involuntary doubt, darkness, despair, which ought rather to have won on that happier brother to snatch from groping by the hand, if never before, to become his comforter, if not his guide in the vast darkness of his mind's prospect, as he would lead a blind, unoffending child; I say, such melancholic and clouded mind as Shelley evinced, ought to have conciliated kindness, ensured pity, from a man so theoretically Christian as Southey. Surely "love thy brother" is the Alpha, if not the Omega, of the faith of Christ—the creed of the state church, and ought to have been the watchword of him who wrote the "Book of the Church."

Again, a fourth of these fine spirits is led by his evil genius among the *ignes fatui* of German illumination, (*lucens a non lucendo!*) He pleases himself as fondly in creating systems as did Lucretius of old, falls to worshipping images, instead of dealing with good old vigorous flesh and blood humanity, as dealt those elder dramatists he conceited himself in love with "*heu quam mutatus ab illis!*"—dreams with Kant and wakes angry, to be shaken by sturdy Truth,

Reality, and Jeffrey—wastes all his powers in musing about the Logos, and writing sermons not to be preached, and never read, panting for praise here and hereafter, but, ever in agonies of distracted choice, still crying, with Cowley, “What shall I do to be for ever known?” till the time is gone past for doing the sublime something, which to-day is to be a rival poem to Southey’s, called “the Maid of Orleans;” to-morrow, is to be metaphysical; next day, theological—a treatise on St. John’s Gospel! I say, this fourth genius murders his whole life in dreamy indecision. Alas for genius!

Quitting Coleridge, let the reader attend my steps to the domicile of another strong thinker—a dreamer too in his own way—a political opponent, yet warm literary friend of that poet and dreamer of dreams, whom we leave in his lofty village overlooking London and its smoky pall. But I must ask the reader to give one mental glance at the pretty, smooth-faced, beauty-conscious, loquacious-eyed, neat damsel, who admits me into that respectable lodging house at the west end of London. It is the hour of two in the afternoon, yet the object of my visit sits over a breakfast consisting simply of tea and water-cresses and bread and butter. As we passed through the hall, we noticed a boy waiting there for “copy”—not a juvenile “devil” exactly, but one from some house in Paternoster-row, or probably the “Examiner” office.

In his parlour, which was well furnished, (a back room, and very still, the street being little of a tho-

roughfare,) sate a middle-aged man, slippered, and in a dishabille indicating recent uprising, (he had probably not retired until it was day-break.) He had rather hard but strongly-marked features, which only became expressive after much drawing out of his feeling by intercourse. He received me with what appeared shyness, or reluctance to be disturbed, but which I afterwards found to be his habit at first meeting. His tones were quite as low as those of Coleridge; when not excited, they were almost plaintive or querulous, but his placidity breathed more of unconscious pensiveness than that of his brother thinker, whose complacent meekness always rather savoured of *acting*, at least of a conscious attention to sage or martyr-like bearing, until his aroused enthusiasm broke through all, elevated his tones and even sature, and the man was forgotten in the inspired declaimer. Both these men were living in marital celibacy; that is, married, but separated; the lady of each could say of each, "his soul is like a star, and dwells apart." The secrets of married homes, like those of the last long home, should be let alone, for clouds and darkness always hang over them to third parties. I have only to do with the literary "star," not the frail mortal, except so far as the latter may be pleased to reveal *himself*. The soft-looking maiden who announced me having withdrawn, he proffered me a cup of his strong tea, seemingly without lacteal adulteration, to employ me whilst he made up his packet for the boy who was in waiting to convey it

to the printing-office. I had brought him some letters from Edinburgh,—an object at that time, to those who maintained a large correspondence, for there was no penny postage in those days, and amongst them a parcel of missives from Mr. Jeffrey, at my mention of whose name his features seemed at once lit up, as a dark lake is irradiated by the flash of a sunbeam. Some thought darted from behind his rather troubled and fretful-looking phiz, which I do not agree with some persons in calling handsome, and his languor and constraint of manner, that had almost damped me into dislike, gradually wore off and ease, cordiality, warmth, and at last outbreaks of uttered feeling in unstudied eloquence, as we conversed, created, in a manner, a new being before my eyes; and then, and not till then, I could harmonize the two ideas which before clashed strangely,—the vivacious, high-spirited, rampant author, pugnacious as those who monthly and quarterly baited him, and the low-spirited, low-spoken, almost whining recluse, sitting over his solitary tea at mid-day, whom I had half disliked while I pitied. I could now imagine in the energetic speaker before me, the ill-used, insulted, belied—highly-gifted, but rather perversely given to startling paradox and literary dandyism—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Hazlitt, in his writings, had characterized Jeffrey as the “Prince of editors and King of men;” and this laudation—somewhat extravagant, certainly—had exposed him to much ridicule from his political op-

ponents. Nevertheless, in this instance, genius was true to genius; for what he said of Jeffrey to me, in the course of our brief conversation, evidently came from the depths of his sensitive heart; and it must have been without servility, for the praises of the great critic were not at all likely to reach his ears. One complaint he made, but exculpated his patron while making it, of the delay in inserting his contributions in the "Edinburgh;" and this, perhaps, was not merely a matter of vanity, for Hazlitt depended at that time on his pen for the means of living.

From talking about Jeffrey and the "Edinburgh Review," the conversation turned upon the other great critical organ—the "Quarterly." Forcing a laugh, and very evidently forcing it, too, for his lip quivered, and his fingers clenched involuntarily, Hazlitt remarked:—

"My book" (he referred to the 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays') "sold well—the first edition had gone off in six weeks—till that review came out. I had just prepared a second edition—such was *called for*—but then, the 'Quarterly' told the public that I was a fool and a dunce; and more, that I was an evil-disposed person; and the public, supposing Gifford to know best, confessed it had been a great ass to be pleased where it ought not to be, and the sale completely stopped." The chord had been touched that awakened the wounded spirit of Hazlitt, and he declaimed, with almost fierce eloquence, heartfelt, and even affecting,

on the heinousness of this barbaric abuse of the critical chair,—this personal assassination, under the cloak of the ermine of literary truth on the judgment-seat. The inhuman libels on Shelley, one of which libels was fulminated by Southey, under a review of Leigh Hunt's "Foliage," the wretched, degrading, wilfully-false judgment on poor Keats,—all came in for his just and furious denunciation; and I sympathized, soul and speech, with him, his troubles, and his wrongs.

When this storm had blown over, and he adverted to gentler topics—to natural beauty in scenery, I found him full of feeling for the charms of nature, though a "Cockney," as his enemies delighted to call him. He expressed his pleasant recollections of some travelling adventures he met with long before, when exercising his original calling of a portrait painter. Painting was long the chosen field of his ambition. He used to spend weeks in a lone house on Salisbury Plain, and overflowed with re-awakened romantic feeling of his solitary evenings there with a few favourite authors. I well recollect his remarking on the solemn, undefined impression of romantic pleasure he felt in watching here and there, like stars on the earth, a cottage-light after nightfall, upon the huge walls of black, formed by the mountains in the background; and the sensations occasioned by his quitting some village on the borders of the vast plain, as their lights grew few, and the sounds of the rustling autumnal leaf were heard, instead of those arising

from the occupations of rural life, whilst he faced the wild country and the boundless gloom, to reach some other "gathering place of man." I liked him better as the poet than the politician, which latter chased away in a few minutes the poet-painter,—better as the literary enthusiast, the night-wanderer, the musing philosopher, and the companion of the immortal dead in the cottage of the wold, among the sterile shepherd haunts and brown solitudes of Salisbury Plain, than as the bitter denouncer of parties opposed to him in political opinions.

On Hazlitt's mantel-piece there happened to be a small figure of Napoleon, and observing me eye it, he commenced a laudation of the original. We had a long combat over the remains of his hero—the "god of his idolatry;" I mean, over his fame; he contending for, I against, his right to the title of a true hero. It was useless, however, to contend,—to remind him of his own reverent regard for freedom, for the freedom of the press, as the bulwark for the liberty of man,—of Napoleon's not only utterly abolishing that freedom, but enslaving the press, and enforcing it to do *his* bidding. It availed nothing to appeal to the philosopher (for Hazlitt had the elements of that character within him) as "a lover of truth," properly speaking—against the grand imposture which was practised continuously upon millions of Frenchmen by the general, first consul, and emperor, throughout his whole career,—against his "enormous lying," and his systematic fraud upon the

popular mind,—the political bigot would *not* be “convinced against his will.” No; spite of all this, Napoleon was glorious to Hazlitt, as there he stood, with his folded arms, little hat, and grotesque costume, as wanting in grace and dignity as would have been, I fear, the little mind of the great hero, the fortunate creation of an era, could it have been stripped, and its “vera effigies presented in store.”

It was “far into the night” when I left Hazlitt,—left him to commence his work, which it was his wont to pursue through the silent hours. After that period I never saw him again, but often, when I read some bitter attack on the secluded, suffering man, did my mind wander back to him, as he sat over his solitary tea. For a little book which he afterwards wrote, the “*Liber Amoris*,” he was cruelly, bitterly, and unjustly attacked; and, did space and circumstances permit, I might say much on this subject, but I forbear, and will conclude by observing that a comparison between Hazlitt and Byron might be made, from which it could easily be shown that the “*Liber Amoris*” was a far less objectionable book than “*Don Juan*,” although the latter was never attacked by a certain set with anything like the bitterness shown towards the former. I will but ask, where in the “*Quarterly Review*” is to be found any denunciation of that poem, couched in language the least akin to that which denounced Hazlitt for his “*Liber Amoris*.” If *nowhere*, what more is to be said than “Woe unto you, ye hypocrites”? If the writer of

these rambling strictures may again be allowed to speak of himself, he would say he is a "Tory," has even received literary favours and personal kindnesses from some eminent persons of that kind in politics, and of the Albemarle-street junto in letters; but he would be ashamed of himself, on that account, to shut his eyes against the monstrous injustice often done to genius, through the accursed evil influence of party spirit; and possibly what he has here ventured to pour forth may derive some weight, from the fact of his *not* belonging to the party of those suffering, belied, abused, and wrongfully condemned.

CHAPTER IX.

ROBERT SOUTHEY AND JOSEPH COTTLE.

How often, whilst perusing, with feelings of intense interest and delight, the works of some popular or erudite author, have we desired to see their outward and visible appearances. They have informed or delighted us by their productions, and been pleasant mental companions through many an else dreary hour. In our own private and particular image chambers we have hung up what we fancied to be their portraits, coloured and drawn, it is true, as we *would* have them, and not to be depended on, for that very reason. Occasionally, one of those matter-of-fact men, a Daguerreotypist, has startled us from our dream of fancied physical beauty, by presenting to us a *fac simile* of some well-known writer, and our own creation has vanished into thin air. Romance would not bear the touch of Reality.

In the course of what is called a literary life—by which I mean a life as much spent in the society of literary men as in the actual *pen occupation*, for the

"bread which perisheth,"—I have scarcely met with half a dozen individuals whose personal appearance and social qualifications at all corresponded with the ideal standard which I had formed; and only in one instance have I known my expectations to be exceeded in beauty by the reality. As this latter instance was both interesting and remarkable, I shall make no apology for a digressional mention of it here.

In the month of July, 1824, the body of Lord Byron was brought from Missolonghi to England, and on being landed from the "Florida," was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, who then resided in Great George-street, Westminster. Having availed myself of peculiar facilities, I saw, on one occasion, the corpse of the poet—the lid of the coffin being for some necessary purpose removed.

It was at night that the work of opening the shell commenced. This was soon effected, and when the last covering was removed, we beheld the face of the illustrious dead,

"All cold and all serene."

Were I to live a thousand years, I should never, never forget that moment. For years I had been intimate with the mind of Byron. His wondrous works had thrown a charm around my daily paths, and with all the enthusiasm of youth I had almost adored his genius. With his features, through the medium of paintings, I had been familiar from my boyhood;

and now, far more beautiful, even in death, than my most vivid fancy had ever pictured, there they lay in marble repose.

The body was not attired in that most awful of habiliments—a shroud. It was wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, and the throat and head were uncovered. The former was beautifully moulded. The head of the poet was covered with short, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with grey hairs, especially over the temples, which were ample and free from hair, as we see in the portraits. The face had nothing of the appearance of death about it—it was neither sunken nor discoloured in the least, but of a dead, marble whiteness—the expression was that of stern quietude. How classically beautiful was the curved upper lip and the chin. I fancied the nose appeared as if it was not in harmony with the other features; but it might possibly have been a little disfigured by the process of embalming. The forehead was high and broad—indeed, the whole head was extremely large—it must have been so, to have contained a brain of such capacity.

But what struck me most was the exceeding beauty of the *profile*, as I observed it when the head was lifted, for the purpose of adjusting the *furniture*. It was perfect in its way, and seemed like a production of Phidias. Indeed, it far more resembled an exquisite piece of sculpture than the face of the dead—so still, so sharply defined, and so marble-like in its repose. I caught the view of it but for a mo-

ment; yet it was long enough to have it stamped upon my memory as

“A thing of beauty,”

which poor Keats tells us is “a joy for ever.” It is indeed a melancholy joy to me to have gazed upon the silent poet. As Washington Irving says of the old sexton, who crept into the vault where Shakspeare was entombed, and beheld there the dust of ages, “It was something even to have seen the dust of Byron.”

Amongst the persons engaged in the performance of the office of removal, I noticed one—a tall, thin man, who spoke little, and seemed absorbed in grief. He would scarcely allow any one to touch the corpse—and, with his own hands, he composed the head in its new resting-place. The words, “My dear Lord!” were frequently uttered by him, whilst performing his melancholy duties. It was Fletcher—Byron’s faithful valet. This man afterwards told me the particulars of the noble Poet’s death, and gave me a lock of his hair. Fletcher did not long survive his beloved master.

I have deemed this little incident of sufficient interest to find a place in my “Recollections.” And now let me proceed to my “subject proper,” the Laureate, whom I had the honour of being acquainted with; and who, at one period, was a kind and copious correspondent of mine.

It is needless to state the circumstances which led

to my acquaintance with one of the most voluminous writers of his day. Suffice it to say, that, long before I had the pleasure of seeing the Poet, I had received many letters from him, and have reason to believe that he felt some interest in my welfare. The first time I ever met him personally, was in the year 1838. I was then engaged in a branch of literary labour which had once been occupied by Southey. This had caused him to feel some interest in my proceedings, and led to a kind wish on the part of a mutual friend that I should make his acquaintance.

It was but seldom that he left his beautiful home at Keswick—and he might indeed have been termed a Hermit Poet, for his life was one of almost strict seclusion. Consequently his outward and visible man was little known, except to Lake Tourists, who were not unfrequently a source of much annoyance to him, by their intrusive visits. He once complained much of this, in one of his letters to me—in which he said, that his daughters could never row him on the Lake, nor could he ever take a quiet walk, without being stared at by those who imagined that a Poet was some outlandish animal. When he *did* leave home, it was generally for the purpose of making arrangements with his publishers—for he was a methodical man of business—or, for a recreative visit to his native city, where he had many near and dearly-attached friends.

I must own, that from what I had heard of Southey's coldness, and even occasional repulsiveness of manner, I felt some trepidation, as I lifted Mr. Cottle's

knocker, one evening, for it was from Mr. Joseph Cottle that I had received a kind invitation to meet Mr. Southey at his house, where he was at that time on a visit. Yet it was with no little gratification that I anticipated meeting one whose writings had afforded me so much delight, though, as I have intimated, expectation was alloyed by anxiety.

On entering Mr. Cottle's little parlour, after greeting my kind host, a gentleman, whom I recognised instantly, from the portraits I had seen of him, rose, held out both hands, and kindly accosted me; he was tall, and looked, in his solemn suit of black, more like a sedate clergyman than I had imagined. His manners were, however, so frank and kind, without any appearance of condescension, that I felt at once at my ease, and was, in a few moments, to use a very familiar expression, "at home."

Let me here digress a little, in order to give a slight pen-and-ink sketch of my host himself, whose name has been very long, if not during the last quarter of a century, very intimately associated with literature. All the reading world must remember Lord Byron's attack upon him, but all the world does *not* know that to Mr. Cottle belongs the honour of having befriended and patronized Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, in their youthful days, and that he first introduced them to the literary ranks, by publishing, at his own risk, and for their especial benefit, their first productions.

There are some men who outlive their reputations,

whose intellectual fires pale before the blaze of brighter stars in the literary hemisphere. I do not mean to say that Mr. Cottle only lives in the cutting satire of Byron, or as the lettered accoucheur of the "Bard of Rydal," the late Laureate, and the "old man eloquent," but certainly he has of late years so entirely withdrawn from literary pursuits, that, were he dead, he could scarcely be less thought of. As it is, an occasional hymn in a new "selection" is the only intimation that he exists. A few years since he published some early recollections of Coleridge, which fell almost still-born from the press; but that may be accounted for, they having been published, I believe, in a city notorious for its neglect of literature. His early works consisted of epic poems on "Malvern Hills," "The Fall of Cambria," "Alfred," and "The Messiah,"—productions which are now seldom met with, excepting on dusty shelves, side by side with the "Gentleman's Magazine." In private life, Mr. Cottle is most estimable; and in the enjoyment of lettered ease, and surrounded by all that is exquisite and refined, he surveys, with the serene enjoyment of a true Christian, the retrospect of a calm and well-spent life. As an early friend and associate of men so eminent as those to whom I have just referred, a sketch of him cannot but be interesting, and therefore I introduce it here, as the present occasion seems a fitting one for the purpose.

If, then, reader, you would wish to look upon our venerable friend, just by an effort of the imagination,

(a faster mode of travelling even than by the express train of the Great Western Railway,) accompany me to Bristol; it is an old place, rich in antiquities. As we drive up the street leading into the heart of the city, on our right hand is the old church of the Knights Templars, which leans so much out of the perpendicular, that one hurries unconsciously by it, as if it were every moment in danger of falling. When its bells ring out, this old tower shakes fearfully, and so much does it "seriously incline," that I believe one cannot stand against it with the heels and back of the head touching the decayed free-stone of which it is composed. It absolutely seems to lean *over* the dingy old houses which surround it. Proceeding on our way into the city, we arrive at a bridge, the successor of the one about which Chatterton published his first Rowleian forgery. Passing over this, we enter the High Street alluded to by the same marvellous boy, in his ballad of Sir Charles Bawdyn; and in the next street, Wine-street, we observe a draper's shop, in which Southey was born. Not far from this is Broad-street, in which, at a well-known hotel, the early days of Sir Thomas Lawrence were spent, the great painter's father having been landlord of the inn. At the other extremity of Wine-street frowned, within my remembrance, a dark pile of building, the Bridewell, in which Savage died; and not three minutes' walk from thence is the old Mint, in the dreary grave-yard of which he rotted years and years ago. But these associations have led me

away, as they are apt to do, from my main object, which let us turn and pursue.

It is Sunday morning, and from a hundred church towers and steeples the chiming bells ring cheerfully and solemnly out; those from the noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe,

“The pryde of Bristowe and the Western Londe,”

being heard sonorous and distinct above all the rest. With a sad, but usual neglect of all that is beautiful in art, the Bristolians have allowed the finest parish church in England to fall into decay; and so its stones are crumbling to dust, or falling one by one, and decay sits busily employed upon buttress and pinnacle. Chatterton's monument, a wretched architectural abortion, which resembles a huge ornamental extinguisher, with a Dutch doll on its top, (apt illustration!) is on our left-hand as we ascend Redcliffe Hill, and proceed towards a neat place of worship, alluded to in another part of this volume, as the chapel where I sketched Rowland Hill. As we enter the enclosure of the building, we perceive a carriage, drawn by an old white horse, at the door, and from it alights a gentleman, who, in consequence of a lameness, experiences great difficulty in walking into the building. Let us, too, enter, for within we shall have a better opportunity of observing him.

In the very furthest pew from the pulpit he has taken his place. He is an old man, for he cannot, from his general appearance, have numbered less

than seventy-five years. His head, which is thinly covered with grey hairs, is well shaped, but rather flattened on its superior portion. As might be expected, time, which has thinned his flowing hair, has also dimmed that benevolent grey eye, for a pair of spectacles almost conceal them. The prevailing characteristic of his combined features is benevolence, and yet there is no want of decision in his expression; the compressed lips indicate that plainly enough. He looks like what he is, a gentleman in easy circumstances, but you would seek in vain for any peculiarities telling of striking genius. And *can* that quiet-looking old gentleman be him whom Lord Byron so mercilessly abused? One is tempted to say, as we gaze on his bland countenance, 'why he looks as if he could not call down the resentment of any mortal man.' What could

"Joseph of Bristol, the brother of Amos,"

have done to merit the bitter denunciations of his lordship? The reader, however, must be content to solve these enigmas himself; I only profess to give the outlines of his outward and visible man. But let us return to Southey.

The personal appearance of Robert Southey was very striking. He was, as I have intimated, tall and slightly built. His forehead, rather receding, and not, phrenologically speaking, indicative of great acquirements, was surmounted and partially shaded by an abundance of white, silvery hair, combed upwards,

and forming a very striking contrast with his jet black, magnificently arched eyebrows, beneath which *glowed* [that is the best word to express what I mean] two of the most brilliant dark eyes I ever beheld. Their beauty did not consist so much in their brilliancy, as in their deep, contemplative expression. His nose was remarkably aquiline, so much so, that it approached to the *beak* formation. But it was in the mouth, which, after all, is the most expressive feature of the human face, that the peculiar charm of Southey's looks lay—the upper lip was finely curved, and slightly projected over the lower—but it is in vain to attempt a description of it. Nearly every painter has failed to transfer it to canvas—indeed, I have never seen a good likeness of the Laureate, for it was no easy matter to catch the ever-flitting lights and shadows which, with every changing emotion, passed over his countenance.

Tea was announced shortly after my arrival—Mr. Cottle's sister (since dead) doing the honours. By the way, I may as well mention that Mr. Cottle and his sister then resided together, much in the same way as did dear delightful Charles Lamb with his beloved "Barbara." In both cases the gentlemen were bachelors, and the ladies happy in single blessedness, and the society of their literary brothers. After pouring out the well manufactured infusion of Congou, Miss Cottle happened to address the Laureate as "Doctor."

'My dear Miss Cottle,' said he, '*do* call me *Mr.* Southey, or Robert, as you used to do "lang syne;"

but not "Doctor." I dislike nothing so much as that, amongst old friends.'

We spent a pleasant hour over the crockery—but all of us know that tea-table conversation is not easily transferable to paper. I am no Boswell, and so the reader must *imagine* a conversational melange—an *olla podrida* of opinions, pleasant enough whilst passing over the mental palate, but leaving nothing either very nutritious or substantial behind. There were one or two other visitors, but as they were not "known" writers, I need not mention them here.

A great deal has been said about Southey's reserve in company, and many have accused him of unpardonable pride and *hauteur*. This I think unjust. He was naturally reserved, and his pursuits tended to make him more so. The Laureate, in his poem on the Hollytree, has said :

"So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng ;
So would I seem among the young and gay,
More grave than they."

His sedateness did not, I think, spring from pride ; and they who knew him better than I did, hold the same opinion. Charles Lamb said of him, that he was intended for a monk, but never were there two more direct opposites in social life than Southey and the author of *Elia*.

Southey's favourite attitude was that of lying back in his chair, his elbows resting on the arms, and the tips of his forefingers placed on the inner portion of

his eyebrows, over the surface of which they continually traversed, his eyes being closed excepting when he spoke. The conversation, at one time, turned on Byron—a ticklish subject for both Cottle and Southey. The latter said, somewhat egotistically, I thought—but *that* was Southey's weak point—"No man can honour Byron's genius more than myself; but I fancy I prevented him doing as much harm as he might have done."

At that period Mr. Southey was busily engaged in preparing the new edition of Cowper's works, and in writing the Life of the Bard of Olney. 'I have been,' said he, 'COOPERING all the way down.' I had never heard the poet's name pronounced before as he pronounced it, *Cooper*, and ventured to make the remark to him. He said, the poet's family, and Mrs. Unwin, whom he had once seen, never used to say *Cowper*; although that was unquestionably the more correct. He then showed us an original poem of Cowper's, and said, 'I can also show you the first letter which it is believed Cowper ever wrote. I stumbled on it by mere chance, at a gentleman's house, where, about a week ago, I stayed for the night; so oddly, sometimes, do things of this kind turn up.' He then requested his son to fetch him his writing case, from which he produced the letter, which he read to our party. It is now included in a supplementary volume to the Life and Works.

We had a long and delightful conversation respecting poor Cowper, and I remember Southey's saying,

with much earnestness, that he could have given Ke-hama, Roderick, and indeed all he had ever written, to have been the author of the lines to his Mother's Picture, which he characterized as being among the most touchingly beautiful to be found in the whole range of English poetry. 'What a mournful thing,' he added, 'that his mental vision was so often obscured.' Alas! even then the cloud no bigger than a man's hand was to be seen in Southey's horizon; a cloud which was soon to cast its melancholy shadow over his own fine intellect. I remember, too, that, in connexion with this subject, he alluded to his wife, who had then very recently died, after years of insanity. 'I had,' said he once to a friend, 'for a long, dreary time, a living death constantly before me, in the form of Edith. We took our meals, and associated with each other to the last, and I question whether I was more fondly attached to her in her bright days than in her days of darkness.'

Some one in the company inquired of Southey whether he intended to be present at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association. The reply was characteristic. 'No,' said he, 'I never go into crowds.' A strong feature in his character was his love of solitude. His chosen retreat was his library, and men's works, he, in a great degree, preferred to their society. Of his books he himself says:—

"My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day."

It is a fact that Southey's conversation partook, in

some degree, of the egotism which too often defaces his writings.

As an instance of the latter, hear what he says, in a letter to William Taylor, of Norwich:—‘*Me judice.* I am a good poet, but a better historian.’ Mind, I do not mean to say that he be-praised himself that evening—but there certainly was evident a considerable partiality for his own works in the remarks he let fall.

Southey’s extreme kindness to young and struggling men of mind is not so well known, or so generally appreciated as it should be. One instance fell under my own notice. I knew in B—— a young man, a lawyer’s clerk, who showed so decided a genius for painting that it was really painful to see him drudging over dry parchments and musty records. I advised him to copy a certain picture, which I knew would much interest Southey—he did so, and I sent it, with a letter from the artist, to Southey at Keswick. I also informed him of the circumstance, and asked his advice as to the young painter’s welfare. Southey, who was always as punctual as clockwork in his correspondence—for he never allowed a letter to remain unanswered for a single day—in a short time wrote the young man an exceedingly kind epistle, and so interested himself in his behalf, that, at the time I write, the quondam lawyer’s clerk is a popular exhibitor.

A few days after the party at Cottle’s, I accompanied Southey in a call on the Bishop of B——, at

Clifton. Southey did not send up his card, and consequently the Bishop, who deemed it might be some ordinary visitor, sent down a message that he was engaged. We left, Southey having mentioned his name to the footman. We had not gone far before the lacquey came breathlessly after us—for his lordship, on learning the name of his illustrious visitor, was horrified at the idea of sending from his door the author of the "Book of the Church." We returned—apologies were made, and a very pleasant hour spent.

In 1841, after wondering at the unusual circumstance of my letters to Southey remaining unreplyed to, for he was the most punctual and courteous of correspondents, I received from a friend a heart-touching epistle informing me of the Laureate's insanity. It came on me like a thunder-clap, after a long, ominous silence. Could it be, that he whose voluminous labours had delighted and informed thousands—that the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Historian—was the victim of

"The last infirmity of noble minds."

Alas! it was even so. His brain was *worn out*.

"The fervent spirit, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay,
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay."

I was told, by one who witnessed the sad scene, that, as he walked along the streets of Keswick, leaning, a frail, broken-up man, on the arm of an

attached and devoted friend, he would stare in stupid wonder at flocks of geese, and breathe an incoherent wish that he "was as happy as they." His insanity was of the melancholy and sombre kind, as might have been expected.

To the last, he retained his old affection for his books. The way into his library he easily found, and thither it was his wont to repair; and he would sit with a black letter volume open on his lap, gazing on one page for hours, and at times moving his fingers, as if making written extracts. *Out* of the library he never could find his way, without the aid of a guide. But the ruin of a great mind, like his, is too sad a spectacle for contemplation. After two years of mental incapacity,

"Death came o'er him gently,
As slumber o'er a child."

There was no flashing up of the taper before death—no lucid moment—but during his life, he had made the great preparation, and Hope illuminated the faces of all who gazed upon him when he died.

A monument has been erected to the memory of Southey in Bristol Cathedral. Having incidentally alluded to the apathy of Bristolians in such matters, I am tempted to justify my remarks by an extract from a Bristol paper bearing upon this subject. The journal referred to says—

"On the death of this distinguished character, nearly three years since, an anxiety was felt by a few individuals that some permanent memorial should

exist of his connexion with Bristol, the place of his birth, where he resided for a considerable portion of his life, and imbibed that attachment to literary pursuits so forcibly exemplified in the whole course of his existence, and which never ceased to retain a prominent place in his memory, and a strong hold on his affections.

“It was sanguinely expected by the persons alluded to, that the desire which they felt would be generally participated by the inhabitants of the city, and accordingly a public meeting was convened, for the purpose of determining on the best mode of carrying the object into effect. *The result showed that they had miscalculated as to the extent of the interest taken in such subjects*, for though several persons attended, and sentiments in accordance with the design were unanimously expressed, yet it was evident *that little, if any, public impression had been made*. The amount of subscription that was set on foot further evinced, after the lapse of a considerable time, the *absence of a general interest in the object*.

“We regret to put this statement on record, and the more so as it contrasts so unfavourably for Bristol, with the *feeling manifested by the inhabitants of Keswick*, where Southey resided during the latter portion of his life, who permitted no lengthened period to elapse before they raised an appropriate and finely-executed monument over his tomb, including a full-sized recumbent figure of the deceased.”

The Bristol monument is a bust of Southey, by Bayley, with the following inscription on the pedestal:—

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

Born at Bristol,

October IV., MDCCLXXIV.,

Died at Keswick,

March XXI., MDCCCXLIII.

CHAPTER X.

SURGERY AND SCIENCE—ABERNETHY AND FARADAY.

SOME years ago I was, owing to peculiar circumstances, a constant frequenter of the various hospitals and lecture rooms of the metropolis, and I in consequence enjoyed abundant opportunities of seeing and conversing with many of the most eminent professional men of their day. Amongst my earliest recollections of celebrated medical men are those of the well-known and eccentric Mr. Abernethy, of whom so many hundred stories—good, bad, and indifferent—have been told. I saw him, however, on two occasions only, and what occurred on each may not be altogether uninteresting in the narrative. The first time I saw him was when I accompanied a lady and her daughter to Mr. Abernethy's house, which was situated in Bedford Place, or Row, I forget exactly which. The young lady exhibited certain symptoms, which made her friends dread that curse of the English climate, consumption; and, although the family medical attendant had pledged his reputation

that their alarm was groundless, nothing but the opinion of so eminent a man as Abernethy could allay their fears. As the parties were relatives of mine, I gladly embraced the opportunity of accompanying them to the celebrated surgeon's house.

When we arrived there it was about ten o'clock in the morning; in front of his door, and along nearly the whole length of the street, was a line of carriages, waiting for the patients whom they had dropped at the Doctor's. Following the numerous persons who were entering the front door, we passed into the hall, and were shown, by a servant out of livery, into a large room, which was nearly filled with persons, who were suffering either from real or imaginary diseases—the latter, I suspect, constituting the majority, for every one who felt a pain beneath the shoulder-blade or an uneasy sensation in the side, or whose skin exhibited the slightest possible shade of yellow, took it into their heads that they were afflicted with liver complaints, (for the liver was a very fashionable organ, and its functions very aristocratical in their nature, about that time,) and ran off post-haste, from all parts of the three kingdoms, to Mr. Abernethy, who was supposed to exercise a peculiar and exclusive privilege, with regard to the hepatic portion of the animal economy—a supposition at which no one was more amused than the singular practitioner himself.

Every now and then a door, opposite to that by which we had entered, was opened by another servant, who called on the patient whose turn came next,

to follow him into the presence. As there were some thirty patients before my friend, on the list, we had a long time to wait, during which period, sundry diseased acquaintances were made between unfortunates, and divers stories of melancholy interest related. Most of the patients had made up their minds to visit Mr. Abernethy, as a last resource; and it was really astonishing, after what they confessed to have taken, in the quack medicine line, that they ever enjoyed the opportunity of now trying one more chance. I noticed one remarkable circumstance—it was this—whenever one of the patients described a particular symptom, there were at least a dozen who had just the same; and not one, who if they were not similarly afflicted themselves, but had a particular friend of theirs who was. Then there were various stories of different doctors who had been consulted, and the professional character of some of them was pretty freely discussed. Mr. B—— was no better than a butcher—not a bit; and if so and so had taken another bottle of Mr. G——’s medicine, it would have been all up with him. Besides these half-confidential disclosures, there were interesting expositions of domestic medical doctrines, and Buchan appeared to have been pretty generally consulted. Many of the patients, however, looked wretched enough—there were young girls, with hectic flushes on marble cheeks, their large dark eyes and black eyebrows contrasting painfully with their pure and polished foreheads. And then, every minute or two, a white handkerchief

would be put up to the mouth, and a half smothered, hacking cough, would sound, as from that sepulchre of hope—a cavernous lung. It was wretched to look at them—hopeful as they were, as consumptives usually are—for their doom was sealed. There was, too, one of the most beautiful looking women I ever saw, in the room, and who would have been singled out, in consequence of her attractions, from amongst a crowd in any drawing room in London, or, indeed, anywhere else. Few casual gazers would have noticed that anything ailed her, but one who *observed* as well as saw, might notice the peculiar appearance of the eye, the sharpened and somewhat shrunken cartilage of the nose, the thin, bluish under lip, which the upper front teeth were continually grinding as if in suppressed agony. All these appearances told but too plainly that the most fearful complaint to which a woman is subject—cancer—was burying its roots deep in her frame, and intertwining its deadly fibres with the springs of life, which soon they would destroy. But why should I dwell on such themes. Let me hurry on to my more immediate subject.

At last my friend's turn came, and following the ladies, or being about to follow them, the footman repulsed me, and refused me admittance, much to my mortification, for I had accompanied the ladies merely for the purpose of seeing the great man. A word or two from the elder lady, to the effect that she “wished Mr. Abernethy to see *me*,” (leave women alone for

managing these things,) set all to rights, and I effected the much desired *entrée*.

We were ushered into a large room, the walls of which were covered with books, from floor to ceiling. In the centre of the apartment was a table, covered with green baize, on which was a writing desk. It being winter time, there was a very large fire in the room—and, standing before it, with his back to the mantel-shelf, (over which hung an engraved portrait of John Hunter,) his hands being tucked under his coat-tails, which were drawn forward, and hung in front, over his fore-arms, stood, perfectly at ease, a gentleman whom, from the portraits I had seen, and the descriptions I had heard, I knew *could* be none other than Abernethy himself. He looked keenly at us, as we entered the apartment, without moving from his comfortable position, which he retained until after the servant had placed chairs for us, and had quitted the room.

During this period, brief as it was, I had time to examine him pretty closely—and his eyes, too, were by no means unemployed—for they glanced from one to the other of us, as if to discover which of us it was who had come to consult him.

He was rather under the middle stature, and somewhat inclined to corpulency; yet so slightly, that the idea of *fat* never entered into the minds of any one who looked on him. His face was very peculiar, and somewhat pear-shaped—that is, it was narrower than

ordinary at the summit of the forehead, which was high, and ploughed transversely with deep furrows. His eyes were small, deep set, grey, and very keen and twinkling. There was evidently a good deal of sarcastic humour in the lines about his mouth. The nose was long and well-shaped. A soiled white cravat enveloped his portly double-chin and neck—and his dress, which seemed to have been huddled on, not put on, consisted of a blue dress-coat, cut in antique style, and decorated with bright brass buttons—a lemon-coloured waistcoat, and snuff-coloured “continuations;” and a mean looking pair of old red slippers, which only half concealed some whity-brown stockings, completed his costume.

“Now, then, which of you wants me?” were his first words, which he uttered without removing from his elegant position before the fire.

The elder lady, by a sign, indicated that her daughter was the patient; and was about detailing the symptoms, when he interrupted her with—

“There, hold your tongue, madam!” then sitting by the young lady, he felt her pulse, asked her a few questions, gave a peculiar shrug with his shoulders, and then said to her mother—

“And pray, madam, from how far have you brought your daughter to see me?”

“From B——, sir,” was the reply. “Our family physician——”

“Didn’t tell you to send her to Mr. Abernethy, I’ll swear!” interrupted Abernethy—“a fool if he did!—

You've thrown away time and money, madam, by coming here!"

"What! *is* there real danger, sir?" asked the frightened mother.

"Fiddle-de-dee, madam! *There*, ma'am, (handing her a slip of paper, on which was written the name of his publisher) go and buy my book, and read page 84. I'll tell you how I came to write the book—there, sit down—don't be frightened—we'll get the red edges off your daughter's tongue, and make it less like a lancet in shape, and she'll do well enough. A great hulky Yorkshire farmer came here to consult me, and told me such a long story that it made me sick. Finding he only did what other people did—tire my patience—I thought I'd say, once for all, what I had to say on paper; and so I put it in a book, and it saves me a good deal of trouble. People come to me with their long stories, and then they wonder that I am rude to them. They abuse their systems, and then expect me to set them to rights all at once. Good morning, madam." So bidding us farewell, he handed a prescription, which he had written while talking, put the three guineas, tendered as his fee, into his waistcoat pocket, and rang a small bell, which summoned a servant, who showed us out through a different door from that by which we made our ingress.

We had not gone half a dozen steps from the door, when the young lady remembered that she had left her parasol on the table. She was hastening back for it, and had just reached the door, when it suddenly

opened, and Mr. Abernethy appeared, holding it in his hand:

“Hallo,” he called out, in a voice that half frightened the poor girl into hysterics, “here’s your what-d’ye call it. What the devil d’ye leave your d—d traps here for? I don’t want ’em.” And he rudely thrust it into her hand.

Well, thought I, people may well think that you are rude to them; at all events, I never saw any one so bearish before.

The second occasion on which I saw him was during the Medical Session in London, when he delivered his lectures in the Theatre of a Metropolitan Hospital. Owing to the great reputation of Mr. Abernethy, and in consequence, in some degree, of his eccentricity, as a man and a lecturer, his class was by far the most crowded in London. Hundreds of young men, who did not care a straw for the information he imparted, regularly went to his lectures, for the sake of the fun. In addition to these, many extra-professional gentlemen, and men about town, regularly attended his course, so that Abernethy’s day was always looked for with great anxiety. He was very popular with the pupils, and they paid him every respect; indeed he was one who would not be trifled with, and did not hesitate, if a pupil misconducted himself, to soundly rate him from the lecturing table.

He generally lectured at two o’clock in the day—and, at the time I am referring to, I had considerable

difficulty in procuring a seat, so early as one. I was fortunate enough to get a position in front of the gallery—fortunate only in one respect—for, as the crowds on the tiers of seats behind and above me increased, I was so pressed upon by the students, that my chest was compressed to half its diameter, against the iron rail which surrounded the gallery in front. They who know anything of medical students, may easily imagine the occurrences which transpired before the commencement of the proceedings. They were, by no means, of the most orderly character. Orange peel flew about, in all directions. Pieces of lint, chewed into pellets, were projected through hollowed arm-bones, and single vertebræ were flung at opposite neighbours. Caricatures of lecturers were drawn, and handed about. One very unpopular, and not particularly profound, examiner at Apothecaries' Hall, (a Mr. W——,) was personated by a student, who, in a mock examination, proposed questions to a fellow student opposite, who personated an unhappy candidate for the Diploma—and some such catechetical instruction as the following would be the order of the day:—

“I say, you Mr. Squills, where is the North Pole of the Liver?”

“You'll find it by digging through the Diaphragm, W——.”

“Why are apoplexy and palsy like spring flowers?”

“Because they're the first of the *neuroses*,” (new-roses.)

"Here, you Tom Tourniquet, why is the Extract of Belladonna like a good lecture?"

"Can't tell; it has something to do with the Iris, I know. Give it up."

"Because, spooney, it enlarges the capacity of the pupil."

"What's the dose of French Brandy? Can any body tell *that*?"

(From a hundred tongues.) "A noggin in the morning, two tumblers after dinner, and as much as you can get tick for at bed-time."

"What's the best thing for a sweat?"

"Antim. Tart., Pulv. Ipecac. Comp., egg-flip, and getting Steggall to grind us."

"And what, if that should fail?"

"Get W ——— to pluck you, at the Hall."

But, all at once, the hubbub ceased, for the dissecting-room porter entered, placed some jars, containing anatomical preparations, on the table, and, close at his heels, entered Mr Abernethy himself. Every hat and cap was instantly doffed, a round of applause was given, and then only the voice of the lecturer broke the silence.

Even an abstract of his lecture would be, of course, quite unintelligible. I shall, therefore, content myself with giving an account of his manner, as a lecturer and teacher.

From what I have already inserted, the reader may imagine his personal appearance. It was much the same on the latter as on the former occasion. He

commenced his lecture in a clear-toned voice, which had something of the Scotch accent, by a recapitulation of the heads of the last lecture, and then plunged at once into the subject of the day. During a great portion of the time, his hands were thrust into his breeches pockets, and he appeared to be on quite free and easy terms with his audience. Occasionally he would make some droll remark, which, accompanied by a twinkle of his keen, expressive eye, would convulse his hearers with laughter. The *manner* of his telling quaint stories, too, was quite as mirth-moving as the matter—and half the good things he said would be spoiled entirely if uttered by any other person. Of course, he has had a thousand-and-one stories foisted upon his reputation, which were not his; but he *did* often make the oddest and rudest remarks possible, and many of them quite unfit for “ears polite.”

When I heard him, he was lecturing on diseases of the stomach—and he indulged in some very severe remarks on the abuses which this organ was subjected to by various classes of persons—such as epicures and gourmands. I do not know whether it was his remark or a quotation, but I perfectly well remember his saying, in the course of his lecture, when treating of the digestive functions—“Many think, gentlemen, that the stomach resembles some of our culinary articles, in which the food is simmered down; others fancy it an oven, in which whatever we put into it is cooked by animal heat. There are those

who imagine it to be a tub, in which the food is macerated; but they are all wrong. It is neither a stew-pan—nor an oven—nor a mash-tub—but a stomach, gentlemen—a stomach!”

Speaking of the diseases of the stomach, he referred to the sympathetic disturbance of the functions of the optic nerves, and described how, in a case where his own gastric apparatus had got somewhat out of order, his sight was curiously affected. “One day,” said he, “I was going up the borough road, when, happening to look into a bookseller’s shop window, I discovered that, in addition to the little black spots, and rings, and ribbon-like filaments, which floated before my eyes, the halves of many long words were only visible. For instance, one of my books lay in the window, open at the title-page—and on my honour, gentlemen, I could see the *A-ber-knee* very well, but I couldn’t make out the *thigh* at all.” All these sallies were, of course, received with roars of laughter, during which Abernethy would shrug his shoulders, and occupy himself with his snuff-box.

I happened recently to hear an anecdote of Abernethy which is not generally known, and as it is very characteristic, I will give it in this place. I promise the reader that it shall be the only one of the many current stories respecting this eccentric man, for nearly all I have heard *tell* better in a merry party than on paper.

Doctor Tuckerman, an Unitarian clergyman of Boston, United States, some years ago visited London

for the express purpose of having Mr. Abernethy's advice on his case. The rev. divine was a very mild, gentlemanly man, and on his being introduced to the great surgeon, commenced talking something in this way :—

‘Mr. Abernethy—I reside many miles from hence, and have the charge of a little flock; and my little flock, sir, very kindly wishing me to have your opinion, consented to spare me for a time. I have, therefore, sir, left my little flock——’

But Abernethy's patience was exhausted, and, to the horror of the meek clergyman, he burst out with ‘D—n your little flock, sir, *stick out your tongue!*’

Some of these stories, however, redound much to his credit, for Abernethy, beneath a rough exterior, had a warm and a benevolent heart. Many a poor hard-working student has he not only admitted without a fee to his lectures, but assisted in the most delicate and substantial way. He died of a disease which, prior to his dissolution, he had most accurately described, and in many respects left not his equal behind him.

And now for MR. FARADAY. We are always, at least I am, apt to associate high mental acquirements with a somewhat dignified and staid deportment of person. Gravity would almost seem to be the handmaid of greatness, but they are not always combined; and certainly, so far as Mr. Faraday is concerned, it seems to keep at a rather respectable distance.

In illustration of this, I may mention the follow-

ing anecdote respecting this distinguished man, which was related to me by one who, in the field of chemical and electrical science, is equally as distinguished, and who deservedly enjoys an European reputation.

An American gentleman, some years since, visited England on a tour of pleasure, and being especially anxious to see Faraday, whose brilliant lectures at the Royal Institution had made his name known wherever science had diffused a single ray of its light, procured a letter of introduction to the distinguished *savan*, who happened to be, like himself, a member of the Swedenborgian Society. Arrived in London, he had occasion, before he delivered his letter, to meet, on some business or other, the deacons, elders, managers, or whatever they may be styled, of the Swedenborgian Church there. These officers were two of them grave-looking personages, as would beseem their position; but the third was youthful looking, volatile, and lively, to a degree, which is by no means common in the grave managers of a religious community. The nature of the business did not render it necessary that the stranger should be made acquainted with the names of the gentlemen alluded to, and he did not know, until the evening of the day, that he had been in company with Mr. Faraday; of course, when he became cognizant of the fact, he imagined that one of the grave-looking gentlemen must have been the celebrated philosopher. The next day he proceeded to Mr. Faraday's house with his letter, and to his utter

astonishment discovered that the young-looking, lively gentleman was the great man.

Some such an erroneous impression was obliterated from my mind when I saw Mr. Faraday in the chemical chair. He had a pleasant countenance, lighted up by a pair of the most lively, restless black eyes I ever saw in the head of man, or woman either. His hair too, was jet black, curly, and parted in the very centre of his forehead, not giving him, as hair disposed in that manner sometimes does, a sleek, sheepish appearance, but a smart, jaunty, natty air. In person, he was slender, and of about the average height. It is a common mode of expression, to say that a man who is restless "is upon wires;" in Faraday's case, the allusion would be quite appropriate, for he was never still half a minute together, and there was such a continual lively smile, not a smirk, on his lips, that it really was pleasant to look at him. He had the familiar nod and the cheerful recognition for every one, and seemed to feel a real anxiety to make every one about him comfortable; and with all his splendid attainments, there was so much humility apparent, that his genius blazed ten times the brighter for his seeming unconsciousness of it.

His style of lecturing is very brilliant, and I have heard those who had listened to that most poetical and fascinating of scientific lecturers, the late Sir Humphrey Davy, say, that in point of felicitous illustration, Faraday is scarcely to be considered his inferior. His voice is musical, and well modulated,

and I can scarcely imagine a higher mental treat than that offered by hearing Faraday lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. There, behind the great lecturing table, with his coat sleeves turned back at the wrists—his eyes flashing with enthusiasm, as he discourses on his favourite topic, to perhaps as brilliant an audience, whether personally or mentally considered, as any in the world, he stands one of the wonders of his own wonderful age, discoursing eloquently on the marvels, which his own mind and hand have in part revealed.

There, the observed of all observers, stands the *quondam* bookbinder's boy, who was one day surprised whilst busily studying the article "Electricity" in a Cyclopædia which he was employed to bind. He first "sounded his dim and perilous way" over the ocean of knowledge with few and unimportant aids. Of an old bottle he made his first electrical machine, and with such like humble aids he went on, until his genius attracted notice. Since then his career has been a brilliant one. The recent discoveries of Mr. Faraday with respect to the influence of magnetism on light have conferred additional lustre on his name. I had the pleasure of hearing his recent lecture on that interesting topic, but was much struck with the change in his personal appearance since I first saw him. His face was paler, and his bright eyes were spectacled; his jet black hair, too, worn parted as of yore, had lost its sable hue, and was iron grey. But the same plea-

sant smile remained, and his voice was as delightful as ever. I thought his style of lecturing was somewhat easier and more colloquial. This was especially apparent in his juvenile course of lectures, which it well became.

Professor Faraday is, unquestionably, one of the first, if not the first, natural philosopher of his day. His brilliant discoveries have wafted his name to the ends of the world, and whilst yet in his prime, he enjoys an universal reputation. Long may the sun of science shine on the pathway of one who follows in the footsteps of those great discoverers, who, in past times, worthily filled the high position which he at present so efficiently occupies.

CHAPTER XI.

SKETCHES FROM A "PRIVATE BOX."

It is many years ago since I first saw Paganini, but the performance of his "Carnival of Venice" by Sivori, at one of Jullien's concerts, a few evenings since, forcibly revived my impressions of that emperor of fiddlers. Few who ever looked upon his gaunt form and spectral face can ever forget it, but as there are hundreds who never had the opportunity of being startled by his wild appearance, I have ventured to include him in my sketch-book, and shall take the opportunity of including in this semi-theatrical chapter, a few other pen-and-ink portraits of noticeable people.

Long before I heard this remarkable musician, a thousand exaggerated rumours were in circulation respecting him. Some said that his violin was his familiar spirit—others, that he had acquired his extraordinary skill whilst incarcerated in a dungeon at Naples, for some horrible crime; and there were not wanting those who hinted that the devil had lent him

his violin, on the stern condition that after playing on it for a number of years, he should personally return it, and deliver up himself, into the bargain, to the father of evil. Of course great anxiety was manifested to see and hear him ; so having paid seven and sixpence sterling for a ticket, and it was hard to procure it at that price, I got tightly packed in the pit of the — Theatre, where I waited anxiously for the appearance of the lord of the "unerring (fiddle) bow."

Several pieces were to be performed before PAGANINI made his appearance, and these, like oysters and lemon juice before a Parisian feast, served only as sharpeners of the appetite for what was to follow. This preliminary playing and singing was doubtless very fine, but it passed off heavily enough, and glad was I to discover, by the aid of the programme, that "The Carnival of Venice," by Paganini, was the next piece.

An interval of a few minutes. The "gods" of the gallery have sobered down. Nuts are no longer cracked, and the shells showered down on the heads of those in the pit. The popping of ginger beer corks has ceased, and the cry of "apples an' oranges" is heard no more. The pit folks have squeezed themselves into as comfortable positions as possible, and along the boxes is seen a row of anxious faces, and a line of ready opera-glasses. There is a dead silence in the house. The musicians in the orchestra are all on the *qui vive*; the first fiddle looks amazingly

anxious, as if he knew that an extinguisher was about to be put on him; the flutes rest with their lips half puckered up, and fingers resting lightly on their orifices; the clarionets stand with their reeds ready for vibration, and the drum-sticks describe an angle of forty-five. There is a waving of the curtain, and a prolonged sh—— goes round the house; a little bell rings once, and the musicians fix their eyes intently on their books, all but the flutes, who squint at the stage,—another, and a louder ring—and up goes the green baize. Up—up—up—till the last fold of the curtain is invisible, and there is the broad open stage, with a grand piano in its midst. A gentleman, dressed very neatly in black, with a music book in his primrose gloved hand, enters, bows, and takes his seat at the instrument. He looks first at the audience with quite an air of unconcern, as if he had already seen and knew everything about the great man; he has all the calm consequence of a person who knows what others do not know about him. Now he hems, looks intently at the wing, and as he gives a jerk on his chair, and takes off his gloves, it is evident some one is coming. How deathlike is the silence!

With the slow and stealthy step of a tiger drawing near enough to its victim, in order to make the sure and fatal spring—noiselessly, and with a horribly sardonic smile on his countenance, glides sideways from behind the wing, a being who startles every one that beholds him. He is very tall, and so remarkably thin that his black clothes fall loosely about him—

his trowsers bagging as if they hung upon poles. These trowsers were so large that, at their termination, where they came in contact with his small, lady-like shoe, the polished leather of which seemed just to cover the tips of his toes, they seemed of exactly the same width, united, as his shoulders. His hips did not in the least project, so that he appeared, from his arm-pits downwards, to be of exactly the same breadth; there was no projecting point to disturb the straight line. His double-breasted coat had long skirts, and was buttoned up close to his chin, round which was a white cravat, and a turned down collar. But, extraordinary as was his figure, his face and head were the great points of attraction and wonder; so much so were they, that, when a first glimpse of the face, especially, was caught, people involuntarily drew back, as if they had seen a spectre.

He was ghastly pale. In the centre of his forehead, which had nothing very remarkable as to its developments, that I could see, at least, his jet black hair was parted, and from thence it fell down in curly and waving masses over his shoulders. His eyebrows were dark, and, where the outer parts terminated, there were deep *fossæ* in the temples. His nose was slightly beaked, and on either side of it were the most remarkable eyes that, I believe, mortal ever possessed. They were small, dark, and not sparkling, but of a lustre more resembling that of polished steel, when seen in a dimly lighted room, than anything else I can compare them to. Their expression, as he smiled

horribly at the audience, in recognition of their plaudits, and as he bowed his long back, was absolutely snake-like. As I said, he came on the stage sideways, gradually, as he bowed and smiled, approaching to near the centre. His arms were so long, that as he bent, the fiddle and bow, which he held in one hand, would have touched the stage, but that he held them obliquely. At last he reached the front and almost the middle of the stage, near the foot-lights, drew himself up to his full height, held out his violin at arm's length, surveyed it as if it were the most beloved thing in the universe, and then slowly brought it to his shoulder, with as much gravity as if it had been a deity and he a devotee.

With a firm and decided air the great Maestro planted his right foot a little in advance of his left, which remained with the knee firmly fixed, threw back his head, then inclined his left ear towards his fiddle, smiling faintly, as if it were saying something to him and he was intently listening; and lastly, lifting his long fiddle bow high in the air, stood, with flashing eyes and compressed lips, a few seconds—motionless—a perfect study.

At a nod from Paganini, the orchestra struck up, and the pianist's fingers flew over the ivory keys—but still, like a sorcerer with his wand, stood the king of fiddlers, with his uplifted bow. At length, a faint smile stole over his rigid and marble-like features, and every heart beat quickly, as his long arm descended, so gradually, that you could scarcely see it

move ; bringing the lower end of the stick upon the strings of the instrument. To the disappointment of many, however, it rose again, and remained an inch or two from the bridge, whilst the exceedingly long fingers of his left hand struck a few notes, which were heard sharply and distinctly, above the warblings of the flutes and the grumbling of the trombones. Once more his arm ascends, and now it comes down so delicately on the smallest string, that something like the shadow of an exquisite sound is heard—"so soft, so sweet, so delicately clear," that it is heard as distinctly as a silver rivulet is seen winding its sinuous course through a vernal wood. It is unlike anything one ever before heard produced from the instrument, or rather it seems as if the sense of hearing had been sharpened. And now succeeds a flood of delicious melody, which laps the audience in elysium. It is not, cannot be fiddling ; and see, the leader of the band has forgotten himself and sits in wide-mouthed wonder, listening to the astonishing effects of Paganini's genius. The Maestro, as his inspiration becomes more profound, partakes of the enthusiasm which he has created, and his snakey eyes flash almost supernatural fire. He smiles a ghastly smile as he

"Pours forth the notes like enchanted wine,
Loosens the chords in a silver shower."

By a change in the composition, he now produces the most discordant notes, and then surprises all, by alternating them with snatches of almost celestial

harmony. Now he moves to tears, and anon convulses with laughter. His violin, for a few seconds, nearly roars; and then, as he slowly draws the bow across the "quivering strings," he elicits a sound

"—— so fine that nothing lives
'Twixt it and silence."

At length the spell ceases—the finale is played, and with outspread arms, the bow in one hand and the fiddle in the other, he bows himself off the stage, smiling horribly, as when he entered from the wing.

Not the least interesting portion of the proceedings, were the astonished looks of the musicians, especially of the fiddlers; and when they commenced playing in the interval between the first and second appearance of Paganini, I could not help thinking of the couplet, addressed by some one to a very indifferent musician:—

"When Orpheus played so well, he moved Old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick."

Not that the leader of that evening was a second-rate artist. By no means; he was one of the first in his line; but what excellence could stand, when compared with Paganini? Like Cavanagh, the celebrated racket player, to whom Hazlitt refers in his *Table Talk*—the Italian had not only no equal, but no one stood second to him.

The only musician who has in popularity at all rivalled Paganini, is Ole Bull. Few, however, who have heard both, will be disposed to admit that the

latter is worthy to be named with the former. *Paganini* possessed *genius*—Ole Bull sedulously cultivated talent alone. *Paganini* hopelessly distanced all competitors. Ole Bull has been excelled by *Vieuxtemps*, *Artot*, and *De Beriot*. The former resembled, in his moods of inspiration, the rushing cataract; the latter would be more appropriately symbolized by the placid, rolling river. Energy, force, passion, boundless enthusiasm belonged to the one; grace, tenderness, mildness, and sweetness to the other. *Paganini* demanded and received the homage due to exalted genius. Ole Bull wins applause by the very power of his gentleness. In short, the Italian attained, scarcely with an effort, to heights which the Norwegian never can reach, though he devote a life-time to the pursuit. I do not wish to depreciate the talents of Ole Bull; he is admirable, but he has not, nor has any one else, caught the falling mantle of the wonderful *Paganini*.

The next morning, on passing the door of the Royal Hotel, I observed a crowd in the street. On asking the waiter what caused it, I learned that *Paganini's* chaise was at the door, and that the people had collected to catch a glimpse of him, as he got into it. "One fool, they say, makes many," and so I joined them. I had not waited long before I saw him coming down the stairs. He had on a blue cloth cap, from which hung what appeared to be a bullion tassel, and he was so muffled up in the folds of a most voluminous fur-lined cloak, that I could see

nothing of him but his pale, hawk-like nose, and his two dark, awful-looking eyes, which seemed to have no occupation but in anxiously looking after a little boy, who, muffled up like himself, was taken to the chaise in the arms of an attendant, his own servant. This was his son, the only living thing, it is said, towards whom he exhibited any marks of attachment. The landlord afterwards told me that, happening one day to enter his guest's room unannounced, he found Paganini lying on the floor, hugging and kissing the child with the utmost earnestness. The great fiddler, however, was much enraged at the intrusion, and immediately on the man's retiring, locked the door, a precaution he failed not to take during the remainder of his stay.

* * * * *

Whilst I am on the subject of theatrical sights, let me refer to another memorable evening. I once visited one of the London houses, and after having undergone so awful a squeezing that, like poor Hood's Spoiled Child, if I had been held up I could scarcely have been seen edgeways, I found myself in the midst of as dense a crowd as can well be imagined, in the pit of one of the great metropolitan theatres. I had endured the enormous pressure outside the door for more than two hours before they were opened, and when they were unbarred, had literally been carried nearly as far as the paying place, by the living stream which flowed from without, inwards. As soon as I had recovered from the terrific scramble

for a seat, I looked about me, and a brilliant spectacle met my view.

From orchestra to ceiling was one dense mass of human beings. The dress circle was unusually thronged; and, amongst the brilliant audience were many of both sexes, whose names have shed a lustre on English literature. Nearly every author of note, in London, was present; and the reason of this was, that Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion" was to try its chance with the public that night for the first time.

In the very centre box (I believe) of the dress circle, and on the front seat, sat an elderly lady, whose personal appearance formed a very striking contrast to theirs who sat on either side of her. On her right and left-hand were elegantly and superbly dressed ladies, of exceeding beauty, who shone in all the glories of diamonds and ostrich plumes. Youth and loveliness were all around her; and yet that plain, elderly little lady attracted more notice than the brightest of them. People turned from the belles in the boxes to gaze upon the withered little lady; who, if she ever possessed any personal charms, had certainly lost them "long, long ago."

The lady in question was not only elderly—as we courteously call people, who are far down the hill of life—but absolutely old. Although seated, it was plainly to be seen that she was low in stature, and her frame very slender, thin, and attenuated, but graceful withal. Her face was small, and the features

pinched; I know no other term which would convey what I mean so well as that. The skin of her face was of a bilious hue, much wrinkled, and strained somewhat tightly over the bridge of a rather aquiline and sharply-pointed nose. Her grey hair was simply parted on her fine forehead, and confined beneath a plainly made mob-cap. I do not know whether my lady readers will know what kind of a cap this is. If they do not, I am sorry for it, for I am no great hand at describing such matters. Her eyes were small, dark, and very brilliant; and, even at her advanced age, she did not wear spectacles constantly—never, indeed, whilst looking at the stage. I only saw them in use when she had occasion to refer to the bill of the play. She was dressed in a very plain, dark (brown, I think) silk gown, made so as to fit closely round the throat; and had long black silk gloves on, which reached half way up her arms. This was the authoress of the "Plays of the Passions," the most powerful of England's female writers — JOANNA BAILLIE.

From the somewhat masculine character of Miss Baillie's poetry, I had anticipated seeing quite a different looking personage from what she turned out to be, and I could not help experiencing something like a feeling of disappointment, as I gazed on the frail looking lady before me. Certainly no one, on looking at her, would suspect her of being the Authoress of "De Montfort."

In the next box to Joanna Baillie, sat WILLIAM

WORDSWORTH, and the great Poet of course was an object of not a little attention. As soon as he entered the house he was recognised and loudly cheered. Whether he was ignorant that the compliment was intended for him, or not, I cannot tell—but he did not notice it. He leaned over and shook hands with Joanna, and then sat down, removed his green spectacles, and leaning his thoughtful looking head on his hand, gazed round the house, nodding to one and another, as he recognised them. I always thought that Wordsworth's face had much of sadness in its expression, and this struck me very forcibly on the night in question. He looked more like a man borne down by some heavy grief, than a profound thinker—his smile, whenever he chanced to greet any acquaintance, was really a solemn affair, and it speedily vanished, as if the effort to display it, if but for a moment, was too painful for long continuance. On my mentioning this circumstance to Mrs. Sigourney, the American poetess, she said, that she had remarked the same 'sad look,' even in his own house, and when surrounded by his family.

But despite this, who could look at the "Bard of Rydal," and not feel a flush of pride, and a glow of satisfaction, that he was in the presence of one of Nature's High Priests? During the whole of the Tragedy, and on that first night it occupied nearly five hours in the performance, Wordsworth did not leave his seat, and frequently paid a tribute of admiration to his brother poet, by applauding portions

of the piece. Indeed, he thumped with his stick most lustily, and if Talfourd saw him, he must have been not a little gratified by *such* approvals of his Tragedy.

In a side box of the second tier, sat a lady, whom Lord Byron, in speaking of her, might well call "most gorgeous LADY BLESSINGTON," for seldom have mortal eyes rested on a more magnificent specimen of woman-kind. In this instance, all the ideas of her extraordinary beauty which I had gathered from published portraits were more than realized. She was rather more *en bon point* than I expected to have seen her—but what in others would have been a defect, seemed, in her case, to be an added charm. As she carelessly leaned against the pillar of her box, she realized Byron's description—her form

"Being somewhat large, and languishing and lazy,
But of a beauty that would drive you crazy."

She was elegantly and, almost as a matter of course, simply dressed. A black velvet dress displayed her superb figure to the best advantage—her hair was disposed in much the same mode as we see in portraits of Queen Victoria, and a single row of large pearls encircled her head—a pearl necklace, a diamond stomacher, and a plain gold bracelet, were her only extra personal adornments.

It would be absurd in me to attempt a description of Lady Blessington's style of beauty. The engraved portrait of her, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which every

one has seen, will convey all the information that is necessary on this point. Neither Chalon nor Parris have at all succeeded in portraying her to the life. Count D'Orsay's sketch of her is the best.

Standing behind Lady Blessington, and familiarly conversing with her, was the famous Count D'Orsay,

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

As he stood, his fine form relieved by the drapery of the box, he certainly appeared to be one of the best looking, and certainly the very best dressed man I ever saw. I say one of the best looking; for he by no means carries away the palm in this respect. He is rather effeminate than otherwise in face. His hair is light—so are his whiskers, which almost conceal the lower part of his face, and meet, in monstrous bushiness, under his well-shaped chin—and so is his complexion. Seen in profile, his features are exquisitely regular; but still there is an unmanly softness—a prettiness, which ill becomes a lord of the creation, about it. His dress was faultless in colour and cut—perfectly plain and simple, and fitting to a nicety; but the great perfection of his art in dressing, was the art he showed in concealing it.

Count D'Orsay, as well as the best dressing, is one of the most accomplished men of his day. A writer in Ainsworth's Magazine says of him, "He has successively enriched the gallery that bears his name, with the portraits of the fair, the learned, the noble, and the highly gifted; the statesman, the poet, the

wit, the beauty, the philosopher, shine like stars in the firmament of his creation :

" Illustre suono
E di nome magnifico, e di cose,"

and he, who in after days would seek to know the brightest names in the early annals of Victoria's reign, need only turn the pages which now lie open before us." The same writer remarks :

" In the sister art of modelling, the accomplished Count has displayed equal skill ; and we propose on an early occasion to recur to his productions ; meanwhile, we may mention that a pair of equestrian statuettes of the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon, recently completed, are perfect gems, and need only to be seen, to be universally admired."

Before I quit my sketching-box let us note an individual, whom we can just catch a glimpse of in the "pit." He is strongly built and rather below the middle height—his face is round and fresh coloured, and he wears a profusion of light hair. Were we near enough to hear the remarks he is making to a neighbour, we should discover that he has a strong Nottinghamshire dialect, though he possesses none of the shyness or awkwardness of a countryman. A friend of ours, who, some years since, met him at a party, heard from his own lips the following particulars of his literary history :—

He was born on the borders of Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood and his merry men flourished in

times of old. From childhood (he was then about five or six and twenty) he had loved to wander in the green woods and lanes, and unconsciously his poetic sensibilities were thus fostered. His station in life was very humble, and at an early age he learned basket-making, by which occupation he earned a bare subsistence. He married early, and the increasing wants of a family led him to try the experiment of publishing some poems and sketches, but, owing to want of patronage, no benefit resulted to him. He at last determined to go to London—that fancied paradise of young authors—that great reservoir of talent—too often, that grave of genius. Thither he went, leaving for the present his family behind, and, alighting from the stage coach, found himself in the Strand—a stranger amongst thousands, with just seven shillings and sixpence in his pocket. He soon made the melancholy discovery that a stranger in London, however great may be his talents, stands but a poor chance of getting on, without the assistance of some helping hand; so, to keep body and soul together, he set to work making baskets. In this occupation he continued some time, occasionally sending some little contribution to the periodicals. At length, Fortune smiled on her patient wooer. One day, whilst he was engaged in bending his osiers, he was surprised by a visit from Mr. W. H. Harrison, Editor of the well-known Annual, "Friendship's Offering." That gentleman had seen one or two pieces of Miller's, and been struck with their originality.

He found him out, after much labour, and asked him to write a poem for the forthcoming volume of the "Offering."

Miller was then so poor that he had not pen, ink, or paper; so he got some whitey-brown paper, in which sugar had been wrapped, mixed up some soot with water for his ink, and then sat down—the back of a bellows serving for a desk—and wrote his well-known lines on an "Old Fountain." These beautiful verses being completed, he sealed his letter with some moistened bread for a wafer, and forwarded them, with many hopes and fears, to the Editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr. Harrison forwarded the poet two guineas for them. "I never had been so rich in my life before," said the Basket-maker to my friend, "and I fancied some one would hear of my fortune and try to rob me of it—so, at night, I barred the door and went to bed, but did not sleep all night, from delight and fear." Miller still, to his honour, continued the certain occupation of basket-making, but he was noticed by many—amongst others, by Lady Blessington, who sent for him, recommended his book, and did him substantial service. "Often," said Miller, "have I been sitting in Lady Blessington's splendid drawing-room in the morning, talking and laughing as familiarly as in the old house at home, and, on the same evening, I might have been seen standing on Westminster Bridge, between an apple-vendor and a baked-potato merchant, vending my baskets."

Miller now tried his hand at a novel, "Royston Gower," which succeeded well, and then another, "Fair Rosamond;"—he read diligently at the British Museum, and was perseveringly industrious. Afterwards he became the publisher of his own works. He now frequently contributes to the Magazines and Annuals, and the freshness of his former works is quite as observable as of yore. He is an amiable man and a true poet.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO MONTGOMERIES AND EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

EVERYBODY has heard of James Montgomery, the "Christian poet," as he has been fitly termed, but I have been surprised to find how many persons, even in this day of general reading, there are who do not sufficiently distinguish between his productions and those of the Montgomery whom we are apt to regard in a Satanic light. I shall endeavour, in this chapter, to introduce both to the reader, in order that the Bard of Sheffield may be fairly portrayed, and that he who sung of the devil, may, like that awful personage, have his due.

Many years ago, I knew Robert Montgomery, when, unadorned with gown and bands, he edited a small periodical in the city of Bath. He was at that time very dapper in appearance, and rather good-looking, but, as a literary man, had attracted little or no notice. Some time after this I lost sight of him altogether, and the next tidings of him were contained in the title-page of a volume of poetry, the

subject being the daring one of the "Omnipresence of the Deity." The name of Montgomery had long been familiar to the poetical world; for many years James had been before the public, and when a new poem "by Montgomery" was advertised, people overlooked the "Robert," and rushed to purchase. Edition after edition of the "Omnipresence" was rapidly disposed of, and when the new Christian name was at length talked about, the young man's popularity, as evidenced by the great sale of his work, was trumpeted forth in all the old lady coteries of the land. Of course a great many people laughed—but what of that? a *hit* had been made, and a little fortune too. Pollok's "Course of Time," which, I believe, was published about the same period as Montgomery's "Omnipresence," was, although really a fine production, almost lost in the blaze of popularity which lighted upon the rival poem; but Wilson, in a slashing critique in Blackwood, stripped the borrowed plumes from one writer, in order to bestow on another the rightful reward of genius.

Montgomery next produced, I believe, "Satan," and I rather think that it was not to this poem he prefixed the affected portrait of himself, which every one laughed at. The poem, if such it might be called, earned a title for its author which has, in spite of his sacerdotal character, stuck to him ever since, and which effectually distinguishes him from James. Having exhausted his diabolical inventions, he became excessively devoted to the fair sex, and

produced his "Woman, the Angel of Life." He afterwards went to Oxford, became an M.A., and after residing some time in Glasgow, was installed minister of Percy Chapel, London, to which place of worship I repaired, a few mornings since, for the purpose of hearing him.

Percy Chapel is one of the metropolitan fashionable places of worship. There was a very pompous beadle at the door, who bustled about prodigiously whenever a carriage drew up, and who drove away from the house of the Lord every one who had a poverty-stricken appearance, with most exemplary vigilance. On entering the body of the chapel, this functionary hinted to me that I had better go into the gallery, so I mounted the stairs, and in a trice found myself amongst a company of Lilliputian grandmothers, who are called charity girls. It was rather a chilly morning, and I quite pitied the poor little creatures as they sat in their cold corner, with blue noses and purple arms, on either side of the organ, and thought that a cloak would have been no very great breach of charity-school etiquette. People passed by me to their seats, but no one offered me one, so at last I applied to one of the pew-openers, a pinched-up looking widow, as she hurried past me. It was no use, however; for although there were plenty of seats vacant, she paid me no more attention than if I had been a block of stone. At last, when tired of standing, I remembered that I was in a fashionable church, where piety must be paid for;

so when the old lady next approached me, I put my hand in my pocket, and immediately perceived that the action had the effect of relaxing the muscles of her grim countenance. 'Will you get me a seat, if possible, ma'am?' said I, for the twentieth time; but this time I slipped a shilling into her hand.

She received it so dexterously, that no one could have suspected her of having taken a bribe—not a bit of it; nor did she betray herself by putting it into her pocket. I heard it clink against some companion coin, and have no doubt, from what I afterwards observed, that she made a "pretty penny" of it that morning. Before long (oh! potent shilling!) I was snugly esconced in a comfortable pew directly fronting the pulpit.

The morning was very foggy, and so the gas-lights in the chandelier were burning. All round the gallery were little festoons of evergreens, for the Christmas season had scarcely passed, and on either side the pulpit were two large, showy bouquets of brilliant flowers. This same pulpit was a very well padded one, and the cushion was so much stuffed that it appeared plethoric and ready to burst with pride, as a fashionable church's pulpit-cushion should. The organ also was decorated with holly, fantastically arranged; in short, everything looked natty, and the reader will presently agree with me, that if they had not, they would have been quite out of character with the fashionable preacher. A curate read the prayers; and when they had terminated, and whilst

a psalm was being sung, the Rev. Robert Montgomery ascended the pulpit stairs, and having bowed his head in private devotion, and then uttered the preliminary prayer, commenced his discourse.

He stood so high in the pulpit, that two-thirds of his figure were visible above the aforementioned well-stuffed cushion. He was what one would call a "pretty looking parson;" his hair of a dark colour, was carefully parted in the centre of his forehead, and combed aside, terminating in two very precisely arranged curls, which did not look *very* natural, but they might have been for all that; his eyebrows were as regular as if pencilled; he had pretty good dark eyes, and as he affectedly glanced round on the crowded congregation, it seemed as if a faint smile of self-satisfaction played upon his lips. His gown was most carefully disposed—not a fold was out of order, and the bands were of snowy whiteness and most precise pattern. I have heard that Mr. Montgomery sometimes sports ruffles, but I did not observe them on this occasion. As it was, there was a good deal too much of the "nice young man" about him to square with my perhaps antiquated notions.

Mr. Montgomery, after giving out his text, commenced his discourse with very great fluency, using no notes, excepting occasionally referring to a slip of paper which was inserted between the leaves of his small bible. It appeared to me that he had learned his discourse, and was now reciting it, as a school-boy does his lesson. His voice was harsh and ill-

modulated, and his manner very affected. As to the sermon itself, it appeared to be little else than a tissue of laborious conceits, wrapped up in very hard words. Simplicity had nothing to do with it; and if ever a grain of wheat showed itself, he immediately hid it beneath the chaff of his illustration. There was nothing like argument; or, if he did attempt anything in that way, he only created tinselled giants for the purpose of displaying his own dexterity in knocking them down. There were such observations as these,—he talked of “God radiating his own eternity from his own essence;” “God-ward accretions of grace, and Devil-ward accretions of sin;” of “light touching sentiment in its most exquisite centre.” He remarked, that “a holy man in a room radiated sanctity;” observed, that “when he visited poor people they sometimes said they had such and such a feeling, but that he always told them that they had nothing to do with feeling!” And in winding up his discourse, he assured his hearers that he had arrived at certain views after “prayerful and hard study.” The sermon was indeed

“—— a fine specimen on the whole,
Of rhetoric, which the learned call rigmarole.”

And it concluded, without its having left any abiding impression on the mind, without having aroused any new train of thought, or thrown fresh light on any topic, by the opening of the orator's eyes, which had been closed during the greater part of his discourse, and by a graceful flourish of his pocket-handkerchief.

I heard many comments on the discourse as I made my way towards the door ; ladies lisped out their admiration of the " sweet sermon," and fragrant young gentlemen chimed in their praises of the " splendid preacher." For my own part, having expected just what I had heard, I was by no means disappointed.

As a warning to all who may pay their shillings for seats in fashionable churches, I would record in this place the fact, that I had not long been snug in my corner, when a lady of ponderous proportions came to the pew, and ordered me to " let her have her seat." Common politeness made me vacate it, although, having paid for it, I considered it as much or more mine than hers ; and common prudence will in future suggest to me the propriety of keeping my money, and not purchasing with it an already disposed-of property. There are bribery and corruption in the seats at Percy Chapel, I find, as well as in those of St. Stephen's.

* * * *

The first time I ever saw James Montgomery was on the occasion of his presiding at a public Anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. As he proceeded down the aisle of the Chapel, towards the platform, I had no difficulty whatever in distinguishing the " Christian Poet," as he is termed, from the crowd of gentlemen by whom he was surrounded, owing to the resemblance he bore to the many portraits of him which I have seen. Amidst

much cheering, he took his place in the seat of honour, and I had then a good opportunity of observing him.

And I looked at him with no little interest, for his sweet and touching poetry had been familiar to me from childhood. He appeared of the middle height, or a trifle under it, and his dress was plain black : indeed, he would have been taken by most persons for a clergyman. Over a high and well-formed forehead, were combed some thin locks of hair, the colour of which must have, at one time, approached to a sandy hue, but which now was of a yellowish grey colour ; the upper portion of the forehead was nearly bald ; his eyes were deep set, of a light colour, and not particularly expressive or lustrous ; the nose was long, and slightly aquiline, and his mouth small, and by no means well formed. A large white cravat enveloped his neck, and almost buried his chin in its ample folds. The prevailing expression of his features was of a very pensive character—almost, indeed, of sadness ; and in this respect he presented a very marked contrast to the pert and perking appearance of his namesake, Robert.

Mr. Montgomery opened the meeting with a few rather common-place observations. His voice was thin, weak, and very tremulous, and his action by no means graceful. It might be that I had wound up my expectations to too high a pitch, or that the subject on which he spoke was not calculated to display his peculiar powers—but the truth is, I was much disappointed. The speech was anything but what I

should have expected from the author of the "Pelican Island."

I afterwards heard Mr. Montgomery deliver a course of lectures on English Poetry. When they were announced, a great sensation was created, for it was naturally supposed that from a poet we should have a brilliant exposition of his theme. They were delivered in the theatre of the B—— Institution, and were well attended; but their success was by no means commensurate with the literary repute of the lecturer. Mr. Montgomery is not adapted by nature for a public orator. There was a tremulous monotony in his tones, which induced a listlessness on the part of his auditory: and although now and then the true poet burst forth in a blaze of exceeding beauty, the flashes were meteoric and transient. On the whole, these lectures were a failure; but their want of success might, perhaps, be more justly attributable to the style of their delivery, than to any glaring defects in the subject matter itself.

A friend of mine, in describing an evening which some years ago he spent with James Montgomery says,—“In the course of the evening the conversation turned on Robert Montgomery’s poetry, which was then making a great noise; James, for some time, took no part in what was going on, but remained an attentive listener. At last it seemed as if flesh and blood could bear it no longer, for he commented on the meanness of “Satan Bob,” in assuming his

name, for the purpose of cheating the public into the purchase of his wares. "It has been a serious business to me," said the true Montgomery, "for I am constantly receiving letters, evidently intended for another person, in which I am either mercilessly abused, for what I never wrote, or bespattered with compliments of the most nauseating character. Many, to this day, do not distinguish between me and Robert Montgomery, and so I am, in a great measure, robbed of what little hard-earned fame I possess." The poet evidently was much mortified by Robert's bearing his name, and did not endeavour to disguise his chagrin. His intimate friends say that this is the only subject which ruffles the habitual serenity of his mind ; and well it may, for it must be no trifling annoyance to see that fame, which was acquired by years of toil and patient endurance, perilled in the minds of many by the productions of the author of "Oxford," and "Woman."

Every lover of James Montgomery's poetry will be gratified by my inserting in this volume, a copy of verses by him, but very little known. They were produced under the following circumstances. Such a poem, written "to order" on no very arousing theme, proves genius as much as his "Wanderer of Switzerland," or the "World before the Flood."

Four years since a ladies' bazaar was got up in Cardiff Castle, for the purpose of procuring funds to aid in the erection of a Church, on the site of one

which had been washed away, two hundred years before, by a flood of the River Severn, and consequently of a great influx of waters into the Estuary of the Bristol Channel. It was considered that if some poems on the subject could be procured from popular writers, and published in an embellished form, they would materially aid the objects in view. Mr. James Montgomery, and also Mr. Wordsworth, were applied to, and both of them kindly complied with the request made, by sending, the former a poem, and the latter a sonnet. Two other poems were published, by friends to the cause. The four were brought out in very splendid style, and fully answered the objects for which they were written. I now subjoin the contributions of Montgomery and Wordsworth; the latter, principally for the purpose of showing how differently two great poets would treat a common subject. Both productions have long since been out of print, and are not included in any collected volume. They will therefore have almost all the charm of perfect novelty.

SONNET.

When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
St. Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry
"Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown
That ye to Him your love may testify;
Haste, and rebuild the Pile"—But not a stone
Resumed its place. Age after age went by
And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety
In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
In power, and Poesy would lend her voice

Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
 That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
 Oh ! in the Past if cause there was for shame,
 Let not our Times halt in their better choice.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, 23rd Jan. 1842.

The following is Mr. Montgomery's poem, which
 he entitles

CARDIFF CHURCH LOST AND RESTORED.

Here stood a Church,—a house of God,
 An earthly temple, built with stones;
 Its courts our father's footsteps trod,
 Its graves received our father's bones:
 The hymn of praise, the voice of prayer,
 The gospel trumpet sounded there;
 And ransomed spirits, in Heaven's bliss,
 May round the throne remember this.

But earthly temples must decay—
 By slow or swift destruction fall;
 And time or tide will wear away
 The stateliest tower, the strongest wall:
 Here both conspired; in one dark hour,
 To sap the wall—bring down the tower;
 To storm the sanctuary, and sweep
 Its very ruins to the deep!

The river rushed upon the sea—
 The sea the river's rage repelled,
 All the wild winds, at once set free,
 War with the warring waters held:
 On fire with foam the surges seem,
 While vehemently beat the stream,
 And rocked the fabric to and fro,
 As if an Earthquake heaved below.

Till, as in dead of night, the flash
 Of lightning issues from a cloud,
 Chased by the thunder, crash on crash,
 Down to the gulph the Temple bowed;

Bowed, for a moment, on the spot,
Another moment, it was not !
O'er the LOST CHURCH the billows boomed,
And with its wreck its tombs entombed !

“ Thus far, nor farther shall ye go,”
The river heard that voice and fled ;
Spanning the firmament, GOD'S bow,
The sign of wrath retiring, spread ;
Promise of future glory gave,
And resurrection from the grave,
When circling seasons had fulfilled
The term his sovereign counsel willed.

The fulness of that time behold !
Nine generations, in their haste,
Have passed where stood that Church of old,
Yet still the hallowed ground lies waste ;
Ye, who where they once breathed now breathe,
To your posterity bequeath
Of your existence here well spent,
A House of Prayer, as monument.

From granite rocks the pile renew—
From Cambrian mines the ore be wrought,
From ancient woods the timber hew,
To body forth creative thought ;
And bid the second temple rise
A land and sea-mark to all eyes,
Which shall outshine the first as far
As harvest-moon the morning star.

“ There is a house not built with hands,
Eternal in the Heavens,” for them
Who journey singly or in bands,
To seek the New Jerusalem ;
With these may all who worship here,
Age after age, in turn appear,
Where that which men call death on earth,
Spirits shall deem their better birth.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield, Feb. 23rd, 1842.

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‘Have you ever heard Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymmer, speak?’ said a friend to me, when I was once visiting Sheffield.

‘Never,’ I replied, ‘but I should much like to.’

‘Well, he lives some three miles from here, at Upperthorpe; but he is to speak to-night, at a Corn Law meeting, in Sheffield, and, if you like, after tea, we’ll go and hear him.’

At the time specified, we set out—the place where the lecture was to be delivered was situated in one of the most densely inhabited portions of the smoky town of Sheffield. As we entered the hall, groups of dark-looking unwashed artizans were seen, proceeding in the same direction as ourselves—all of them engaged in deep and earnest conversation on the then one great subject, *THE CORN LAWS*. Strong men, as they hurried by, clenched their hands, and knitted their brows, and ground their teeth, as they muttered imprecations on those whom they considered to be their oppressors. Here we would encounter a crowd of dusky forms, circling around a pale, anxious man, who was reading by the light of a gas lamp, a speech reported in the “Northern Star,” or the last letter of Publicola, in the “Weekly Despatch”—and women, with meagre children in their arms—children *drugged* to a death-like sleep, by that curse of the manufacturing districts of England—*laudanum*, disguised as Godfrey’s Cordial, were raising their shrill, shrewish voices, and execrating the laws which ground them to the dust—and there were fierce denunciations

from mere boys, and treasonable speeches from young men—old men, with half-paralyzed energies, moaned and groaned, and said they had never known such times—all seemed gaunt and fierce, and ripe for revolt. It was an audience of working men—of such as these, that Ebenezer Elliott was to address that evening.

The lecturing hall was crammed with the working classes, and as the orator of the evening mounted the rostrum, a wild burst of applause rung from every part of the house. He bowed slightly, smiled sternly, and took a seat, whilst a hymn, which he had composed for the occasion, was roared forth by hundreds of brazen lungs.

He was a man rather under than above what is termed the middle height. Like the class from whence he sprung, and which he was about to address, he was attired in working clothes—clothes plain even to coarseness. He had a high, broad, very intellectual forehead, with rough ridges on the temples, from the sides and summit of which thick stubby hair was brushed up—streaks of grey mingling with the coarse black hair—his eyebrows were dark and thick, and shaded two large, deeply set, glaring eyes, which rolled every way, and seemed to survey the whole of that vast assembly at a glance. His nasal organ was as if it were *grafted* on his face, the mouth was thick-lipped, and the lines, from the angles of the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, were deeply indented—graven in. A very black beard,

lately shaven, made his chin and neck appear as if it was covered with dots, and he had a thick, massive throat. His figure was indicative of great muscular strength, and his big horny fists seemed more fitted to wield a sledge hammer than to flourish a pen. Looking at him, the most casual observer would be impressed with the idea that no common man was before him.

He rose amidst great cheering, and for an hour and a half held that great audience in entire subjection by one of the most powerful addresses I ever listened to. With a terrible distinctness he painted the situation of the working man—he showed what he might have been, and contrasted his possible and probable situation with what it then was. On the heads of those who opposed Free Trade, the Corn Law Rhymer poured out all the vials of his wrath—but, vigorous and forcible as was his language, there was no coarseness; and frequently, over the landscape which he had painted with all the wild force of a Spagnoletti or a Caravaggio, he flung a gleam of sunshine, which made the moral wilderness he had pictured to rejoice and blossom as the rose. And there were passages in his speech of such extreme pathos, that strong men would bow down and weep, like little children—to these would succeed such sledge-hammer denunciations, that his hearers sat with compressed lips, and glaring eyes, and resolute hearts. When he sat down, after an appeal to the justice of the Law Makers, the whole audience burst

forth into one loud cheer, and those near the speaker gripped his hand in fierce delight. I never saw such a scene, nor could I have conceived it possible that one working man should have so carried with him the passions and feelings of an audience, consisting entirely of those of his own class.

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CHAPTER XIII.

SKETCHES OF A FEW POPULAR PREACHERS,
LIVING AND DEAD.

ROWLAND HILL.

Who does not remember Rowland Hill? or who at least does not know him by repute? I never remember to have heard him preach more than once, and that was when he was drawing near to the close of his long and useful career. I think this must have been about eighteen hundred and twenty-seven or eight. It was on some anniversary occasion that he preached; and after having with much difficulty gained admission to the crowded chapel, I observed, whilst a hymn was being sung, a vestry-door open, and an old gentleman emerge, who, with a very slow and feeble step, ascended the pulpit stairs.

And, thought I, as I looked at him, can that be he of whom I have heard such quaint anecdotes, who has given birth to so many witty conceits, and whose very name had come to have a something comical associated with it? Could that be the man whom

some profane and heartless scribbler had called the Merry Andrew of the pulpit? Yes—it was even so—but let me describe him.

He appeared to be of the middle height; and as his old wrinkled hand nervously clutched the railing of the staircase, I could see it tremble so that the balustrade shook, as if in sympathy. There was a considerable stoop in his shoulders, and his knees were scarcely able to support the weight of his broken down, almost worn out body. His head was thinly covered with grey, wiry, standing up hair, combed directly backward from his forehead, which was covered all over with deeply furrowed lines, and from his temples. The nose was long and aquiline, the mouth sunken, the lips retracted and small—the fire of his eyes had become dim; they looked pale, and from their angles little streams of rheum ran down into the channels which time had made round the once keen orbs. From the corners of his mouth, too, the saliva flowed involuntarily—in other words, the poor old gentleman drivelled, and as he was helped into a high chair, for he could not stand and preach, I thought it almost a pity that he should encounter the fatigue of going through the pulpit exercises.

He was assisted, in the preliminary portions of the service, by the regular minister of the chapel, and after they had been gone through, he commenced his discourse—but they who were present, and better qualified to judge than I, who had never heard him before, all agreed that the preacher of it was not the

Rowland Hill of other days. It was, to me, almost painful to see that decayed old man muttering almost unintelligible sentences, and compelled, nearly every five minutes, to remove with his handkerchief the accumulated saliva from the corners of his mouth. His eye had paled its fires, and only once they lighted up with something of the former blaze in them. He said one or two queerish things, and many of the audience began to smile and bustle about in their seats, as if they hoped more was coming—and people would turn to each other and nod, as much as to say—That's it, now he's going to be funny—just as if they had gone there to see Grimaldi, in Mother Goose; and when the feeble old preacher sank back, half exhausted, in his chair, they looked as disappointed as if they had paid half a crown for a pantomime, and been cheated out of the clown. For my own part, I felt, on the whole, gratified at having looked even on the remains, for it could be considered nothing more, of a great and good man, who had almost done his generation work, and was soon to be garnered in his master's house. He died, not very long afterward, "fully ripe."

MR. SHERMAN.

Although not exactly in the order of recollection, this will, perhaps, be the most appropriate place for a sketch of Rowland Hill's successor in the Pastorate of Surrey Chapel—the Rev. James Sherman—one of the most attractive pulpit orators in London.

Without having any claims to the character of a profound thinker, Mr. Sherman is one of the most popular, and, at the same time, useful preachers of the day. With the young, he is an especial favourite; and I remember the time, when, to have heard him, I would cheerfully have walked miles, with unboiled peas in my shoes. Fancy, reader, that you are in Surrey Chapel—better, or as well known, as Rowland Hill's Chapel, in the Blackfriars road. It is a spacious, circular building—galleries run all round the walls—and these, together with the body of the Chapel, are crowded to suffocation. The service of the Church of England, slightly modified—for Mr. Sherman belongs to the connexion named after the Countess of Huntingdon, who founded it, is read; and, whilst a hymn is being gloriously sung, and the notes of the organ are resounding beneath the domed roof the preacher ascends to the pulpit, behind which is a bust, in marble, of Rowland Hill. Thus the imaged face of him, "who, being dead, yet speaketh," and the living features of him who is about to address them, are both seen at a glance. The Past and the Present are pictured on the mental retina—and the invitations of him who has passed into the promised land seem to blend with the exhortations of his successor, that they be followers of those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.

The preacher is tall, and clad in pulpit habiliments. His head is round, and once covered with short crisp,

curling dark hair, now rapidly thinning, and turning by the touch of time. As seen in the pulpit, there is an inexpressible sweetness in a countenance, the features of which taken separately would be almost plain. I except the eyes, which are dark, brilliant, and expressive of any feeling which soothes or agitates the mind of their owner. The last time I saw him, he gave another indication of approaching age by 'mounting' spectacles. He commences his sermon by reading the text in a distinct musical voice, and then, without the aid of notes, he proceeds in a discourse to which the attention of the most careless hearer becomes riveted until it terminates. As an apt quoter of scripture, he surpasses every one whom I have ever heard. His action in the pulpit is remarkably graceful and unaffected, and I never saw any one who so completely demonstrated what I will venture to call the eloquence of the *hand*. By means of this oratorical aid, he frequently produces the most startling effects, and the happiest results—but he does not *depend* on such adventitious resources.

He has however one extremely awkward habit, that of half-jumping, whilst engaged in prayer; the action is perhaps involuntary, but the shrugging of the shoulders and the lifting of his entire frame, is, to say the least of it, very ungraceful. His eloquence is the eloquence of truth, clad in its most attractive dress, proceeding directly from the heart, and to the hearts of his hearers, it consequently finds its way. He is not what is called "flowery" in his discourses,

yet his style is sufficiently ornate—it is redolent of sweets, but it clogs not. His sermons have not the massive grandeur which distinguishes those of Jay; nor the bursts of vehement eloquence Parsons delights in. There is not in them the stern, vigorous illustrations of Leifchild, neither is there the exquisite polish of Melville. He possesses not the metaphysical insight, and the profound research of Harris, nor the exuberant imagination of Newton, but with as deep, as genuine a piety as either, he is in possession of a charm, exclusively his own, which wins all men to love and admire him. Look at him, as he is painting the glories of the Heavenly world. His face glows with unearthly brightness, as if he was gazing in at the half opened golden gates, from whence issue some beams of the living light, irradiating his features. In a voice sweetly musical, in all its inflections and modulations, he leads us by living streams, and, listening, we almost see the great white throne, and the Elders waving their palms, and wearing their crowns, or laying them down before Him who sitteth thereon. He changes the theme, and dark and fearful is the picture which he draws of the domains of Satan and his Angels—and as, with deep toned voice, he paints the horrors of the abysm of despair, we almost see

“The world of woe before us opening wide,”

as did Southey's hero, on entering Padalon. And yet, in all this there is no affectation, no studied prettiness, no ridiculous conceits, no puerilities, all

is genuine, impassioned eloquence. And it all “tells.”

Mr. Sherman is as much admired in private life, as he is almost adored by his hearers. For years, he has retained his great popularity, and it is still on the increase. To keep together Rowland Hill’s congregation, after the death of the latter, was no light task—but he has accomplished it. As an author, he is well known, and his works, chiefly small treatises on religious subjects, and sermons, are very extensively circulated. He has, however, written no book which it is likely will become a standard work. Indeed, his incessant labours leave him little time to devote to authorship.

EDWARD IRVING.

It was my good fortune frequently to hear this great genius preach, both before and after his secession from the Church of Scotland, and never shall I forget his matter, and his manner. I once, also, met him towards the close of his life, in the social circle, and I will endeavour to give the reader some idea of him as a man and a minister.

He was, as every one knows, at one period, pastor of a Scotch Church, in London, and there it was that I first heard this remarkable individual. One Sunday morning, I proceeded, two hours before the time appointed for the commencement of the services of the church, and even at that early hour, hundreds were waiting until the doors should be opened, all eager

to obtain admission. Long before the crowd was let in, the carriages of Duke this, Lord that, and Sir something the other, drove up and disgorged their freights of wealth and fashion, and beauty, for Irving was then the rage, and undergoing the process of being spoiled. He was, indeed, the great Sunday lion of London, and what would the fashion-hunters of the modern Babylon do without an idol. Have one they must, and have one they will, whether it be a specimen of mental greatness, or corporeal littleness. From the Queen on the throne, down to the giver of a good dinner, there must be the daily *monstre*, as well as the daily bread. Anything will do; for we have seen, in this our day, an infinitesimal fraction of humanity petted in a palace by royalty itself, whilst genius stood shivering at the portals, wishing that God had conferred upon it the distinction of littleness. Anything *outré*, and Irving was *outré* enough to satisfy the morbid cravings of a fashionable mob. Well, having squeezed myself in, I got a standing place, where I could see pretty well all that was going on, and presently Irving ascended the pulpit.

And never saw I such another man. Look, reader, at the pictures of the Evangelists by some of the old masters—pictures where John, for example, is represented with dark locks flowing down on his shoulders, and with a countenance majestic in its solemn repose—and you will have some idea of his head. As for his face, when the muscles were in action, it would have required the very Caravaggio or Spagnoletti of

portrait-painters to have correctly transferred it to canvass, so wild, striking and solemn was it in its manifold expressions.

He was tall and slender, but apparently firmly knit, and originally he must have possessed considerable strength. There was a slight stoop of the shoulders—most studious men have that—but his head, face, and long arms were the most striking portions of his person.

He gave out a hymn, and read a chapter, in a deep-toned, solemn voice, as though he was fully aware of the importance of the great themes on which he was fixing his attention; afterwards he offered up an extemporaneous prayer, in a broad Scotch accent, which was at first rather difficult to understand, and then came the sermon.

His subject was taken from the book of Daniel, the fifth chapter, and the 25th, 26th and 27th verses, in which the words written by the mystic hand on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," are translated by the Prophet.

He commenced his discourse in a low, monotonous tone, and gave a brief historical sketch of the men and times referred to in the prophecy; and then, as if to suit his wealthy and aristocratical congregation, he commenced a violent and terrific attack on the Dives of the day. As he became fairly involved in his subject, his attitudes were extraordinary—and speaking on this part of my subject, I am reminded that I have not fully described his personal appearance.

His face and head were majestically formed, as far as features were concerned. From a high and broad forehead, an abundance of raven black hair, parted exactly in the centre, streamed down in luxuriant ringlets over his broad shoulders. His nose was large and prominent, and his mouth well-shaped, and very versatile in expression. He had high cheek bones, and his complexion was very dark—yet, swarthy as it was, a still deeper shade on the lower portion of the face showed that, in shaving, a beard blacker than usual had been shorn. But the most peculiar features of his face were the eyes, which were black, and would, had they ever seemed to have looked *at*, have seen *through* one. Both of these organs of vision were strangely disfigured and distorted by strabismus—in plain language, he squinted most awfully. It was not a “cast” in the eye—such as George Whitfield had—and which, his biographers tell us, was at times rather a grace than a defect, but a downright deformity. And so bright were these eccentric “optics,” that, when he was animated, he seemed to shoot from them oblique lightning. His figure was attired in the peculiarly fashioned gown worn by Ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, so that his long arms were not enveloped in silken folds, but the coat sleeve was visible, from wrist to arm-pit.

He had not proceeded far in his sermon, when he began to lash the vices and extravagances of the

rich, and then I thought, at first, that the pulpit would not long contain him, for now he would stretch his long body over the cushion, and with the bible in his outstretched hands, he seemed in imminent peril of falling on the heads of those immediately under—then he would suddenly straighten himself, and extending his arms, he would look something like one of the models on which we see coats exhibited at the doors of tailor's shops. For a few minutes he would stand quietly, with his right hand pointing to heaven, and his left fore-finger resting on the bible, pouring forth a stream of eloquence, worthy, as to language and style, the old divines; and, as if a fury had suddenly possessed him, he would rush from one side of the pulpit to the other, flinging himself into all imaginable positions, and making the most singular and grotesque faces imaginable. To give on paper a correct idea of Irving's style, would be a sheer impossibility, for his manner, which had a vast deal to do with his popularity, could not be transferred by pen and ink. But spite of his eccentricities and extravagances, he was wonderfully eloquent. There was neither trick nor artifice about him—nothing about his genius—and sterling genius was his—of a meretricious nature—it was all good, hard, solid sterling stuff, and would have passed current in any assembly, however intellectual, in Christendom. His denunciations were most terrific, and he somewhat reminded me, in many portions of his sermons, of

the elder Kean—indeed, Irving made one read the Prophecies, as Coleridge said Edmund Kean made one read Shakspeare—by flashes of lightning, dazzling, but not confounding.

I left Irving's church with the impression that he was a wild genius—but still a mighty one—the man was original in every respect, and profoundly learned. Like a comet, he swept across the religious hemisphere, astonishing all, and dismaying many; assuming, in his eccentric course, numberless changes; and at last appalling those who gazed in wonder at his splendid and perilous career.

They who would know more of Irving's mind, should read his friend and countryman, Carlyle's, article on his death. I pretend not to dive beneath the surface of things, in these papers, and therefore pass on to record my last recollections of him.

Soon after the occurrences just noted, Mr. Irving embraced those doctrines—in all sincerity, I have not the slightest doubt—which led to his removal from the Kirk of Scotland; and then, two or three affluent followers of the preacher procured him a place of worship in Berners street, Oxford street. In this place, the mad scenes of the "Unknown Tongue" delusion were enacted, and, to the sincere regret of all Mr. Irving's sane admirers, he fostered and encouraged the fanaticism. Happening to be in town whilst he occupied this church, I went there one Sunday evening, and got in with great difficulty. On a platform at one end of the building, a little altar

was erected, on which was a cushion and a bible. By this stood Irving, with one hand resting on the sacred volume, and the other holding a book, from which, in deep, guttural tones, he was reading a hymn. Above his head was a single globular lamp, which, casting a subdued light on his gowned figure, and on his picturesque head, produced a strikingly fine effect. He preached a short sermon, but, to my surprise, used very little action—for he stood majestically still, only, at times, moving his arms a little. His language was remarkably and impressively beautiful, reminding one of the diction of some of the quaint old writers and dramatists. Had I not known it was Irving, I should scarcely have taken the solemn, dignified looking individual before me, for the same person as him whom I had previously heard in Regent Square Church.

The last time I saw Edward Irving was at Chepstow, in South Wales, and not long before his death. He was then visiting an elderly lady there, who had erected an Irvingite place of worship in that town, in which he preached at the opening. I was, with others, invited to spend the evening in his company; and if I had been struck with the alteration in his appearance in Berners street from what it had been in Regent square, I was even startled at the difference in his person since I had noted him at the former place. He was half seated, half lying on a sofa, when I entered the room, in a languid and half worn out state, and evidently undergoing great bodily suf-

fering. His long black hair was, now that I saw it near, prematurely streaked with grey; his eyes were sunken, his nose pinched up, and a damp sweat was on his face. When I took his hand in mine, I knew there was death in it—he had a short, troublesome cough; but on his face was a pleasant smile, and now his strabismus was not disagreeable in appearance. During the evening he talked very little. Before we left he read a chapter. I remember it well; it was the twenty-second of Revelations—and when he came to the 14th verse, “Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city,” he repeated the words “into the city—into the city,” twice, with solemn emphasis; and then kneeling down, he poured forth one of the most beautiful appeals to the Deity which mortal ear ever heard, or mortal tongue could ever utter. That prayer closed the evening—and ere many weeks, into the city on whose glories he so loved to dwell, passed Edward Irving. A brilliant constellation, he had “shot madly from his sphere,” not to be quenched in the blackness of darkness, but, by its own unquenchable light, to be guided back again into its heavenward course, and to be destined to shine forever and forever in the paradise of God.

BAPTIST NOEL.

We will suppose this gentleman speaking in Exeter Hall, and for the information of readers who may

not have visited that celebrated place, suppose we first give a brief description of it, referring those who desire a more detailed account, to the work from which we have abridged our notice—Mr. Charles Knight's "London." It is a large building in the Strand, London, containing rooms of different sizes, appropriated exclusively to the uses of religious and benevolent societies, especially for their anniversary meetings. It has a narrow frontage, and few, contemplating it from the outside, would imagine that it possessed so capacious an interior. Entering it from the Strand, a wide hall is gained, which, at the extremity, branches off into transverse passages. Two flights of steps, which meet above, lead to the great hall, ninety feet broad, one hundred and thirty-eight long and forty-eight high. It will hold four thousand persons, and with scarcely any discomfort, a much larger number. The ranges of one half the seats rise in an amphitheatrical form, and the platform at one end is raised about six feet, and will accommodate five hundred persons. The "Chair" in front somewhat resembles that of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey. The speakers, near the front, are accommodated with chairs, behind which rise rows of benches. Two flights of steps extend from the front row to the entrances at the back.

When this magnificent hall is filled, as it is every day during the month of May, when the religious anniversaries are held in London, and to which persons flock from all parts of the country, the sight is grand

and striking. The finest view is from the deep recesses behind the platform: below you lies the platform, slanting downwards, and extending into a crescent shape, with its crowds, sitting or standing; beyond them is the large flat surface of the area, its close benches all filled, and the avenues among them occupied by chairs, or by persons who are fain to stand, for want of sitting room. Behind them are the raised seats, gradually appearing, one behind the other, and occupying a space equal to half the size of the whole room; all, again, fully crowded, and the descending steps among the benches, filled by the standing multitude. Over their heads, the whole scene is crowned by the back gallery, at a height of many feet. They who wish to realize Daniel Webster's idea of a "sea of upturned faces," should take this view of Exeter Hall, on some popular occasion. When such an assembly arises, for prayer or praise, at the beginning or end of a meeting, the sight is still more stupendous; and the degree of sound they are able to produce, in the way of cheering or singing, is almost incredible. There have been occasions when that vast room has rung with the voices of those assembled within its walls; and a second peal of cheers succeeding, before the echoes of the first have died away, the noise, altogether, has been of a nature that few persons could hear unmoved. Beneath the great Hall is a smaller one, and sometimes meetings are held in both at the same time; and the acclamations of the larger audience, reverberating in

the smaller hall, a speaker unaccustomed to the place, perhaps, pauses until the plaudits have died away, thinking they proceeded from the audience he was addressing.

Exeter Hall, modern as it is, is rich in association. In it Slavery received its death blow, and the abolition of capital punishment, except for atrocious crimes, was effected. Perhaps, however, whilst from the platform of that large room distant evils are contemplated, those nearer home are in a measure overlooked; and this fact has led one of the most nervous writers and profound thinkers of modern times to utter the following striking apostrophe:

“ Oh! Anti-Slavery Convention! loud-sounding, long-eared Exeter Hall! But in thee, too, is a kind of instinct towards Justice, and I will complain of nothing. Only, black Quashee over the seas being once sufficiently attended to, wilt not thou, perhaps, open thy dull, sodden eyes to the hunger-stricken, pallid, *yellow* coloured ‘free labourers,’ in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and all other shires? These yellow coloured for the present absorb all my sympathies. If I had twenty millions, with model-farms and Niger expeditions, it is to these that I would give them. Quashee has already victuals, clothing; Quashee is not dying of such despair as the yellow coloured pale man’s. Quashee, it must be owned, is hitherto a kind of blockhead. The Haiti Duke of Marmalade, educated now for nearly half a century, seems to have next to no sense in him.

Why, in one of these Lancashire weavers, dying of hunger, there is more thought and heart, a greater arithmetical amount of misery and desperation than in whole gangs of Quashees. It must be owned, thy eyes are of the sodden sort; and with thy emancipations, and thy twenty millionings, and long eared clamourings, thou, like Robespierre with his paste-board *Etre Suprême*, threatenest to become a bore to us: ‘*Avec ton Etre Suprême tu commences m’embêter.*’” *

A gentleman rises to address the vast assemblage. He is tall, thin, and delicate looking. His head is beautifully shaped—indeed, I have never seen so perfect a *model* of a cranium, if I may so express myself. It is covered by lightish coloured hair, easily and naturally disposed over a finely shaped, marble white forehead. There is in the face of this gentleman a remarkably sweet expression. The eyes are grey, and beaming with mild radiance—the nose Grecian—and the mouth and chin finely formed. The whole head and face somewhat reminds one of some of the portraits of Byron. This resemblance may owe its origin to something more substantial than fancy, for the individual I am describing is a relative of the noble Poet’s, one of whose names he bears. It is the Honourable and Reverend Baptist Noel, one of the most popular of the Evangelical section of the Church of England. Some persons

* Carlyle.

think him, when he is arrayed in his surplice, much like Bishop Heber.

Listen as he speaks. Surely there was never so sweet a voice as his. Clear, distinct, and extremely musical. Although he commences in a somewhat subdued tone, not a word is uttered which is not heard by the most far away individual in the hall. As he proceeds, his voice increases in volume, and is beautifully modulated. A sweet smile occasionally irradiates his countenance, but its prevalent and general expression is that of calm and dignified repose. His heart is in his subject, for he talks of missions. With an easy grace he introduces the subject, and then, having impressed on his hearers its importance, he takes a survey of the rise and progress of that society whose claims he may be advocating. Listening to his description of what has been done, and is doing, is like taking a journey through the scenes he describes. With amazing facility he passes over the vast plains of Hindoostan, painting the lovely scenery on the banks of the Ganges, and exhibiting, as it were, panoramic views of places—

“Where all but the spirit of man is divine.”

We sit with him beneath the banyan or the palmetto, and behold the Brahmin with his shaster, and the heathen perishing for lack of knowledge. He takes us to where China, with its teeming millions of Budhists, and the countless followers of Confucius,

sit in darkness. We sail amidst the coral reefs of the Southern Pacific, or feel

“—— the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s Isle;”

He guides us over the sterile African deserts, and pictures the Hottentot lying in his kraal, more like a brute than one of God’s intelligent creation. With a power peculiarly his own, he vividly depicts such scenes as these, and then he appeals to the hearts of his hearers for their aid and support. And seldom does he plead in vain—for Baptist Noel is beloved by all parties, in the Church of England as well as out of it. To be sure, a few of the High Church party affect him not, because he is liberally disposed towards the dissenters, and respects every man’s conscience—but that is of little consequence. Royalty has gone to his chapel *incog.* to hear him, and he is now, I believe, one of the Queen’s Chaplains.

Whilst some routine business is going on, preparatory to the next speech, let us look about us a little, and see if there be any noticeable people present.

Yes—there is one; I mean yonder lady, who is seated on the platform, dressed in the plain garb of a Friend. Her name is a familiar one, in every circle of humanity. She has long passed her grand climacteric—but years sit lightly on her calm, pleasant-looking face. As her bonnet is removed, we can see her features without any obstruction. Beneath the close, plain Quaker cap is seen through

the fine material, her grey hair, which is simply parted in front, over her smooth, intelligent forehead. Her eyes are dark grey, and peculiarly sweet and mild in their expression. There is a quiet benevolence about the mouth, and old as she is, she might almost be called pretty. Her dress is scrupulously plain and neat. A sober coloured gown, a pearl white shawl, and a simple muslin or net kerchief, being all that is visible. It is Mrs. Fry, the celebrated female visitor of prisons and lunatic asylums.

Quiet and unobtrusive as she appears, a great portion of her life has been spent in going about doing good. Where bold men have hesitated to lift up their voices, there have her mild, persuasive tones been heard. In the cell of the maniac—in the dungeon of the condemned—wherever suffering has taken up its abode, or sin degraded its victim, there has she gone, with love upon her lips, and consolation in her tones. To her, society is deeply indebted for many of the prison reformatations which have been of late years made—and owing to her humane labours, many a wanderer has been reclaimed from the paths of vice. It must have been a strange and striking sight to have witnessed a recent scene in Newgate. The King of Prussia, being on a visit to this country, went to see the great metropolitan prison, and there met Mrs. Fry, who was engaged in imparting instruction to the female prisoners. At her invitation, the Monarch and his attendants knelt down in that assembly of felons, whilst Mrs. Fry offered up an ex-

temporaneous prayer. It must have been a strange sight, alike for the Sovereign and the criminals, to witness each other bowing before the Maker of them both, in so gloomy a sanctuary.

There is a beautiful anecdote, connected with Mrs. Fry, which I am tempted to relate here. It is the habit of that lady, when she visits a lunatic asylum, to sit down quietly and calmly amongst the poor people, however turbulent or noisy they may be, and commence, in her low, musical voice, reading the Bible. Her tones, generally, soon attract attention, and order is gradually produced. On one of these occasions a young man was observed to listen very attentively; and though ordinarily one of the most violent of the patients, he became subdued, even to tears. When Mrs. Fry ceased reading, this poor maniac exclaimed to her, "*Hush! the angels have lent you their voices.*" Perhaps a more beautiful or more truly poetic compliment has never been paid to philanthropy.

Another speaker rises—and a low murmur of applause resounds through the room, as a gentleman, evidently a minister, advances to the front of the platform. It is John Williams, the Missionary of the Pacific, and he who is now known as the "Martyr of Erromanga."

He is rather under than over the middle height, strongly built, with a broad, deep chest, and a powerful and well knit frame. He is not fat, but robust; and rude, vigorous health is evident from his

whole appearance. He has an open, benevolent countenance—hair, black as jet, is plainly combed aside from his broad forehead, and a pair of large eyes, in one of which there is a slight defect, (not exactly strabismus,) which does not, however, impair the sweetness of their expression. His speech consists, principally, of a detail of his labours amongst the islands of the South, and of interesting anecdotes connected with his missionary operations there. Perfectly unadorned, his address gives pleasure, from its very simplicity. Mr. Williams's book is so generally read, that I need say little more about him, or it. As a preacher, he did not shine. I heard him on two occasions, during his last visit to London, and do not myself think that his pulpit efforts were his happiest. He was just the man for the missionary post he occupied, and from which he was so suddenly and mysteriously removed.

I had the happiness of meeting him once or twice, in private, and saw him, for the last time, when he sailed from the Thames in his missionary ship—the "Camden;" but as the newspapers and religious periodicals published long since an account of that farewell occasion, it is unnecessary for me to say anything respecting it in this place.

A gentleman now rises, who is evidently a clergyman. He is rather tall, somewhat thin and wiry in frame, and is of dark, iron-grey sort of complexion, His hair is grizzled by time, and his face is ploughed by the furrows of thought. He does not seem much

over fifty years of age. His manner is rather fidgetty—and the expression of his countenance indicates some degree of nervous irritability. That is one who is well known, both in England and in America, as a prolific and able writer on religious topics. It is the Reverend Edward Bickersteth.

Mr. Bickersteth has not the most musical voice in the world, and is a much better writer than a speaker; still, from his great popularity as an author, he is a prodigious favourite, and is always enthusiastically received at public meetings. He is a most uncompromising opponent of the Roman Catholics, and seldom fails, in any address, upon whatever occasion it may be, to attack Popery. On the last occasion of my hearing him address a public meeting, he commented with the utmost severity on the Tractarian movement, and read, with considerable exultation, a letter from the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp, in which the latter gentleman, who had, it is well known, embraced the doctrines of the Romish Church, declared that he had become convinced of his errors, and partaken of the Sacrament in St. Helen's Church, in the Isle of Wight, (I believe.) Much, however, to Mr. Bickersteth's chagrin, it was announced by another clergyman on the platform, that Mr. Sibthorp had, since the writing of the letter to Mr. Bickersteth, again lapsed into the Romish faith. Mr. Bickersteth might, perhaps, have learned a lesson from Mr. Sibthorp's previous weathercock changes, that gentleman having, during the previous twelvemonth, been constantly

oscillating, like a pious pendulum, between Popery and Protestantism. I believe the former has at last been embraced by him, in good earnest.

Another speaker; and this one, too, is an author, and a clergyman. He must be over three-score years, for his somewhat tall and robust figure stoops a trifle, and the flowers of the church-yard are upon his head. He has a rather stern countenance, and is what an Irishman would call a "bould spaker." Mr. Grimshaw, for it is him, is well known as the author of many religious works, and also of some biographies—the latest of which were those of his friend, Legh Richmond, and the Poet, Cowper.

It was my intention to have included the Rev. W. Knibb in this article, but its length must be my excuse for the omission—this is the less to be regretted, as the numerous notices of him consequent on his recent decease must be fresh in the recollection of all his friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

GLIMPSES FROM "THE GALLERY."

THE earliest visit to the House of Commons almost invariably causes a feeling of disappointment. It is now many years ago since I first entered the gallery of the old building. I did not know so much about legislative assemblies then as I do now, and in my greenness supposed that the sitting of a Parliament was a very grave and dignified affair, indeed. Provided with an order from a Member, I presented it at the doorway of the gallery, and after sundry squeezings, and many vigorous efforts, I managed to wriggle into a back seat in the gallery allotted to the public, whence I had a tolerable view of the house and its members.

"What a bear garden!" was my exclamation of surprise, as I looked down on the honourable House. It was an oblong apartment, ill lighted and badly ventilated; on the walls were hung old tapestries, which more resembled the refuse of a rag-shop than anything else. In a chair, at the upper end, sat the

Speaker, grotesquely attired in a wig, and on either side of the apartment were arranged benches, placed parallel with the side walls; in the centre of the floor was an open space.

The members and supporters of the Government sat on one side of the House, and the Opposition party on the other. Some were lolling listlessly on their seats—many were stretched, at their full length, asleep, on the back benches—some were conversing—and all, with the exception of the member addressing the House, had their hats on. A member was making his speech, but not a word of his address could I hear, owing to the multitudinous noises which assailed my ears; it was to me all dumb show. Now an honourable member would imitate the crowing of a cock—then the barking of a dog would create a peal of laughter—cries of "oh! oh!" and "hear! hear!" were every moment heard; and what with all this, and the noises made by continually entering and departing members, the confusion was such that all my ideas of the dignity of "Parliament" were at once scattered to the winds.

On the occasion of one of my visits, the celebrated Radical, COBBETT, happened to speak. I looked at him with great interest, of course. He was a tall, well-built, portly man, with a good-humoured face, a keen grey eye, and white hair. He was dressed in nankeen trousers, and had on a coat and waistcoat of some light material. On the bench, beside him, was his famous white hat. He spoke unaffectedly, and to

the point, using no effort, and without any apparent attempt at display. No one, who was unacquainted with him, would have supposed him to be the bitter and vigorous political writer; and I believe it is generally acknowledged that he failed as a Parliamentary speaker.

On another occasion, I saw HENRY HUNT in the House. I had but a slight glimpse of the celebrated mob orator, and should have retained, at the present time, but a very uncertain recollection of him, had it not been for the following circumstance:

In the year 1833, I was staying with a friend, a tradesman, at his house, in one of the market towns of Somersetshire; and one day, whilst standing at the door of his shop, he directed my attention to a gentleman who was walking on the other side of the street. The stranger was upwards of six feet high, with a fresh, country, pure red and white complexion, hair white as the driven snow, and a form which, at one time, must have been very powerful. His face wore a pleasant smile, and his bearing was very gentlemanly—it was Hunt; he had then quitted Parliament, and was travelling on his business, being an extensive manufacturer of the noted “Matchless Blacking.” He called, in the course of the morning, at my friend’s shop, and accepted his invitation to spend the evening—and a pleasanter time I have seldom passed; for Mr. Hunt’s career had been a very eventful one, and he was full of anecdote respecting the various celebrated men of his day.

He was very bitter against Mr., now Sir Robert Peel, and told us that on one occasion the latter had, in his place in Parliament, twitted him with being a tradesman. I was not in my seat, remarked Hunt, when the remark was said, but I soon after entered the House, and some one told me what Peel had said of me. So I rose, and admitted the fact that I *was* a Blacking Manufacturer; and added, "I am the first of my family who ever was a tradesman, but the honourable member is the first of his who *ever was a gentleman.*"

He hated O'Connell with a perfect hatred, and said that he was the greatest hypocrite breathing. He averred that he knew it to be a fact, that the Agitator had a little chapel in his house in Merrion-square, Dublin, in which was a painting of the Crucifixion—and that it was O'Connell's habit to suffer himself to be *surprised* at his devotions, by those whom he desired to impress with an idea of his sanctity. I forget now half of the anecdotes and tales he told us, but they were very interesting. He had a quick perception of the ludicrous, and told a story well; but he was vain of his own deeds, and of the power which he once possessed. His description of the famous Peterloo Massacre was very graphic.

Amongst the members of the House of Commons are some of our most celebrated writers of fiction. In general, they do not shine as orators, although, as in the case of D'Israeli, they put themselves "pretty considerably" forward. Southey, to whom a

place in Parliament was frequently offered, had the good sense to decline it; and it would have been well for the reputation of some of our writers if they had followed his example.

Let the reader suppose himself seated beside me in the gallery of the House, gazing on the assembled wisdom of the nation, below us. Yonder is Bulwer, conversing with a gentleman under the gallery. If you have formed any idea of the man, from the ridiculously effeminate looking bust of him prefixed to his "Pilgrims of the Rhine," or from the three-quarter portrait of him by Maclise, you must expect to be disappointed, for the novelist is by no means handsome, as the generality of his readers suppose him to be. Instead of the spruce, popinjay personage, who figures in the picture to which I have alluded, you behold a man, who is so far below the medium height as to be almost short in stature. Nor is he bolt upright, as painters have delighted to represent him; for there is a considerable bend in his back, a slight stoop in his shoulders, and his legs are anything but good. I may, perhaps, render myself more intelligible by saying that he is slightly knock-kneed. Over a very thin and frail-looking frame were ill-fitting and slovenly put on garments; whereas, from the pictured semblances of him, one would take him to be a dandy of the first water.

But let us observe him as he rises in his place, in the House, to speak. Now that his hat is removed, his well-shaped head is observable: perhaps a phre-

nologist would be somewhat puzzled by the forehead, which is low and rather receding; what it loses, however, in height, it amply makes up for in breadth. He has a very large, aquiline nose, much too large for his face; but, if we are to credit Napoleon's assertion, that long-nosed men are the most to be relied on for achieving great deeds, that must be rather a beauty than a defect. His hair is curly, and of a light brown colour; but his whiskers, which half cover his cheeks and chin, are red, and very bushy. There is nothing extraordinary about the expression of his mouth or eye. Such is England's most popular novelist—so far, at least, as his outward man is concerned.

Bulwer is no great thing as a speaker. His voice is low, clear, and sweet; but, like most active writers, he wants the faculty of thinking "on his legs"—an art more difficult of acquirement than persons "not accustomed to public speaking" would be apt to suppose. He hesitates a good deal, and seldom goes to the point, excepting by a roundabout way—reminding us of the man whose modes of thinking were so tortuous, that Sidney Smith said he must have been born with a corkscrew in his head. His action, too, is very ungraceful, and he fidgets excessively while speaking. It is evident that, with him, hand and head must go together.

And now, having sketched one literary M.P., let us take a companion portrait:

A few years since, the Conservative voters of

Taunton invited BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI to become a candidate for the honour of representing them in Parliament, and it was on the occasion of his visiting Somersetshire, during an election struggle, that I first saw him. He must then have been about thirty years of age, but his novel of "Vivian Grey" had spread his reputation far and wide.

It was arranged that a procession should accompany the candidate into the town, and snugly ensconced in the window of a friend's house, I anxiously awaited his arrival. Nor was my patience put to any very severe test, for ere long the head of the procession came in sight, and the long train commenced passing before me.

After a multitude of farmers had passed by, unusually vociferous shouts announced that the "observed of all observers" was near at hand, and in the midst of a dense crowd of bawling politicians, in an open carriage, from which men had removed the horses, and to draw which they had themselves become beasts of burthen, stood the would-be M.P.

Never in my life had I been so struck by a face as I was by that of D'Israeli. It was lividly pale; and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blazed out a pair of intensely black eyes. I never have seen such orbs in mortal sockets, either before or since. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad, high forehead, were ringlets of coal-black, glossy hair—which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters, or bunches, over his left

cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view. There was a sort of half-smile half-sneer playing about his beautifully formed mouth—the upper lip of which was curved, as we see it in the portraits of Byron. I could not but imagine, that whilst listening to the "most sweet voices" of the multitude, he despised the clodhopper in his heart—so contemptuous was at times his expression. He was very showily attired, in a dark bottle-green frock coat—a waistcoat of the most extravagant pattern, the front of which was almost covered with glittering chains; and in fancy pattern pantaloons. He wore a plain black stock, but no collar was visible. Altogether, he was the most intellectual looking exquisite I had ever seen.

The windows in the line of procession were filled with ladies, to whom D'Israeli was prodigal of his bows, and many an exclamation of delight was uttered, as his slight form bent in acknowledgment of the cheers and wavings of kerchiefs which greeted him. I, regarding him more in the light of a literary man, than as a politician, did not fail to pay him due honour.

The election was lost by D'Israeli; but as a salve to the sore, the rejected candidate was, a short time afterward, invited by the ladies and gentlemen of Taunton to a public banquet in that town, at which I had the good fortune to be present.

The room was exceedingly crowded, and when everything was in readiness, accompanied by the

gentlemen who had superintended the arrangements, Mr. D'Israeli entered the room, amidst vociferous cheering. Surrounded as he was by burly yeomen, and fat farmers, who were habited in plain attire, his slight and graceful figure, and London-made garments, presented a marked contrast. Having taken his seat on the left of the President, the business of eating and drinking commenced—which, being despatched, the most attractive part of the day's proceedings, at least to my thinking, commenced.

After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts had been drunk—the President proposed the health of their distinguished guest; and when the applause which followed had subsided, D'Israeli rose to respond to the compliment which had been paid to him.

He commenced in a lisping, lack-a-daisical tone of voice, which, had I not listened to with my own proper ears, I never could have believed to have belonged to the author of "Vivian Grey." He minced his phrases in apparently the most affected manner, and whilst he was speaking, placed his hands in all imaginable positions. Not because he felt awkward, and did not know, like a booby in a drawing-room, where to put them, but apparently for the purpose of exhibiting to the best advantage the glittering rings which decked his white and taper fingers. Now, he would place his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and spread out his fingers on its flashy surface—then, one set of digits would be released,

and he would lean affectedly on the table, supporting himself with his right hand—anon he would push aside the curls from his forehead—but it would be ridiculous to note down all his motions. Boz had not then created Mantalini, or that personage might have been cited as D'Israeli's prototype.

But as he proceeded, all traces of this dandyism and affectation were lost. With a rapidity of utterance perfectly astonishing, he referred to past events, and indulged in anticipations of the future. The Whigs were, of course, the objects of his unsparing satire, and his eloquent denunciations of them were applauded to the echo. In all he said, he proved himself to be the finished orator—every period was rounded with the utmost elegance, and in his most daring flights, when one trembled lest he should fall from the giddy height to which he had attained, he so gracefully descended, that every hearer was wrapt in admiring surprise. His vast information seemed scarcely less limited than his brilliant imagination. Even common place subjects, in his hand, underwent transformation by a process of mental alchymy. Midas-like, he turned all he touched into gold. Yet there was no lack of good, sound, sterling common sense—he never forgot the real in the ideal. His voice, at first so finical, gradually became full, musical, and sonorous, and with every varying sentiment was beautifully modulated. His arms no longer appeared to be exhibited for show, but he exemplified the eloquence of the hand. The dandy was transformed

into a man of mind—the Mantalini looking personage into a practised orator, and a finished elocutionist. He spoke for more than two hours, having in the course of his address embraced a vast range of subjects, many of them seeming, at the first blush, to have no connexion with the theme of the day, but which he managed, by the force of his genius, to invest with a charm, and to render appropriate to his subject matter.

In the evening of that day, I sat in the next box to him at the theatre, where, of course, he was a greater attraction than the men who were murdering Shakspeare; but what a change! D'Israeli was the dandy again. Attired in the extreme of fashion, he sat in his box with the same sarcastic smile on his countenance as I had observed in the morning; and whilst he patted the edge of his box with his primrose gloved hand, there was a mockingly scornful expression in his lustrous eyes.

But there is yet another celebrated literary member who must not be passed by. It is THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. That is him who has just risen. He is of about the middle height, his head is rather of the "rotund" formation, and one would not think, on looking at the forehead, which is low, that behind its barrier of bone was so busy a brain. His eyes are small, quick, and vivacious, and a faint smile plays about the corners of the mouth. Altogether, it might be called a good humoured, rather than an intellectual looking countenance. Macaulay's figure is a

trifle awkward, and his action by no means graceful—but just watch him as he proceeds with his speech, and you will soon lose all perception of the man. Your closest attention will be demanded to, and rivetted by his matter.

Some member of the House—one of the illustrious obscures—has been theorizing away for the last half hour, and now Macaulay is about to demolish his Aladdin's palace-like structure, with a few balls from his practical battery. See—he catches the Speaker's eye, and listen, as he commences his address in a low tone of voice—pausing between each sentence, as if to reconsider what he had said, or well weigh what he is about to advance. Slowly he goes on at first, like a practised swimmer, who wades carefully over unseen rocks, and looking somewhat awkward as he picks his way; but he is soon in deep water, and away he dashes, fearlessly flinging around him the glittering spray, and rejoicing in his strength. Macaulay is now fairly released from the shallowness of introductory matter, and away he goes, far and fast. As he proceeds, his voice increases in volume and force—his right arm is in incessant motion—his eye kindles, and from his eloquent lips, brilliant ideas chase each other in rapid succession, until the House is wrapt in the closest attention. But Macaulay's speeches consist not of ideas only—he grapples with no shadows. Truth is his weapon, honesty is his armour, and facts are the weapons with which he fights. Woe be unto the unlucky wight, who, for

the sake of display, has gone forth to the wordy combat, clad in the gew-gaw panoply of sophism. For him, and for such as he, Macaulay has no mercy. He proceeds to the attack on such an adversary, smiling in undissembled scorn, as he raises the point of his glittering lance; and almost ere we can sufficiently admire the temper and polish of the weapon, his victim is unhorsed, a "spectacle to gods and men." Champion after champion he disposes of in a like manner; and when the lists are cleared, and not another foe presents himself, he stands alone in his glory—a sturdy and victorious champion of the truth. When Macaulay resumes his seat, a dead silence for a few minutes ensues, and then a burst of applause, such as only sterling eloquence can command, is heard; before it ceases, some nobody chirps out "Mr. Speaker," and in a twinkling the benches are half cleared—the library is filled with loungers—the lobbies are crowded, and sleepy country members repair to the side galleries, there to finish their slumbers, and indulge in dreams of places and pensions.

There is, seated on the Ministerial side of the House, a gentleman of a remarkably bland and open countenance. He is tall and well proportioned, but rather inclining to corpulency. To look at him, one would imagine that nothing could ruffle the placidity of his countenance. His air and bearing is that of a perfect gentleman, and he is dressed with scrupulous care—even nicety. A snow-white cambric neckcloth

and collar surmounts a white waistcoat and blue frock coat; and nether garments of the same colour, which cover ill-formed lower extremities, complete his costume. Not a muscle of his face moves—as he hears the government attacked or commended—the fiercest ebullition of party wrath, and the most violent invective, are alike unheeded; the same bland smile—the same courteous demeanour is exhibited. SIR ROBERT PEEL never exhibits himself—his mind is busily working, but not a wheel of the machinery is to be seen. He rises, the very personification of candour—the incarnation of courtesy—he speaks, and his persuasive, plausible tones allure your attention and almost win your confidence—and you admire the colour of the fish which you think you have caught—but while gazing, it slips through your fingers—you have *not* made anything out of Sir Robert.

Just observe him for a few moments, as he stands with one of his hands under the tails of his coat, and the other playing with the glass which hangs by a ribbon from his neck—some member of the opposition has put a few plain questions to him—questions to which plain answers have been requested. The Premier is surely going to give candid replies—his face looks as innocent as that of a lamb. Those who see him for the first time, fling at once to the winds all their preconceived notions of Sir Robert's cunning. The house is silent, anxious, and expectant. O'Connell looks up from under his broad brimmed hat, with

an incredulous sneer on his countenance ; some of the ex-ministers wink knowingly at each other ; the green ones of the house, and the greenest of them all who ventured to puzzle Peel, sit with gaping mouths and open ears. At last, a soft voice issues from those wreathed lips—soft, yet perfectly distinct, and very harmonious. As he proceeds, the manufacturers, whose stern faces are made up for a burst of disapprobation, begin to relax the rigidity of their features, as the importance of their interests is adverted to. Then the agriculturists, whose visages had been growing lengthy, are tickled by the knowing hand of the Minister, like so many trout, and they are smilingly taken in the snare. Cheer after cheer bursts forth, and Sir Robert's face is radiant with smiles. No decided answer has been given, but promises have been made ; the very soul of candour seems to have possessed the Premier, who now becomes earnest and eloquent—he finds a way to the hearts of his hearers ; which way, like the road to a certain place which shall be nameless, is paved with good intentions. He at last sits down amidst “cheers from all parts of the house.” Not a question replied to—not an explicit statement made—not a person satisfied—but all, saving a few knowing ones, cleverly bamboozled. No—Sir Robert Peel is not to be caught ; you may as well try to fix a shadow. Nay, the pinning of the Premier would be the more difficult to accomplish of the two.

On the same bench with Sir Robert is an old

gentleman, whose extreme slovenliness in dress affords a striking contrast to the personal appearance of the prim Premier. The individual referred to is upwards of sixty-five years of age. His face is wrinkled, and of the colour of the parchment over which he has pored for so many years. His eyes are light, and large, and are deeply set beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. His nose is somewhat beak-like, and the mouth stern, and obstinate in expression. But the dress of the man is more remarkable than the wearer. An old, rusty black coat envelopes his chest, which is deep and broad. Round his neck is a dingy white neck-cloth. His waistcoat is shabby—and between it and his nether habiliments is a space, two inches deep, from which his shirt *rumpled* out; for he is suspenderless, although he has doomed many a poor mortal to the suspending rope. It is SIR CHARLES WETHERELL, formerly Attorney General, and now Recorder of Bristol. A singular personage is he, obstinate to the last degree, but very learned in his profession. His absence of mind is remarkable. As an instance take the following:—Sir Charles recently married a lady much younger than himself. After the ceremony had been concluded, he proceeded to his chambers, in the Temple, and there an intricate cause so absorbed his attention that he forgot all about his bride—and, according to his old custom, went to bed in his bachelor apartments, and slept. In the interim, great anxiety was caused in the wedding circle, respecting Sir Charles's whereabouts.

Evening came, but no bridegroom, and it was not until late in the evening that some one, acquainted with his eccentric habits, suggested that he might be at his chambers. Thither messengers were sent, who knocked up Sir Charles, who had actually forgotten that a bride awaited him at home. This story has been told, I believe, of some others; but Sir Charles Wetherell was the *real* Simon Pure. The part which this gentleman took in the debates on Catholic Emancipation will not soon be forgotten. Nor will the great riots in Bristol, a few years since, be unremembered by those who witnessed them, and with which Sir Charles Wetherell was so intimately connected.

Do you see that little man who has just risen, near the table? What an enormous head he has, for so small a body. Look at those flashing eyes—how they glance, here, there, and everywhere. His face is rather cynical in expression, ill-humour and pride seem combined in it; and one might imagine that it was washed every morning in vinegar. What a sneer there is on the curved upper lip! Who may be the owner of that ill-matched head and extremities? It is RICHARD LALOR SHIEL—known, some years since, as the author of “*The Apostate*,” an unsuccessful tragedy—but, now, more extensively celebrated as an orator. It was he who defended O’Connell, on the occasion of the late State Trials.

Shiel’s voice is harsh, grating, and disagreeable—at times, shrill, almost as a whistle—and occasionally

in the lower tones, cracked and dissonant. His style is florid, and his speeches are crowded with metaphors, occasionally of the most brilliant and ornate character. As a flowery speaker, he has not his equal in the house; but he lacks depth, and power, and originality. His speeches—which are all carefully written, and committed to memory, before they are delivered—lose most of their force, in their exquisite polish. His action is abundant, and occasionally grotesque. Whilst speaking, and when much excited, he flings himself into all imaginable attitudes. Now almost bending himself double, and then drawing himself, as if by a sudden jerk, to his full height, he looks like a pigmy in convulsions. Sometimes he bends over the table before him, until his chin almost touches the green baize. He flings his arms about him, in some such a manner as a pugilist does, when, in the language of the "Ring," he "fights wildly;"—and, every two or three minutes, his clenched fist descends with such amazing force on a box which stands on the table, that it is a marvel it is not shivered into splinters. Some wag, in allusion to this box-thumping propensity of the little agitator, once perpetrated the following:—

"Shiel! Shiel! why do you give
Such harsh-resounding knocks?
You will not clinch the argument;
You'll only *break the box*."

I just now said that Shiel always wrote his speeches. It is, also, well known, that he was in the habit of him-

self furnishing the manuscripts to a certain journal, for publication. Indeed, it would be a work of great difficulty to report Shiel—for his sentences are so involved, and they are uttered with such amazing volubility, that he almost sets short hand at defiance.

* * * *

Before I conclude, let me first sketch one or two members of the Upper House. For this purpose, the reader must in imagination quit the gallery, and proceed to the Lords, below whose bar we will take our places. We are crowded together, but can, nevertheless, obtain pretty fair glimpses of the Peers. The Lord Chancellor, wigged and gowned, is sitting on the woolsack; before him lies the mace, and, enclosed in its bag the great seal of England, of which, by virtue of his office, he is the keeper. Near him sit the twelve Judges, in their wigs, and scarlet robes trimmed with ermine, and the lawn-sleeved Bishops. The Peers are dressed in plain clothes, as they always are indeed, excepting on the occasions of the Queen's opening, proroguing, or dissolving Parliament. We may recognise several of them, by the resemblance they bear to certain personages in the caricatures of H. B. or Punch. For instance, look at that tall, ungainly looking figure, which leans carelessly against the back of the bench. Mark those strapless trousers, of dark check—those wrinkled boots—that rusty, ill-cut coat—that voluminous neck-cloth, in whose folds the chin is half buried; glance at that hat, which covers the owner of those slovenly habili-

ments, and, without a glimpse of the face beneath it, you cannot make a mistake about the Lord who is so busily employed in reading, perhaps, a report of one of his own speeches. Most probably he is, or fancies himself to be, mis-reported; for see how furiously his eyes twinkle, how nervously agitated are his brows, how his mouth describes all imaginable angles and curves, and how that "lithe proboscis" of his writhes, as if in mortal agony. See, he springs to his feet, and having caught the Chancellor's eye, he raps the paper violently with the back of his right hand, whilst the words "breach of privilege," are over and over again uttered. It is BROUGHAM—who else on earth can it be? "None but himself can be his parallel." And he vehemently pours forth a denunciatory flood against, and empties all the vials of his wrath upon the unlucky print, whilst his compeers sit, regarding him with mingled admiration and amusement.

What a contrast does the Lord Chancellor's personal appearance present to that of Brougham's! He, too, is no ordinary man. Look at his singularly intellectual countenance—severe dignity is its predominating characteristic. The forehead is high and ample—the eyebrows large and prominent, and beneath them a pair of keen, intellectual orbs. The mouth is grandly formed, and is indicative of vast firmness and quick decision. How majestic is the whole expression of the face, in spite of the grotesque powdered curly wig which surrounds it. That is the

son of an American painter—a Bostonian by birth—but now the Lord Chancellor of England—LORD LYNDHURST.

I remember, many years ago, Lord Lyndhurst's (then Sir John Copley,) furnishing a proof of his prodigious powers of memory. He was trying a prisoner for murder. The case was one in which the evidence was purely circumstantial, and, as the crime was committed by means of poison, medical and chemical evidence, of the most complicated description, was adduced, both for and against the accused. During three days the trial proceeded, and, on the morning of the fourth, Sir John Copley was to sum up. Much anxiety was felt, as to his charge to the jury, and the Court was crowded at an early hour. At nine o'clock he entered the Court, seemingly as fresh and vigorous as if he had not, for the last three days, applied all the powers of his mind to the investigation and disentanglement of the web of evidence which had been woven by the counsellors for the prosecution and defence.

It is well known that Sir John Copley, when he sat on the Bench, took very few notes of what was transpiring, trusting chiefly to his memory. Such was his course in the present instance. Before commencing his charge, he looked, for a minute or two, over a few sheets of paper which he brought into Court with him; and then, rolling them up, and taking them in his hand, he commenced his address to the jury. In the course of his charge, without

referring, for an instant, to a note, (excepting, in two or three instances, for the purpose of ascertaining the name of a witness,) he recapitulated the evidence, commented on it, stripped the arguments of counsel of their sophistries, detailed the medical and chemical opinions, and, divesting the evidence of the professional gentlemen of all technicalities, placed their testimonies in such clear light before the jury, that it astonished the doctors and the chemists themselves—and then, having concluded the whole of the evidence, he went over and over it again, dissecting it with the utmost nicety, and stating how it bore for or against the prisoner—and concluded by some of the most solemn remarks, on the fallibility of human judgment, that I ever heard.

Will it be believed that this most luminous charge, which occupied nine hours in the delivery, (with only half an hour's interval of rest,) was delivered without the aid of notes? Yet such was the case. And so intensely interesting was it that no one tired. Yet this is but one of many instances of Lord Lyndhurst's peculiar power. Many such might, if necessary, be adduced.

Lord Lyndhurst's voice is deep-toned, musical, and finely modulated. A writer in *Fraser* says of him, "His bearing is dignified in the extreme; it exhibits the boldness of the Tribune, tempered by the calmness of the Senator. Self-possessed, cool, impressive, he elevates his audience to the level of his own mind, and sustains them there; he never

descends from his elevation, as other orators do, to obtain applause by echoing current prejudices or party passions. When he uses those passions and prejudices, he compels them, by superior power, to his own purpose, and does not become the slave of his own agents."

And again:

"Lord Lyndhurst, rising in his remote corner on the extreme left of the opposition bench, and delivering one of those teasing, terrific attacks on the Whig government, which formed the staple of his annual review of the session, was a very different man from Lord Lyndhurst the Chancellor, the moderator of the debates, the triumphant warrior, indulging in indolent repose, or the statesman delivering the pure dictates of his judgment for the general good of the whole country, instead of the temporary battle-cries of a party. At all times, however, his oratory has displayed a rare union of power and good taste. He is very self-denying, for so powerful a speaker. Great as his triumphs have been as an orator, he always left one under the impression that he could effect much more if he chose."

Near Lyndhurst sits the DUKE OF WELLINGTON—that is him in a blue frock coat, closely buttoned up to his chin, with his left hand behind his ear, and placed there, seemingly, for the purpose of assisting his hearing, by acting as a sort of trumpet. His right hand holds his narrow-rimmed hat, which is placed on his knee. A very clever sketch of him re-

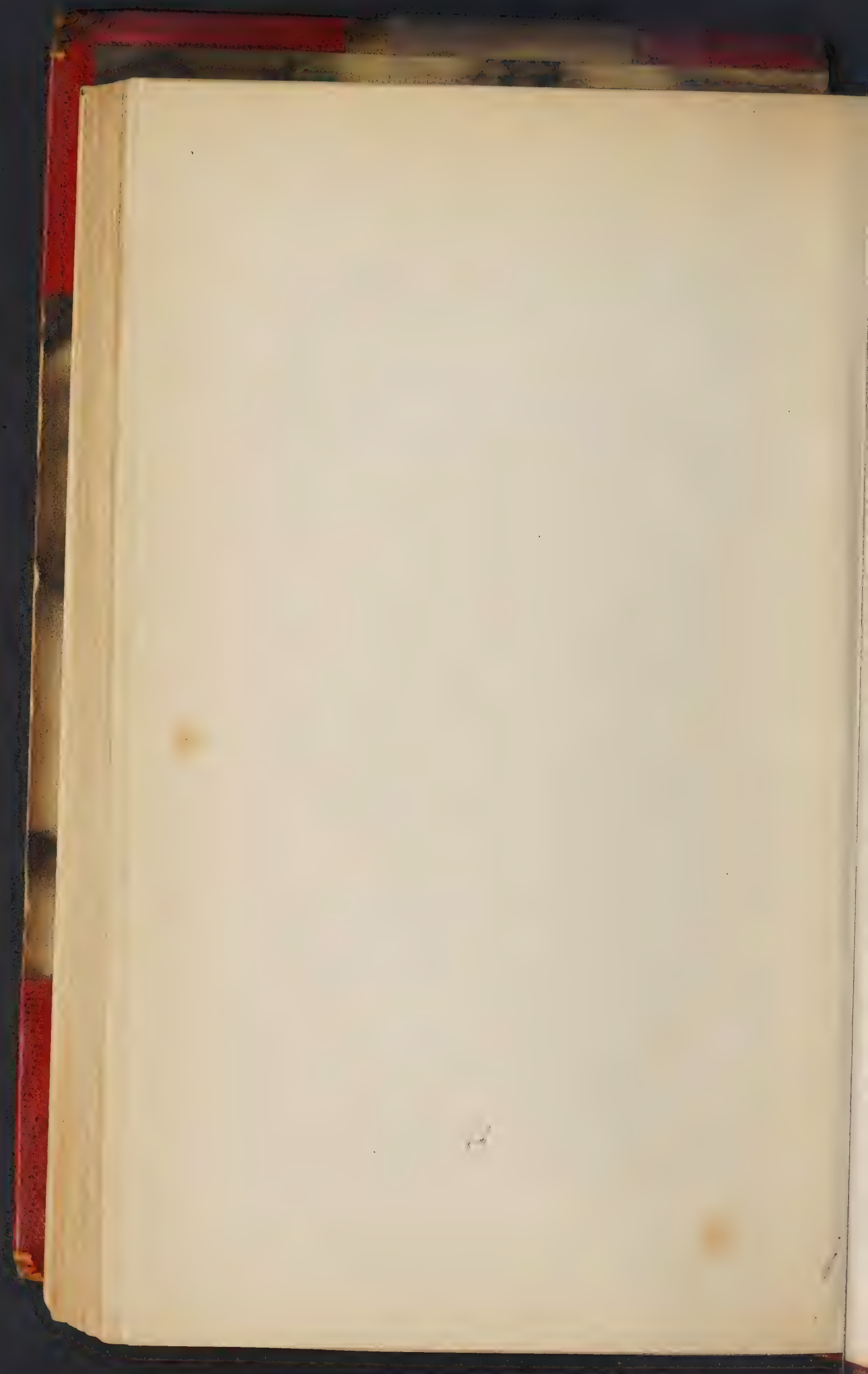
cently appeared in one of the illustrated London papers. It represents him in this, his usual position in the House, and, as a likeness, I would rather have it than many costly engravings of him. The Duke appears quite the old man—but glance at his tough looking countenance—his determined looking nose, and his firm mouth, and you will perceive that his frame has much stamina in it yet. His hair and whiskers are grey, but the fire of his eye is undimmed. As a speaker, he does not particularly shine, but what he does say is to the point. All the firmness and decision are displayed which we may easily believe are distinguishing traits of his character. His speeches are curt and business-like affairs. There is no more attempt at oratorical display than if he were giving the word of command, at the head of an army. If one did not know him to be the Duke, he would be set down as some little, business-attending-to member of the Government, and excite scarcely a passing remark. But as the DUKE, the greatest respect is shown him by all parties, and marked attention is paid to every word which he utters.

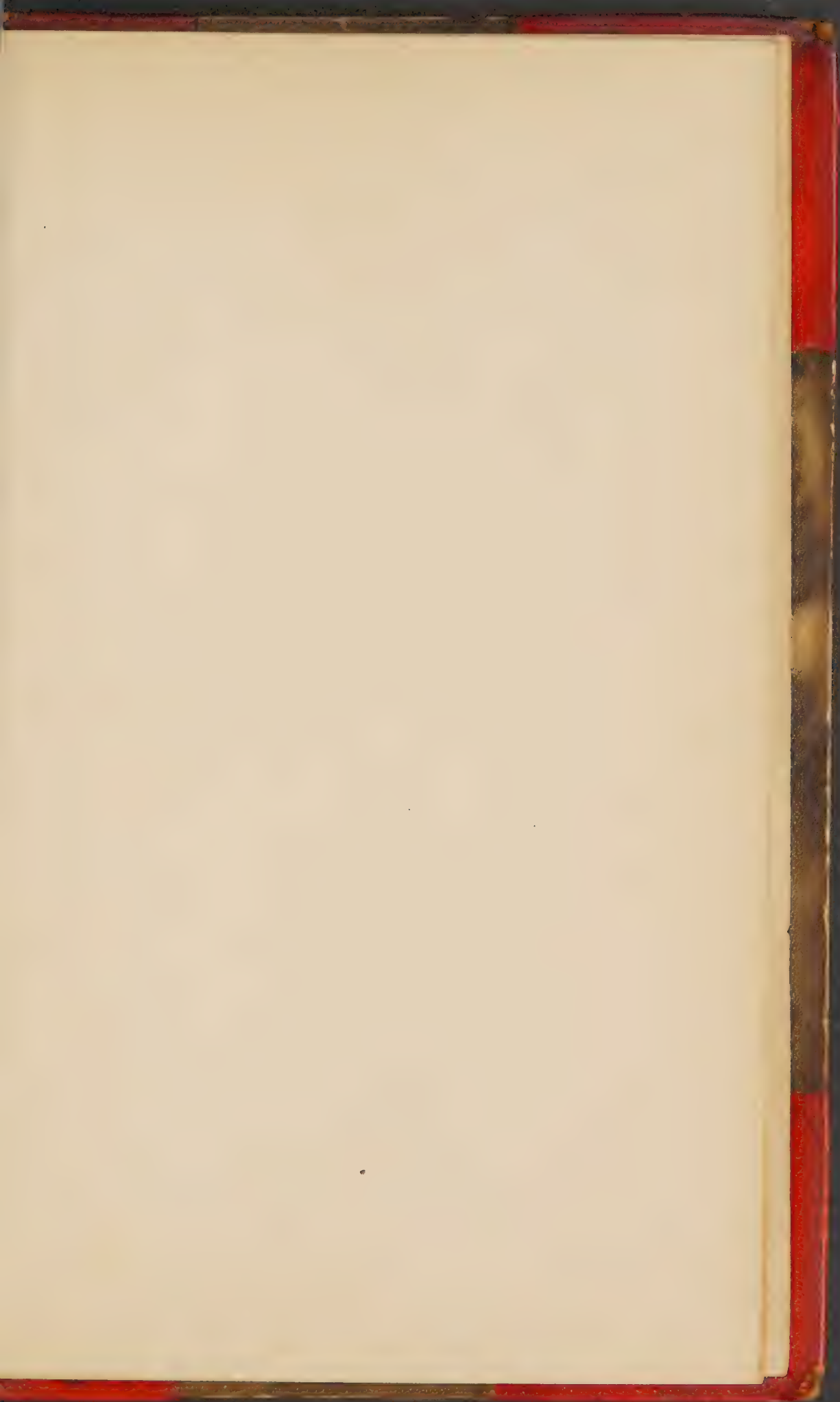
No one in London streets attracts greater attention than the Duke. Wherever he is recognised, every hat is touched, and if he happens to be on foot, he is followed by crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the Hero of Waterloo. No stranger who visits London considers that he has seen all the “Lions,” if he has not caught a glimpse of the Duke. In illustration

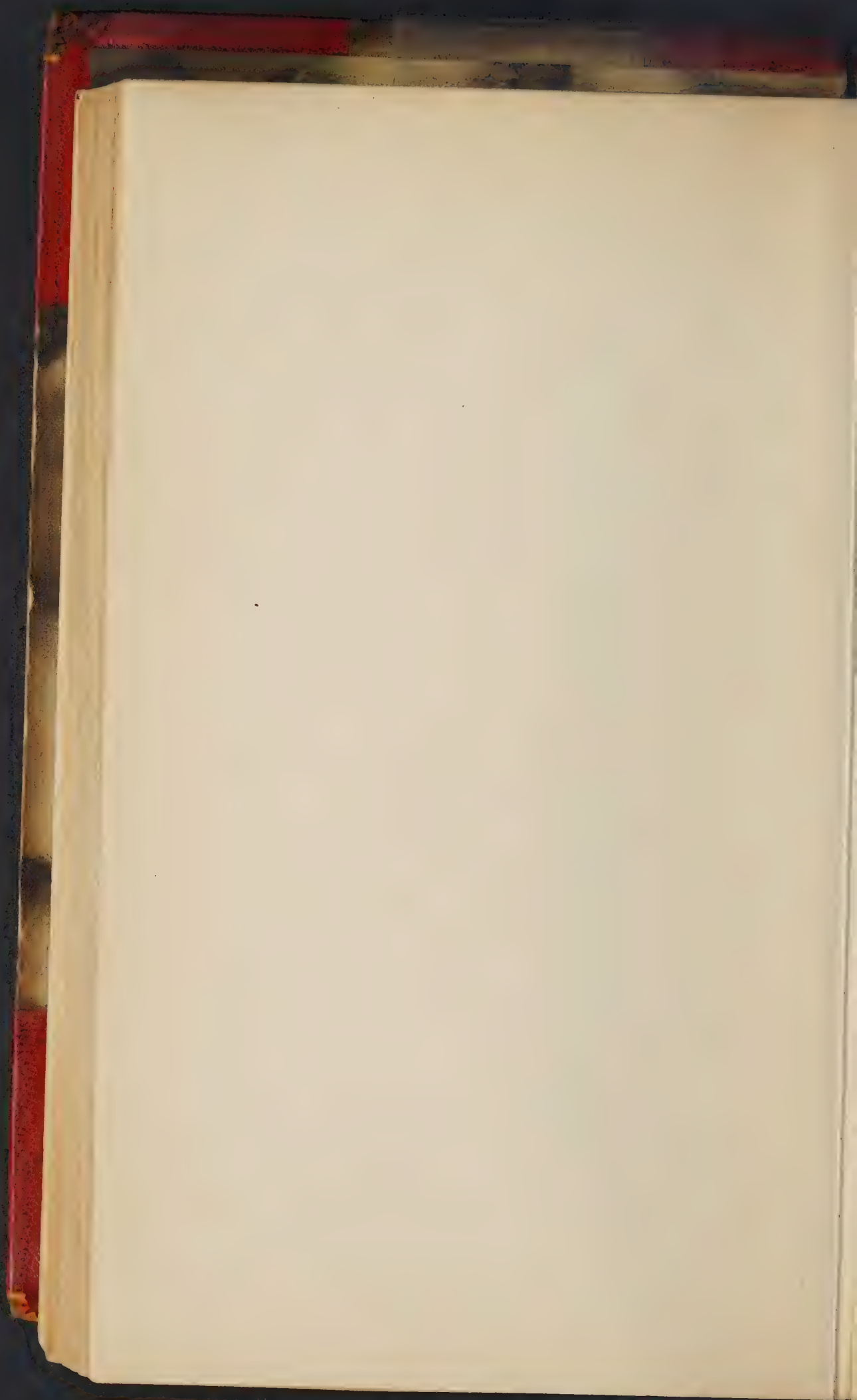
of this remark, I may mention one circumstance. A lady of my acquaintance, on the morning of her intended departure from London, after a short visit, was walking with a friend in Hyde Park, near Apsley House, one morning as early as six o'clock. As they walked along, she said, "Well, I have seen everything I wanted to see in London, excepting the Duke of Wellington, and I would rather have seen him than all the rest." She uttered this remark in a loud, sprightly voice, little dreaming that any but her friend heard it. Immediately, however, a gentleman passed her, raised his hat, and smilingly said, "Madam, I am happy to present him to you," and, again bowing, passed on, followed, at a little distance, by his groom. There was no mistaking the personage who spoke. It was the Duke himself, and I need hardly say, that the lady was, in spite of her confusion, not a little gratified by the incident.

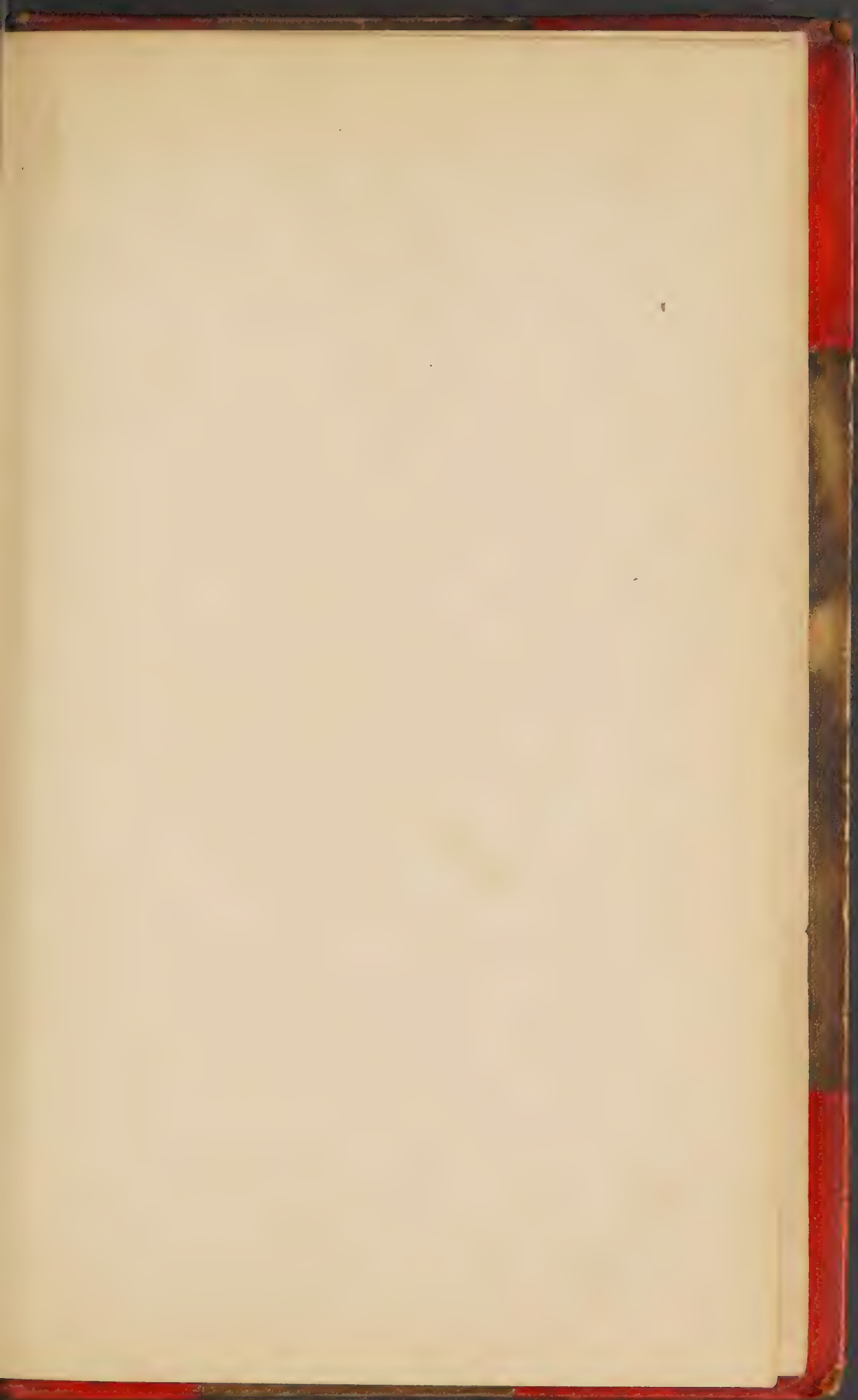
But there would be no end to pen-and-ink sketching in the House, if amusement alone had to be consulted. As, however, time and space will not permit of more portraits being taken, I must quit the gallery, leaving the reader to select other gentlemen for his subjects, and to "touch them off" for himself.

THE END.









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